

THE NEW WORLD OF TO-DAY



POLISH PEASANT GIRLS

THE NEW WORLD OF TO-DAY

By
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With Economic Data supplied by

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

This volume deals mainly with the side of Europe still shaking and smoking after the ruinous explosions of the Great War. It had to be written in part while the Peace Conference at Paris was labouring to draw the boundaries of new political entities formed from the break-up of forced agglomerations of people differing in blood and speech. The main principle aimed at in this settlement is a recognition of the claims of race and of rights of each country to self-government after its own chosen model. The work has been delayed by the double difficulty of making sure that the will of the majority is understood, while as far as possible considering the hard case of alien minorities, involved in the lot of a people among whom they had come to be scattered as island groups or motley fringes. Economic adjustments have also come into consideration, such as the providing inland States with free access to seaports. The questions thus arising proved so complicated and provoked such heart-burnings that the decisions of the Allied peacemakers have been delayed longer than was hoped in the flush of victory over oppression.

It remains to be seen how far their arrangements will give satisfaction, or promise of permanency. Here and there the new nations now set free to shape their own destinies already have shown signs of a fissiparous tendency; and it may be said of most of them that they have more of the artistic than of the constructive temperament. All of them stirred by the democratic spirit of the age, some have taken the form of republics for which they seem hardly fitted by antecedents more favourable to the breeding of reckless partisans than of public-spirited citizens. As Sir T. H. Holditch says, in his excellent book on the proposed boundaries: "A sound democracy is a tender plant which requires long and careful political nurture; a republic, like a mushroom, may be the offspring of a night, and we need not look far into modern history to find that crude and half-baked democracies and flash-light republics may rapidly breed the very worst and the most pestiferous of all bloody wars—that of civil strife".

• While these lines are being committed to the press, more than one of the great Powers of Europe is excited into a mood for setting its own pretensions

above the judgment of the Conference. Another, in a fit of delirium, has let itself be torn into a dozen or a score of would-be independent States. How is more self-restraint to be expected of young nationalities, untrained in political affairs, intoxicated by the new wine of liberty, and, in some cases, not at once able to forget their grudges against neighbours under whom they have suffered galling wrong? Such harsh discords make themselves heard in tuning up for the political concert which the League of Nations should bring into harmony.

It is clear, then, that any account of this region cannot be so precise on artificial as on natural features. It has been attempted to describe the new-born or reborn political bodies, and to mark their limits as far as these are at present settled. Whether they are well settled, or likely to be enduring, seems sometimes a doubtful question. Frontiers freshly traced in blood are liable to be washed out by some sudden storm before newly-printed maps have been made ready for publication. In certain districts, whose destiny was left to be settled by plebiscite, the vote has not yet been taken, and where a decision has been reached, it is apt to be hotly disputed on allegations of illegitimate influences or official pressure brought to bear on ignorant voters. Everywhere the League of Nations is learning how it is no easy matter to make broken-toothed lions lie down quietly with defiant lambs. The peculiar conditions under which this volume comes to be prepared must, therefore, be borne in mind by readers, who are not to blame the writer if events should presently occur to falsify any of the statements which his endeavour has been to base upon the authority of that International Council that has the best title to command respect for its enactments.

The first meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva saw fresh clouds of trouble gathering over Eastern Europe. Renewed dissensions arose upon the Polish and Lithuanian frontiers of Russia, where Vilna was seized by a Polish general, in imitation of the hot-headed D'Annunzio's *coup* at Fiume. In Silesia, the bounds between Pole and German, Pole and Czech, remained heart-burning questions. The ownership of the Aaland Islands was still unsettled. Greece astonished Europe by a popular vote repudiating the services of Venizelos and recalling its shiftiy king, Constantine. While Albania's independence has been recognized, and Dalmatia is apportioned mainly as forecasted in our pages, Fiume, neutralized as a free state, was not at once given up by D'Annunzio, thence defying in arms his own nation's Government, and threatening new incendiary enterprises, for which combustible matter lies ready in too many quarters. He was at last forced to submission; but such contingencies may give hard work for the Court of International Justice set up by that League of whose dealings so much has been hoped

.

AUSTRIA

THE EX-AUSTRIAN EMPIRE

This conglomeration of countries had no unity but that of a resplendent sceptre; nor could its hotch-potch of subjects display a national character. *Oesterreich*, the "Eastern Empire", was an extraordinary jumble of States with slight combining bond but the black - and - yellow ensigns that marked them as belonging by one or other title to the once mighty house of Hapsburg. Uneasy, indeed, must have been the head that wore a crown whose domain consisted of some score of provinces, inhabited by many races speaking among them more than a dozen languages, and no longer bound together by terror of the Turk, as they were for centuries. The dominant element was, or had been, German, to be distinguished from the "national Germans" now comprehended in the new northern empire. The most numerous class included the various Slav races that made up half the population; but the Slavs were divided by blocks of German and of Magyar preponderance. The German provinces on the west side were the best populated and the most forward, enlightenment falling away towards the eastern frontiers, so long disputed between Vienna and Constantinople.

This empire could claim no better geographical than political unity. Nature also had much divided it by curving mountains, on the west belonging to the Alpine, on the east to the Carpathian system, which in some cases wall in the separate provinces, and in general made Austria a highly-picturesque highland region. Its central feature is the Danube, the largest if not the longest of

European streams, that flows through it in a mainly eastward course, but makes one long bend from north to south upon the open Hungarian plains, where it takes in many great tributaries, chief among them the Theiss from the north, the Drave, the Save, and the Morava on the south side. The outer provinces are drained by the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula into Germany and Poland, the Dniester into Russia, and the Adige into Italy, besides smaller rivers falling into the Adriatic. Leaving these outlines to be worked out in our account of the separate countries, let us now sketch the region's troubled history.

In our time the Austrian *Reich*, the largest of Europe except Russia's, had come to represent the fag end of the Holy Roman Empire, whose origin has been already shown under the head of Germany. Charlemagne, for acting as the Church's champion, was rewarded by the Pope with a crown, taking title from that world-power that had not yet lost the reverence of mankind. Catholic Europe was thenceforth to have a double headship, spiritual and temporal, borne out by the energy of the first Emperor; but the theory soon broke down under his successors. Quarrelsome heirs and usurpers divided his wide dominion; Popes and titular emperors fell out. When a kingdom of Romanized Franks consolidated itself in the west, the seat of empire drifted eastwards among German princes, though still in theory open to any Catholic potentate who could recommend himself to magnates, lay and spiritual, assuming the high title of

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Electors. In Germany the imperial crown was kept for a time by one and another family, the heirs of Otto the Great and the Hohenstaufen, till they died out; then the election might pitch on a minor candidate not powerful enough to be too much of a master; or, in times of peril and confusion, it would be felt that a strong hand was needed to take the helm of an unwieldy craft threatening to founder.

Towards the end of the thirteenth century, such a hand was hoped for in Rudolph of Hapsburg, whose house from its Alpine cradle had been spreading itself into Austria and Switzerland, on the latter side soon to be checked by a people of William Tells. Fixed prosperously at Vienna, Rudolph did not succeed in handing on the empire to his son; but it fell to a kinsman, and presently tended to be held by one or other prince of this rising family. In the lifetime of an emperor, he was sometimes able to designate his successor as king of the Romans, who did not rightly bear the higher title till he had been crowned at Rome, an obligation that, after many bouts of strife with his spiritual colleague, became honoured in the breach more than the observance. When the emperors had cried off from their nominal dependence on Rome, their crown stuck fast to the Hapsburg family, one of whom usually passed it on to another almost as a matter of course, though still the Electors might make a break in this succession. It was broken when Maria Theresa inherited her father's territories, a Bavarian prince being chosen as stop-gap emperor; but after his short and unfortunate term it went to Maria Theresa's husband, she herself bearing the sceptre *de facto*; then that dignity seemed an heirloom for their descendants, confirmed by the stately forms of an election and coronation at Frankfort. But at the opening of the nineteenth century their pretensions came to be roughly usurped by a modern Charlemagne, who regilt the imperial crown for himself, leaving to the Hapsburg prince an illogical title as Emperor of Austria, when in strict theory Europe had room only for one Emperor.

These Hapsburgs had all along shown

themselves a pushful line, and, bit by bit, with fitful interruptions, through conquest, marriage, or election, they spread their Austrian rule over Bohemia, Hungary, and other alien lands, which they had much ado to defend against the still vigorous Ottomans, who once had nearly taken Vienna, when at the end of the seventeenth century it was rescued by John Sobieski of Poland. This office earned the house of Hapsburg some gratitude from their miscellany of subjects; and Maria Theresa was well served against Prussia and other foes by her "whiskered Pandours and her fierce hussars", the wild Croats having already carried into France such dismay as afterwards went before an invasion of Russian Cossacks.

At the end of the Seven Years' War with Frederick, the Empress-Queen addressed herself to the welfare of her great dominions, while she forgot old scores so far as to join Prussia and Russia in the first partition of Poland, also winning Bukowina from the Turks. Her son, Joseph II, elected Emperor on the death of his father, did not inherit her popularity. He was a prince of better intentions than judgment, who roused widespread discontent by his hasty efforts at reform and unification without regard to the sentiments of his motley subjects. All his territories moved to discontent, he lost the allegiance of Belgium, which Marlborough's and Eugene's victories had given to Austria, that in vain proposed to exchange it for Bavaria. Joseph, dying in 1790, broken-hearted by the failure of unpopular good intentions, was succeeded by his brother Leopold, whose son Francis, after a short reign, became the last elected head of the old empire. Under him was completed the partition of Poland, but he had much to bear at the hands of France, not always victorious till Buonaparte came on the scene to make a scrap-heap of the old German Confederation.

With a long catalogue of titles and lordships to display, Kaiser Francis might still have held his head high as ever, but for more yieldings to Napoleon, to whom he was fain to deliver his daughter's hand. After the fall of Europe's tyrant, when the Austrian

Emperor took place as President of a restored Confederation, the Congress of Vienna gave him Lombardy and Venice, long to be a sore point in Austria's side. His other dominions also fretted under the heavy hand of his minister, Metternich; and against his son Ferdinand their discontents broke out vehemently. Bohemia,

for a time thrown into shade by the meteoric glow of Napoleon's triumphs. The widespread revolutionary outbreak of 1848, in more than one part of Germany put down by her troops, seemed to help Prussia to the upper hand; but for the moment she withdrew her pretensions, and let the German Diet meet at Frankfort again. The two chief



The Celebrated Gorge of Finstermünz: on the Tyrolese border

The hotel at Hoch-Finstermunz (in the middle distance) is nearly 4000 feet above sea-level, and more than 400 feet above the group of houses in the valley below, on the bank of the Inn. In the background are the mountains of the Engadine.

Hungary, and the southern Slavs clamoured for a Home Rule which Hungary had nearly secured by force of arms but for Russian interference, to help a brother despot. Louis Napoleon freed Lombardy, pocketing Savoy and Nice as price of his assistance to reborn Italy. Another rankling wound was Prussia's beginning to question Austrian presidency of the German Confederation; for long the star of the south had been paling before that of the north, both of them

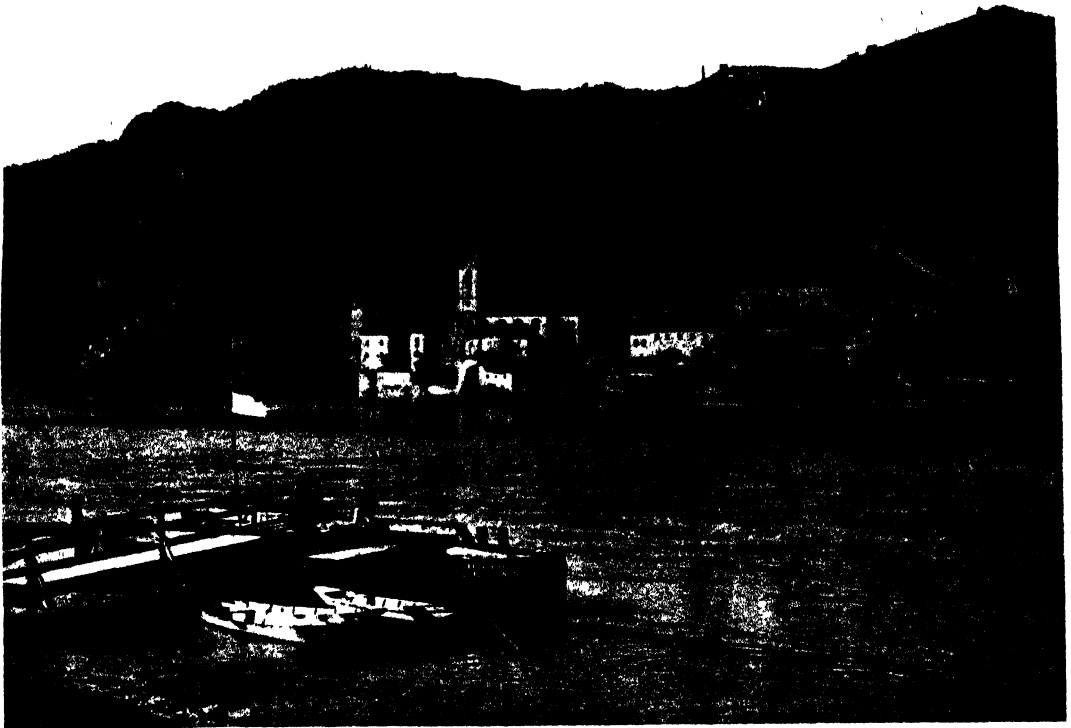
powers rashly joined to wrest Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark, then soon fell out, each of them enlisting some of the disunited German States for the short war of 1866, in which Italy's alliance with Prussia won for herself Venice. The far-seeing unscrupulosity of Bismarck and the able strategy of Moltke carried all before them, forcing Austria's definite severance from the Confederation, in which Prussia now became dominant.

Thus robbed of her old status in Germany, Austria busied herself about the pacification and organization of her hereditary vassals. We need not minutely follow the course of arrangements that have gone to the winds of war. In 1848 the Emperor Ferdinand, his throne shaken by revolutionary movements in Austria Proper, as well as by the rebellion of Hungary, abdicated in favour of his young nephew Francis Joseph, on whom fell the hard task of casting those fissiparous dominions into a new mould; and his long reign, graced by personal popularity, was to be darkened by humiliating defeats in battle, as also by a series of domestic afflictions: brother, wife, son and the next heir all cut off by tragic fates, casting about his white hairs a halo of European sympathy.

Hungary, as best able to assert its quasi-independence, now secured recognition as a separate kingdom, so as to make the sovereign's rule a dual one under the style of Kaiserlich-Königlich, abbreviated as K.K. A less reasonable division was of the whole territory into two almost equal halves, known as Cisleithan and Transleithan from the Leitha, a Danube tributary separating Austria Proper and her eastern appendage. This division looked an awkward one when the empire extended round the north of Hungary, under which, in spite of racial and traditional antipathies, were put the Jugo-Slav provinces of the south. The empire and the kingdom had separate Parliaments, with a joint body called the Delegations to arbitrate in their frequent differences, which sometimes threatened to become acute. By an arrangement known as the *Ausgleich*, renewed from time to time, had to be settled their relative proportion in the expense of government; with which was involved the question of common tariffs. While sending deputies to the imperial *Reichsrath*, the smaller States had no less than seventeen local Diets with certain powers of Home Rule, usually inspired by an intense jealousy of German domination, along with secret envy of German prosperity. These particularist sentiments had for the last generation been fretting against the common bond, kept whole mainly by the

anxious care of the late Emperor, and when his long reign should come to an end, it was feared that his heterogeneous realm, already crippled and mutilated, might break up into independent and unfriendly States, or by force of racial attraction gravitate to neighbouring Powers. Already the proud independence of Hungary stood up as a breakwater among conflicting tides of Pan-Germanic and Pan-Slavonian sympathy. Besides hot local patriotisms, concerned more with sentimental than with material welfare, there were also dangerous itchings for social war in large masses of poverty, sharply contrasted with the ostentation and pleasure-hunting of half-ruined nobles, who themselves, in some of the dependent provinces, have often sunk to the condition of peasants. In 1907, a concession of universal suffrage in Austria was apparently prompted by imperial design to check the Magyar minority that in Hungary had almost monopolized the franchise. This is only one instance of how political struggles become confused amid the jumble of interests and aspirations, in which a privileged class may be found fighting democracy by constitutional methods, and the Crown seeking to base its power upon popular liberties. Here at last religious toleration was assured, and greater freedom of speech than might have been expected from a Government aware of being seated among highly-explosive materials. But the Slav subjects were like Oliver Twists, moved to ask for "more" from favours that taught them their strength. Many of them had emigrated to America, and some came back to tell of lands in which all men were equal. The growth of the Pan-Slav sentiment set them holding up their heads and looking fondly back on days of free nationality before they had bowed their necks to be the Gibeonites of a haughty empire. Magyars and Slavs were so far at one as not to take kindly to the official organization under which the Teuton more readily falls into rank and step.

After all, it was blows from without which overthrew the ill-mortared structure that housed a great brood of Archdukes and



The Castle of Dürrenstein on the Danube, between Linz and Vienna

It was in this stronghold that Richard I of England was imprisoned in 1192-3, and here, according to the legend, he was discovered by the faithful Blondel. (See p. 8.)

Archduchesses. Swallowing the resentment of its defeat by Prussia, Austria entered into close relations with that old enemy, whose calculating statesmen directed her attention southward to the Slav frontier over which the acquisitive northern empire presently designed securing an open road to the east. A Triple Alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy stretched itself across Central Europe with the professed aim of defensive strength in the interest of peace, yet now and then taking a tone of defiance that called for the looser Entente of France, Russia, and Great Britain. Austria seems to have been a tool in the hands of her artful neighbour, when in 1914 a sore pricked by Slav fanaticism was allowed to inflame into an international quarrel that fevered all the Continent. Austria had the appearance of starting the Great War, but it was at the command of foreign ambition that she mobilized her

polyglot forces, many of them marching with a reluctance which took the first chance of desertion to kindred enemies. During the war the aged Emperor died, with what bitter thoughts we can guess; and his young successor, soon fain to cut the harness in which an exhausted and plunging team could no longer be lashed to victory, was thrown from the seat of a state whose wheels had been sticking among trenches and graves.

The loyalty thus torn up was all that held together a patchwork empire, whose threads broke into loose ends under the strain of that impoverishing war. Its whole population was roughly a little over 50 millions, among whom two dominant racial minorities held a double sway. On the west side was the block of Austria Proper and the Tyrol, with 11 millions of people, mainly Germans, dominating an Italian fringe on the south,

and merging on the north with their Bavarian kinsmen, from whom they were sundered by a political frontier and by some neighbourly antipathies. On the south side of Austria, Germans were scattered towards the Adriatic over poorer provinces where they found themselves mixed with Slavs and Italians. In the centre stood out Hungary with its 10 million Magyars, who had seized their own freedom in a form that gave them domination over the majority of Slavs and other races in the eastern half of the empire. The so-called Huns had flowed into a central position between the Slav migration westward that long ago broke into two currents, passing north and south of what would solidify into a separating barrier. On the north the Slavonic wave spent itself among the mountains of Bohemia, where two-thirds of the population kept a keen sense of Slav blood under the name of Czechs, while their kinsmen, known rather as Slovaks, were deposited in thick layers along the north of Hungary. The southern stream was the Jugo-Slavs who crossed the Danube to spread to the head of the Adriatic and on the south side of Hungary and Austria. On the north-east of Hungary lay Galicia with its garrison of Germans thinly spread among 8 millions, divided mainly as Poles in the western, Ruthenes from Russia in the eastern strip. At the easternmost point came the Austrian crownland of Bukowina, which made an epitome of the whole empire by a tangle of nationalities and creeds left by ancient invasions, Scythian, Dacian, Gothic, Bulgarian, Turkish and so forth. The south-east corner was Transylvania, where a great part of its 3 millions are Roumanian Wallachs claiming mongrel descent from Roman colonists and legionaries. At this end stood out compact knots of old German immigration bearing the name of Saxons. All over the empire were diffused some 2 millions of Jews, who in the great towns can aspire to forget their hereditary attitude of bated breath and whispering humbleness, but in the less advanced provinces, where their keen turn for trade exploits the sluggishness of their neighbours, they are marked out for Chris-

tian contempt by long gaberdines and skull-caps over their greasy locks. Here and there crop up Armenians, held to be still more patiently sharp after petty gain. Another peculiar people is the Gipsies, who on the eastern side make a considerable caste, gathered into partly-settled communities, or found wandering as minstrels.

The industries and resources of this medley of States will be better dealt with as we pass through its divisions. Enough to say here that the Austrian Government had been paying good attention to their industrial development, and to technical and general education. The prevailing agricultural and pastoral employment of the people had increasingly given place to an extension of factories, saw-mills, and machinery that did not banish the old arts of tasteful metal-working and wood-carving from a realm rich in mines and forests. Museums of technical and other collections are notable features in most of the large towns. Well-planned and cleverly-engineered railways did much for commercial prosperity. The Empire and the kingdom were shut up in the same customs wall, but had separate postage stamps and other *insignia*. The metric system of weights and measures was in force; and instead of the old paper, copper, and nickel currency of *gulden* and *kreutzers*, on a gold standard had been issued the new decimal coinage of *cronen*, equal to a franc, divided into 100 *heller*. The life and wealth of the nation were burdened with service in the *cadres* of an army over 2 millions strong, and with a growing navy that had earned more glory in recent wars, but had mainly to hover near its harbours when the fleets of three great naval powers sealed the mouth of the Adriatic. By the Peace Treaty, Austria's army is reduced to 30,000; her whole population to 6 or 7 millions; she has to make good to the Allies the loss she caused them in ships and cattle, to restore heirlooms of which she had robbed her conquered dependencies, and to meet a crushing war debt with or without contribution from those ex-vassals triumphantly shaken loose from the fortunes of the Austrian Republic.

GERMAN AUSTRIA

The Germans of Austria strike strangers as livelier than their kinsmen of the new Reich, more courteous and pleasing in manners, perhaps less diligent in business, as are not the Jews settled among them. One feature of modern Austrian life has been violent outbursts of *Judenhetze*, inspired by a resentment on which local elections might turn. The people's feeling towards the mass of Germans seems a double tide, turning between the repulsion bred of old conflicts and a new sense of attraction to the mass in which blood is thicker than the water of political arrangements. Their strongest sentiment would now have a chance of expressing itself in action; but the Allies have barred for the moment their reception into the German Reich. How far they went heartily at the heels of Wilhelm Kaiser is another questionable point, but the war, dutifully acclaimed in Vienna, seems there to have bred despairing misery sooner than in Berlin. • The Austrian army fought gallantly enough, for all its long tale of defeats in the past; but, as often before, it appears to have done best under commanders not native. Our soldiers agree on one point, that here prisoners of war were treated more humanely than by Prussian brutality, a merit recognized on the armistice by food-trains being early hurried up for relief of the starving capital, when the Austrian currency shrank to a fraction of its nominal value.

Travellers in Austria soon recognized certain differences of custom affecting them; the new state of things may bring changes, but let us view this country as it was before the war. At hotels they are not expected to run up bills, but to pay for meals on the nail, which one may take where he pleases without regard for the "good of the house", whose hosts do not favour fixed charges. Cafés and restaurants are much frequented, where the customer had often to fee no less than three waiters—that one on the largest scale who usually does nothing but take the

money and the tip he has not earned; then if it were possible to miss a train in this easy-going country, one has a chance of doing so, because his refreshment-room attendant must fetch the financial official, both looking for a gratuity. Tips are thus numerous if petty, a sign of approach to the East, where *dustoor* and *backshish* override the notion of regular contract. At the spas that bring most of Austria's foreign visitors, the "Cure-tax", universal at such German resorts, is levied in a way suggesting the hard-and-fast lines of Austrian society, strangers being usually invited to put themselves down in one of three classes, to be assessed at different rates, according to their social standing. Officers, officials, priests, doctors, and paupers may be exempted; but one has known of an English dissenting minister, who, writing such a designation at Carlsbad, found himself ranked in the first class with Serenities and Excellencies as a Minister of State! This true story may rank with the legend of an Englishman being called on at a German frontier to state his *Stand*, which he gave as "Elector of Middlesex"; whereupon the guard turned out, presenting arms to so illustrious a personage.

Not a few of Austria's visitors see it first on the "beautiful blue Danube", entering the duchy from Bavaria. Mr. James Baker, after many visits, has never seen its waters blue, most often of a yellow-greenish tint, paling a little when swollen by glacier torrents; but he declares it more beautiful than the much-bepraised Rhine. Rising in the Black Forest Hills to take its way across Southern Germany, at Passau the Danube is joined on each side by the Ilz and the Inn, the latter as yet the longer and stronger stream, here absorbed into the straighter course of the Danube. The Inn runs more "murky yellow", the Ilz inky black, and for some distance the three straggling currents hardly mingle, or roll into each other like blobs of cream in tea. The great river's course here is strikingly



Salzburg: the old town and the fortress, from the Capuzinerberg

The fortress stands on the Mönchsberg ("Monk's Hill"), 400 feet above the town. The Capuzinerberg, with the Capuchin monastery, is on the opposite (right) bank of the River Salzach

picturesque, now seething and whirling through narrow gorges, now shadowed under wooded slopes and high crags rising sheer from the bank, then opening out upon a plain behind which stand up distant Alps, splitting through a maze of island channels, gathering again to twist and turn among cliffs that wall in lake-like reaches, often passing beneath heights crowned by castles like the robbers' nest of Aggstein and the Durrenstein prison in which Richard the Lion Heart is fabled to have heard Blondel's minstrelsy, or by vast monasteries like Melk, with its ancient library, and such ancient towns as Krems, where obtrudes the modern feature of a railway bridge over the river. The chief place of Upper Austria is Linz, a town of over 80,000 people, including an annexe on the other bank, where grey relics of the past are jumbled among signs of

modern industry, all overlooked by the Postlingberg, its top reached by one of the electric rails so frequent in this region of prospect-hunting.

From Linz, one can turn southwards to visit the lions of the Salzkammergut, so named from its administration by a government office managing as a valuable source of revenue the salt mines by which it is burrowed. Salzburg, the chief town, under the Holy Roman Empire seat of an ecclesiastical principality, famed as home of Paracelsus and birth-place of Mozart, boasts one of the finest sites in Europe, its old fortress borne up at a height of over 1600 feet, and it stands among hills and viewpoints, duly accessible by rails or lifts, monarch of them the Gaisberg, dubbed "the Austrian Rigi" for its noble prospect upon the lake-hollowed mountains that

make a choice tourist-ground. The largest of its lakes is the Attersee, but their queen the Traunsee, under the kingly Traunstein, its waters pouring out into the Traun at Gmunden, a frequent German name answering to our Invers and Abers. Here was the home of more than one princely house, among them the deposed King of Hanover, by irony of fate blind to the loveliness of scenery that wrings from so many mouths such truly German exclamations as *Pracht-woll*, *Wunderschön*! Some way up the stream that fills the Traunsee stands Ischl, Austria's Braemar, or Balmoral, as a favourite residence of the old emperor, who made its brine baths a rendezvous of the Austrian aristocracy, with a character at once courtly and idyllic, bearing much the same relation to more rackety resorts as a blue-blooded dame of the Faubourg St. Germain to the parvenu society of modern France. "Ischl", says Ouida, in a novel that has its scene here, "is calm and sedate, and simple and decorous . . . like the pretty aristocratic Charlotte in Kaulbach's picture, who cuts the bread and butter, yet looks like a patrician." In the fashionable season, indeed, one might too often have to jostle among a crowd of princes and bigwigs under days or weeks of rain; but there is a better chance of seeing the country's charms in early summer, with the opportunity for a "cure" of small Alpine strawberries that would make one half willing to be a little sick.

Visitors to the Traunsee can have the excitement of shooting out of it at railway speed on salt-barges, or the amusement of watching timber rafts make the same passage down the inclined plane of a canal that turns the cascades of the Traunfall, one of this neighbourhood's lions. Another ploy for sightseers is an exploration of one of the great salt-mines, adventure not without agitation for gentle hearts, though the interior of a salt-mine is at least clean, and the ascent and descent from its levels not really dangerous. Instead of being lowered into the bowels of the earth, one may have to mount under a hill-side, where parties, disguised in miners' overalls with a candle stuck in the belt, follow their guide through

chill and dank vaulted passages till exclamations break forth on the edge of a brine lake lit by twinkling lamps. Crossing this in a Charon's gondola, they may come to a huger and gloomier Avernus, where figures move dimly with spectral effect; then as *bouquet* of the spectacle will be shown grottoes of rock-salt illuminated in rainbow colours. The exit may be made on a "sausage wagon", a wheeled bench that hurls its bestriders with exciting rapidity down to a distant point of light, where they burst out into the open day, and the ladies of the party, giggling in short trousers and tunic, are perhaps tempted to be taken in this *bergmann* costume by photographers got up as Tyrolers.

The brine is much used for various balneological applications, either on the spot or drawn off to adjacent towns. One most picturesquely-situated spa of this district, Gastein, bears a unique character in the warm water that has the property not only of galvanizing senile decay, but of freshening wilted flowers, a virtue for which chemists were puzzled to account when they could find hardly a trace of mineralization. Electricity used to be suggested, but now the discovery of radium throws some light on the mystery. This spa was a generation ago noted as meeting-place of aged potentates and diplomats, suspected of consulting for political as well as bodily ailments. Here, indeed, Bismarck hatched the convention of 1865, taken to be among his masterstrokes of policy. Gastein is also noted for one of the noisiest waterfalls in Europe, that roars as loud as any Niagara, though its cascades are not too huge for spectacular illumination by electric light; then another sight of the neighbourhood is a very Avernus of a black lake, so impregnated with arsenic that nothing can live in or about it.

But to dwell on the *Salzkammergut*'s attractions would be to trespass into Bae-deker's province. From Linz let us sail down the Danube, threading fresh chains of heights, then opening out upon the plain strips of Lower Austria, till under the hills of the Wiener Wald one of its branching

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channels turns off to touch the empire's capital, named from that feeble affluent the Wien. The main stream is now so broad as to make an inland port, and so strong that one cannot swim against it; but close by the waters fill the finest of swimming-baths, set among flowery banks, within easy reach of the city. Below Vienna the Danube half loses itself among wooded islands before spreading out on the Marchfeld plain, that has given ground for many a battle from the days of Roman conquest to Napoleon's rare experience of defeat at Aspern. The whole course of the river, above and below, is strung with the fields of "battles long ago", with legend-haunted rocks and ruins, and with scenes from the great German *Nibelungen* epic, that tells how Siegfried's widow Kriemhild was wooed and won by the Hun king Etzel, who in German romance is no other than a somewhat softened figure of Attila, "the scourge of God"; how with a great train she travelled down the Danube to meet her heathen lord and be united to him at Vienna; but how she had never forgiven Hagen, slayer of her first husband, and after nursing her vengeance for years lured that hero to take the same road to Etzel's court, where he and she, and many another, met their doom as tragically as in the last scene of Hamlet. Near the Austrian border there is a monument of older but more authentic history, the remains of Carnuntum, the great Roman station where Marcus Aurelius may have recorded his Meditations, and where Diocletian abdicated the world's empire. For more than three centuries Rome held this stronghold of civilization; then for a longer period the light of history is darkened by barbarian swarms, till out of the shadow looms Charlemagne, bent on relaying those ruined foundations.

Vienna, before its ordeal of war starvation, was perhaps the stateliest and liveliest capital of Europe, with a population of more than 2 millions spread over an area not far short of London's. It differs from most great cities in that its noblest quarter is the old central *Graben*, now girt by the broad Ringstrasse's show of smart architecture,

princely palaces, and well-stored museums. Within stand the vast pile of the imperial Hofburg, the Rathhaus, grandest of its modern structures, the famous University, chief medical school of Europe, with its hundreds of teachers and thousands of students, and the ancient cathedral of St. Stephen, whose gracefully-tapering spire so overlooks the city that it has been used as an observatory to watch for outbreaks of fire. Beyond the Ring *enceinte* spread out more or less distinguished quarters, like the Leopoldstadt across the Danube Canal; then these fritter away into outer suburbs where factory chimneys darken the mean dwellings of the gay city's Gibeonites and outcasts. On the east side, the Prater, largest of city parks, stretches its avenues for miles to the bank of the Danube; and around rise the heights of the Wiener Wald, trimmed and tamed after right German fashion as a great public pleasure-ground. Close at hand lies Schönbrunn, the Austrian Versailles, its park freely opened to the people, who on holidays throng resorts like the spas Baden and Voslau, or nearer Richmonds and Hampsteads of this capital. The Viennese have been noted as a pleasure-loving folk, and a feature of the city and its environs is the abundance of places of refreshment of all ranks, where in summer they like to feed *al fresco*, in spite of the dust and wind that too much spoil their sunshine. Operas, plays, concerts, open-air music were never wanting; but of late audiences have been thinned and restaurants emptied by sufferings that frenzied starving mobs into riot and pillage. No European capital, except Petrograd, suffered more from the war than this city, reduced from its rank as head of a great empire to abject poverty and dependence on doles of food from the charity of victorious enemies. Already, it was noted, Viennese society had been undergoing a plutocratic change from the aristocratic tone it had when none but nobles might drive in the Prater, opened to the public by that arbitrary reformer Joseph II, whose benevolent impulses figure in German collections of moral anecdotes, while he makes a poor show in history.



Photochrom Co., Ltd

Vienna: the Graben, the principal business street

One of Vienna's *sommerfrische* resorts is the ridge of Semmering, 50 miles southwest, pierced by the railway hence descending to Trieste, from mountains whose Schneeberg summit rises to nearly 7000 feet. This daringly engineered line zigzags by tunnels and viaducts into the duchy of Styria, the old Steiermark, and on to its picturesque capital Gratz or Graz, a very ancient city, among whose lions is the Renaissance Landhaus, containing a wonderful show of mediæval arms and armour. Besides being a Cheltenham or Leamington of Austria, Gratz has a flourishing university and other educational institutions. Its 200,000 inhabitants are mainly Germans, but outside these mingle with the Slavs and Wends first at home here, who in the provinces farther south come to be in a majority. The second, though much smaller town of Styria, is Marburg on the Drave, one of four rivers cradled in this

highland province, with its carefully-tended forests and tilled valleys, that deserves to be better known to foreigners, but they may have read of it in the works of the late Peter Rosegger—some of them translated for our benefit—who has done for this region what Auerbach did for the Black Foresters or George Sand for the folk of her native province. He depicts them as simple-minded, honest highlanders, apt to lose their primitive virtues through the summer influx of well-to-do strangers, "even Englishmen", who turn them into landlords and guidés, or tempt them to service in the cities, if they were not dragged away from their beloved solitudes to learn the vices of camps, perhaps to lose a sturdy limb in the Kaiser's battles. Most of his pictures might easily be taken as scenes from Switzerland or the Tyrol. Foreigners also can be enthusiastic over this scenery, for one Victor Tissot thus describes the panorama ur-

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rolled on a journey by the Semmering line.

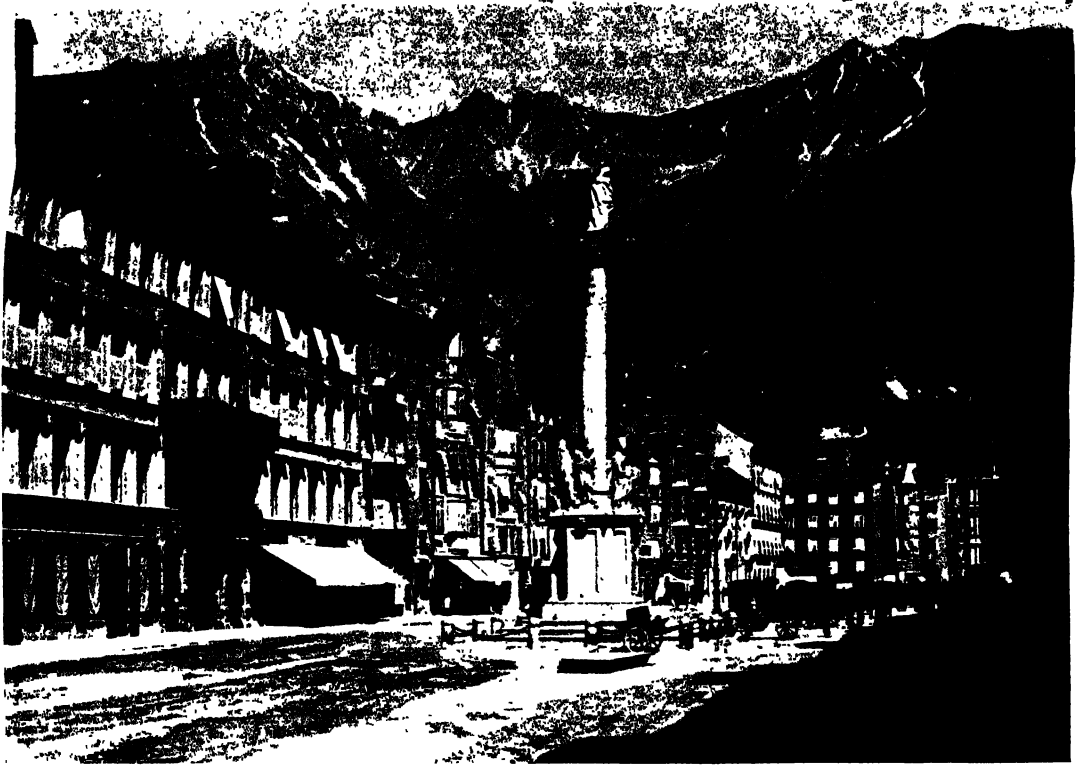
"It is a new country revealed, at once gracious and severe, full of contrasts and surprises, of scenes charming by their unexpectedness; green hill-sides and furrowed ravines, gentle slopes, steep eminences, varied crops, dark draperies of forest, mountain amphitheatres with a delicate edging in rigid or broken lines, harmonious in their rudeness and full of feature in their simplicity; plateaus tufted with verdure and starred with pretty flowers as if a shower of pearls had fallen on their turf, are rolled out in succession before your eyes. Here open green valleys, shell or cradle-shaped, shaded by fine trees, with farms smiling through open doors and windows, like buxom, kindly, slatternly housewives amid their cackling fowl-yards. There rise abruptly walls of yellow rock, with black fissures harbouring nocturnal birds; lower down open the hollows of crumbling ravines strewn with old moss-bearded pines overthrown under a thunderbolt or the weight of years. At the bottom of an unfathomable whirlpool roars the torrent struggling in the obstruction of huge fallen boulders. Then come cascades that, from a distance, appear fixed in their fall, like a slide of ice or crystal. Here and there, under a streak of light, at the mouth of a gorge or in the heart of some valley mounting to be lost from sight, one catches hamlet roofs spangling with red the green carpet of pastures; or perhaps, closer at hand, on the edge of some rocky crest, stands forth the clearly-cut outline of a herdsman: statue-like, leaning on his long staff, his leather wallet slung round his shoulder, his broad-brimmed hat pulled over his eyes, steadily he watches a flock of goats hanging over the abysses. Higher up, behind lighter pictures, rear themselves stripped, weather-bitten heights, crowned by great white stone heaps that sketch out broken parapets, stretches of cracked and tumbling wall, imperfect arches of Gothic windows, at which ladies' sensitive hearts would secretly throb to *minnesinger* love-songs. On the furthest horizon sharp needle peaks tear boldly as darts the air's shimmering blue veils; and behind this bristling of tops, pointed and cold as a sheaf of bayonets, are visible the Schneeberg and Raxalp summits, wrapped in their long snow mantles whiter than ermine, capped by diadems of silver."

Much more familiar to many of us is the westernmost province of Tyrol that vies

with Switzerland as a European playground, renowned not only for its grand mountain scenery, but for the hardihood of its bare-kneed peasantry, and for their old loyalty that under Hlofer so bravely withstood Napoleon's columns, when they came bowling down the crowns of Europe like ninepins. From the Lake of Constance, or the northern corner of Switzerland, the entrance is by rail through the grand scenery of the Vorarlberg province, passing near the tiny principship of Liechtenstein, practically absorbed into Austria. Vorarlberg itself has been seeking union with Switzerland, which seemed not eager to welcome a recruit denounced by Austria as a deserter; but it remains to be seen if this shrunken nationality will be able to hold itself together.

Centuries ago a poor foundling herdboy had it at heart to found a hospice on the snows of the Axlberg, and travelled all over Europe begging support for his brotherhood of St. Christopher, devoted to help travellers upon what was then a perilous day's march, now done by half an hour's railway trip. Before the Axlberg was tunnelled by rails, Tyrolese peasant children were gathered in flocks to be driven with trying hardships over the spring snows into Suabia, there hired out for the summer to farmers who sometimes proved hard taskmasters: one such little Catholic surprises us by a complaint that his Lutheran tyrant would not let him go to church on Sunday. These mountaineers have a character as poor but honest, heartily devout if not a little superstitious, self-respecting and courteous, daring and hot-blooded as shown in sudden quarrels amid the moving music and vehement dances of their merrymakings, or in poaching affrays upon the lofty game preserves of the Bavarian border.

By a bewildering panorama of mountain scenery, past heights and valleys of tourist-resort, under the frowning Martinswand where Kaiser Max had his perilous adventure, we reach Innsbruck, the Tyrolese capital, as grandly placed as Salzburg, on the rushing Inn that sweeps down a hun-



Sydney Kelth

Innsbruck: the Maria-Theresien Strasse

The prominent pillar of St. Anne ("Annasäule") was erected in 1706 to commemorate the repulse of the French and Bavarians in 1703.

dred glacier streams, where snow-streaked mountains rise close at hand above wooded hills and blooming meadows. Heine must have been getting over a debauch of sour, heady Tyrolese wine when he reviled a place with which most visitors fall in love at first sight. It has two patron saints, Maximilian I, in whose memory was built the Hofkirche with its show of monumental statues, our own King Arthur's among them, and Andreas Hofer, the heroic innkeeper who on the Berg Isel here fought more than one hot fight against the French, as recorded by his statue and by relics preserved in the Ferdinandeum, a museum of Tyrolean art and history. Other attractions are the quaint charms of arcades and alleys not yet quite overlaid by modern smartness; the fine old buildings that diversify the Maria-Theresien main thoroughfare with its

triumphal arch; the many beautiful points around, reached by paths on which crosses and calvaries stand as frequent as guideposts; a climate pleasant at most seasons, even in sunny winter, and Innsbruck's position as focus of travel over the Tyrol, which may here be surveyed in miniature on a relief model measuring some thousand square feet; then one has a choice of all sorts of local excursions, from tram-line or lift ascents of the Berg Isel and the Hungerberg to arduous scrambles among the Oetzthaler glaciers.

Hence leads southwards the rail over the Brenner Pass, that old German high road into *Welshland*, upon which this line soon descends so rapidly that at one station is offered *kaltes Wasser* by a blond Gretchen, and at the next *acqua fresca* by an olive-skinned Italian. The snows above no

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longer melt into tributaries of the Danube, but are gathered by the Adige into the Adriatic. At Brixen, vineyards give a hint of the warm south, then Botzen, a town at once quaint and busy, with its hotel annexe of Gries for winter guests, lies in a hot hollow among luxurious gardens of fruit. From this chief knot of trade in old days between north and south, we can turn aside to what seems the most thriving of Tyrol's resorts, Meran that was its ancient capital.

Standing in a sheltered valley about 1000 feet high, near the confluence of the Passer and the Adige, amid a fringe of gardens, chalets, and villas set in lush greenery, Meran thrives in virtue of several strings to its bow as a health resort. A dry, bright, still atmosphere makes it a winter haven for not too delicate lungs. Spring brings candidates for whey-and-milk cure. In summer, when its promenades are most deserted, it might well be sought for its

charming site amid a ring of wooded mountains, rising into granite or porphyry peaks still streaked with snow, their lower slopes dotted with ruined castles like the Schloss Tyrol that nursed the old lords of the land. But autumn is the chief season for this metropolis of the grape cure. The grapes ripen here as early as August, when strangers must beware how they stray into the vineyards, guarded by the *Saltner*, an alarming figure arrayed in furs, feathers, and claws like an Indian pow wow, armed with halbert and rusty pistol, whose time-honoured office is to bring trespassers to a stand and a twopenny fine—or it might be said *was*, for like other points of local colour this has tended to melt away. The grape cure sounds delightful doctoring, "tasting of Flora and the country green". The good result is often vouched for, even if the treatment has to be long continued; and a spectator will be inclined to envy the dyspeptic crowd all eating



Meran: the Botzen Bridge (across the Passer) and Promenade



Schloss Tyrol, near Meran

The Schloss stands over 2000 feet above sea-level, and was the original residence of the Counts of Tyrol, who gave their name to the whole country. Little remains of the ancient structure, which was largely destroyed by a landslip. There is a magnificent view from this vantage-point, especially by evening light.

grapes literally for their lives. But Mr. Fraser Rae, after experimenting, declared he would rather break stones on the road than be condemned to the maximum sentence of nine pounds daily, to be consumed by such careful rule and measure that he calculated it should take sixty hours to get conscientiously through the day's dose.

The old town is interesting with its show of pious inscriptions and lines of sombre, somewhat unsavoury arcades, giving a hint of Italy at hand. The Tyrolese costume now shows a change into white stockings from the brown bare knees of the north; and if conservative Bauers cling to their red-faced *loden* jackets, green braces, and high-pointed hats, here as elsewhere youngsters, more's the pity, fall into the prosaic vulgarity of cheap reach-me-down garments.

Some of our countryfolk have been so delighted with Meran as to settle at it for good, among them Mary Howitt and Miss Pemberton, the latter of whom, besides a guide to the district, brought out here for years an Anglo-Continental magazine in English by way of cultivating friendly international relations that have been rudely broken up. She insists upon the varied charms of a region which one hopes will soon again be as open as ever to our friendly invasion.

"All seasons are beautiful at Meran, and each season has a beauty peculiar to itself; in the autumn that of the vineyards with their avenues, beneath which, from the overarching trellis, the large clusters of fine purple grapes hang thickly, whilst on a higher level than the vineyards are magnificent Spanish-chestnut trees, loaded with ripe fruit. In the winter

we have the blue sky, the snowy peaks, and the frozen waterfalls, glistening amid the dark pines which clothe the mountain-side; and nearer home the scene is brightened up by the evergreens with which the public and private gardens are thickly planted. In the spring we have the flowering trees and shrubs, the climbing roses and creepers, trained up to the houses and round the balconies, producing a marvellous luxuriance of bloom. It is charming at this season to watch the first faint tinge of green on the hills, appearing at first only in a few sheltered nooks, and then gradually deepening in colour, creeping up and displacing the snow; covering the whole mountain-side, and invading even the region of the cold granite rocks by casting a slight shimmer upon the lichens which grow there. As to the summer, it seems to combine its own beauty with that of all the other three seasons; the winter snow never entirely disappears, and is brightened with every fresh rainfall, and then the blue of the heavens is, if possible, more intense; the meadows are as green and the flowers as abundant as they were in the spring; and we have the reality of the summer fruits added to the promise of the autumn ones."

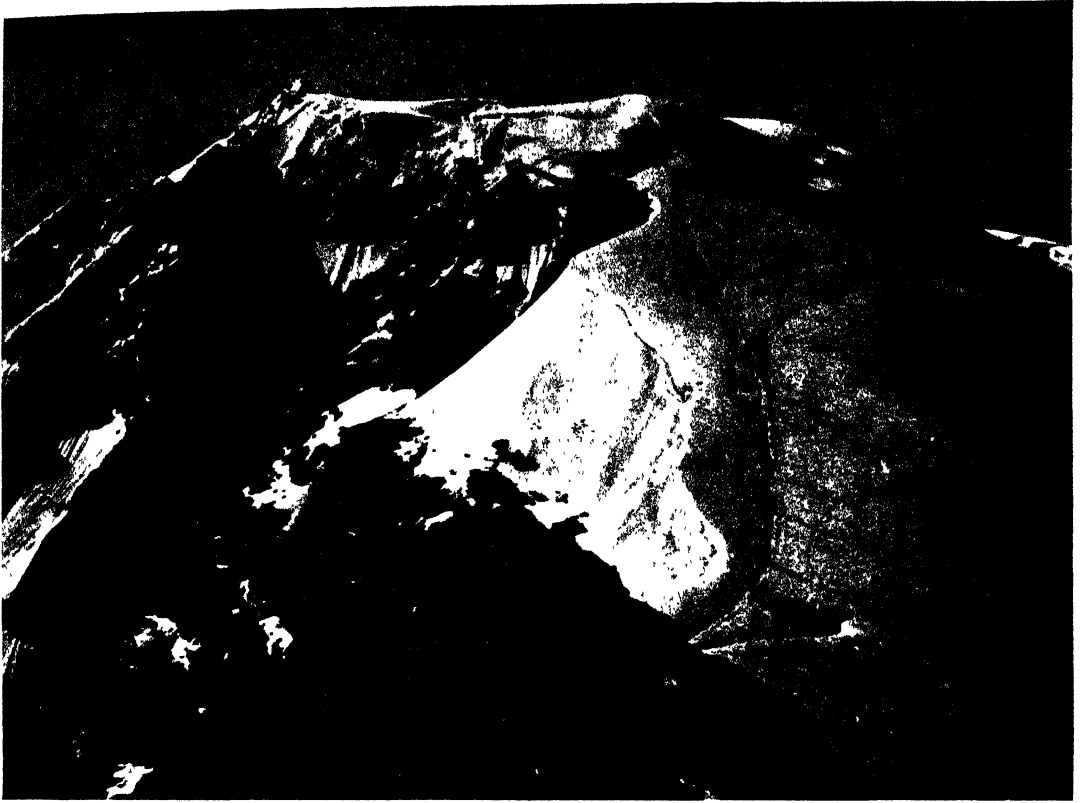
Meran, of course, might be pooh-poohed as unworthy of their steel by the Alpine Club heroes who at so many points have led the way for a now flourishing school of Austrian climbers. But they can make this the base for a campaign against giants. Turning westward by the Vinschgau Railway and by the highest carriage road in Europe leading over to Italy through the Stelvio Pass, from the Sulden valley or from such deep-sunk villages as Trafoi, they can lay siege to the Ortler group, whose highest point (nearly 13,000 feet) is the Mont Blanc of the Austrian Alps. There was a flourishing Austrian brotherhood of Alpinists that had a care for paths, huts, and guides; one sighs to think how many of its members must have lately perished not in struggles against wild nature but in the fiery avalanches that came to echo among the peaks and ridges of their rugged playground.

On the eastern side of the main Brenner line, from Franzenfeste a branch will help the climbers towards the Gross Glöckner,

only a few hundred feet lower, an attack on which is not one for raw mountaineers. From Botzen a road goes into Tyrol's south-east corner, region of the Dolomites, among whose clusters of gaunt, jagged, fantastic peaks, several of them over 10,000 feet, lie such resorts as Toblach and Cortina d'Ampezzo, where Italian names begin to mark how we are coming among another people. To some scientific spectacles, these weirdly weathered pillars of limestone here and there reddened by volcanic rocks, now royally purpled in sunlight, then suffused by violet and azure hues, or softly shot with tints shifting like mother-of-pearl, appear to have been built up, ages bygone, by such patient labour as piled coral reefs and chalk cliffs; and the mere tourist, to whose haunts the Dolomites have been added only within the last generation or two, recognizes them as a peculiar province of the Alps.

There is not space even for names in a labyrinth of mountain valleys, passes, and crests, where almost every village is a station for veteran or amateur climbers; nor must we linger by the countless ruins that record a stirring past, nor on the romantic spots made illustrious by the Tyrolers' defence of their native land against Napoleon and other foes. Hotel-keeping may now be considered Tyrol's main industry, as of Switzerland; another that flourishes in German mountainous regions is the carving and painting of wooden toys, notably in the Dolomite valley of St. Ulrich; and, like our Highlands, this is a land beloved by sportsmen, who here, to be sure, find wilder game and rougher ground than in our deer forests. Many a Tyrolese peasant has got himself into trouble by his turn for poaching upon princely preserves, among which his blameless business is the feeding and milking of herds fattened in summer upon high Alpine pastures.

Of the southern side of Tyrol, the Trentino, we can no longer speak as Austrian, though it could not be described as Italian in our first volume, when the new boundaries were not defined. The main Brenner route leads down by the Adige to Trent, scene of that long-drawn Council of Bishops



The mighty Ortler, the highest mountain in the Eastern Alps

The Ortler (nearly 13,000 feet) has frequently been climbed since the discovery of the Suldner route in 1865. The erection of the Payerhütte (from which this view is taken) has made the ascent an easier task, which can be spread over two days.

that, meeting off and on, was so many years in settling a creed which remained not yet settled. Here we are among Italians, where a fan of valleys open roads for the invasion of Italy through the Trentino, to which Austria clung after Lombardy and Venice had been wrested from her hands; but it has been shown that this region is now restored to its Italian people; and it will be told presently how the rest of its southern domain has fallen away from the wrecked empire. The new boundary, below the Brenner Pass, is marked as crooking along a line of Alpine heights which make a watershed of streams flowing to the Danube and to the Mediterranean.

To the east of the Trentino that acquisitive Power held the mountainous provinces

of Carinthia and Carniola, reached by the Semmering rail from Vienna, as by lines from the Adige valley and from the Salzkammergut under the high Tauern range to the north. The thin population of this region is mainly Slav in origin, Germans clustering thickest in its chief towns Klagenfurt, Villach, and Laibach, the last much damaged by an earthquake in our time. Oliver Goldsmith on his tramping tour must have been unlucky in his experience of "the rude Carinthian boor", presented by Rosegger and other writers as a friendly and hearty highlander, not at all given to shutting his door in an honest stranger's face. He may, indeed, have little to bestow on wandering poets, for his rugged country is poor unless in minerals and forests, but it

might well attract visitors by Alpine beauties shown in the Karawanken range and on all hands. On the west side, from the Julian Alps, the Isonzo flows into the head of the Adriatic by Gorst, *alias* Gorizia, noted as a health and pleasure resort, nestling under the twin summits Sabotino and San Gabriele. But this mountain-set plain of the Isonzo became a scene of death as cockpit for hot fighting in the Italian push for Trieste, when the lofty snowfields were reddened by so much blood of Jägers and Bersaglieri, toilsomely slaying one another among the clouds. Since then, this region has become afresh a scene of political dispute between the Slav and Italian Powers here serving themselves heirs to Austrian government. On the thirsty limestone upland of Carinthia, Slavs were a clear majority, mixed with Italians towards the head of the Adriatic, where Austria's chief port Trieste was more than half Italian. Italian also in part was the coast population of Istria and Dalmatia along the eastern side of the Adriatic, but inland it becomes predominantly Slav, not only in Slovenia but in the ex-Turkish dependencies of Bosnia and Herzegovina, first occupied, then annexed, by Austria, here embarrassed by administration of subjects divided not so much in race as in religion between the Latin Catholic, the Greek and the Moslem creeds, so that her empire, if it still held, might not grudge getting rid of their dissensions. All this region, except for Italian intrusion, now comes into the Jugo-Slav nationality, while

Austria, humbled in the eyes of her ex-dependents, is reduced to about the size of Switzerland, threatened with civil war between the starving townsfolk and the peasantry who have property to tempt socialist demagogues. The once proud capital must be the great sufferer in any case, cut off from what were its chief resources of industry, and brought down from being the political and social centre of fifty millions to be the top-heavy head of a poverty-stricken minor State, without fertile fields enough to feed its shrunken population.

It may be observed that Austria's new limitations are rather vaguely drawn in this sketch, written as it was when these were still under discussion. Nor are they yet definitely fixed at some points, where certain areas are to decide their allegiance by plebiscite among a mixed population. There is also a likelihood of the truncated State being still further reduced by internal fissures, as, for instance, the German side of Catholic Tyrol shows a desire to break away from Socialist Vienna, and to cast in its lot with its Bavarian kinsmen, themselves half-ready for a breach with the long-grudged primacy of Berlin. As in the case of the German Reich, we must leave this rump of the old empire to fulfil a doubtful destiny under its crushing burdens. Let us now turn to its ex-dependencies, for which the victorious Allies have been concerned to secure a fair chance of autonomous welfare.

THE CZECHO-SLOVAK STATES

BOHEMIA

Austria's sorest loss is its most industrious corner, Bohemia. This old kingdom, a title to which it clung all through its long subjection to the Emperors, is a mountain-walled country of some 20,000 square miles, its interior varied between rocky heights, forest slopes, and fertile plains. From Bavaria, on the west, it is separated by the Böhmer Wald (Bohemian Forest) range, as on the north from Saxony by the Erzgebirge, and from Prussia by the Riesengebirge chain of the Sudeten Alps. Such natural fortifications have not hindered this country from being cockpit for many battles not its own, notably for the short struggle that in our time put Prussia above Austria as head of Germany. With Germany it has a gate of intercourse in the Elbe, by which and its tributaries, the Moldau and the Eger, Bohemia is mainly drained, before this river's picturesque channel pierces the miniature Alps of Saxon Switzerland. But its mountain barriers have blocked the expansion of the neighbour people, giving Bohemia an ethnological independence, so that of its 6 million inhabitants only about a third are of the long-dominant German stock, these chiefly clustered in knots or in the cities, and at one time taking a lead in business enterprise, so as to make a scattered Ulster among a majority of Slav origin, the branch known as Czechs, who may claim to be the most Europeanized Slavs. There is also a proportion of Jews, as all over this side of Europe, and a sprinkling of gipsies, who in

other lands have sometimes been taken as of Bohemian origin, whence the implication in literary slang of their name as applied to a class not overmuch cumbered with respect for property or proprieties.

The name is said to come from an apparently Celtic race of Boii, the first inhabitants known to dim history, displaced by German tribes against whom Marcus Aurelius carried the arms of Rome. When the Roman frontiers shrank back, this land was in turn overflowed by waves of Slav and Avar conquest, dammed up behind its mountain ramparts. A nation coagulated itself here, subdued by Charlemagne and by the spread of Christianity; and in the thirteenth century it had become an hereditary kingdom under the Holy Roman Empire, shrivelling and expanding in the chances of chronic warfare. In the middle of that century, one pushful king had almost stretched it from the Baltic to the Adriatic; but his ambition was checked by rivalry of the Hapsburgs. In the next century Bohemia fell to a line of Luxemburg princes; under whom it made its most stirring appearance in history through fierce and long-drawn wars of religion.

John Huss, contemporary of Wycliff, was the Bohemian reformer that preceded Luther by more than a century. Summoned before the Council of Constance, his safe conduct being treacherously violated, he could be silenced by fire; but from his ashes sprang a revolt against Rome that soon spread over Bohemia and its borderlands, finding a fierce

champion in the blind or one-eyed John Ziska, whose zeal seems inspired less by piety than by hatred of Catholicism. An Englishman, Peter Payne, one of Wycliff's disciples, also played a part in the Bohemian reformation. The Hussites split into two main sects, one more moderate in its doctrines, not incapable of compromise with the Catholic Church; the other of extremists known as Taborites, headed by Ziska. There was also a body of super-extremists hailing from Picardy or Belgium, whose wild excesses, hinted at in the name of Adamite, brought them into reprobation even with Ziska, though he scouted all priestcraft, and seems to have aspired to a Socialist as well as a schismatic millennium. This fanatic apostle made his head-quarters in a rock-set stronghold he named Tabor, from which his followers pushed a gospel of fire and blood, not quenched by his death. They were thought worthy of Crusaders' steel; and in the minority of our Henry VI, Cardinal Beaufort sent against them a small English army, which his nephew, the Duke of Bedford, diverted on its passage through France, as needed by him for more pressing service.

When such animosities had for a generation kept up a welter of sanguinary struggles, there emerged, along with a quickened national consciousness, an ascendancy of Protestantism before this name came into use. The German kings were replaced by a Protestant noble; then followed a Polish prince, who united the crown of Hungary to that of Bohemia; and, when his line had been crushed by Turkish invasion, it was replaced by the Hapsburgs. Charles V secured both Hungary and Bohemia for his brother Ferdinand, who was more successful than the Emperor in his repression of Protestantism, which again raised its head at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Bohemians chose as their king the young Elector Palatine, recommended as son-in-law to our James I. But that close-fisted monarch proved lukewarm to their cause. Our princess and her husband came to Prague in the autumn of 1619, to reign for only a few months as "Winter King and Queen", then to be driven into exile in

Holland. For, next year, at the battle of the White Mountain outside Prague, the Emperor Matthias in one fateful hour set his heel at once on Bohemian independence and heresy. Most of the Protestants were driven into exile, the remnant being so forcibly converted, and their leaders so numerous executed, that Bohemia became devoutly Catholic to the point of throwing down the once-venerated statues of John Huss, or transmogrifying them into images of its patron saint St. John of Nepomuk, as effigies of the Virgin replaced the golden chalice that was emblem of Hussite faith, through its demand for administration of the Sacrament in both kinds. But the Hussite wars had availed to preserve the Czech language, in danger of being swamped under a priesthood more versed in Latin and German; and this cherished sense of nationality grew till, in our time, the memory of Huss became honoured afresh, along with a slight revival of his doctrine, Romanists, too, respecting as a patriot one who was in fact a Liberal Catholic.

In modern days, not without bouts of recalcitrancy, Bohemia resigned itself to the domination of the German Emperors, which cost it sore invasions in Maria Theresa's wars with Louis XV and Frederick of Prussia. But that efforts to Germanize the majority had failed was shown in the European revolutionary upheaval of 1848, when Czech patriotism asserted itself with a vigour that had to be stifled by a bombardment of Prague. Since then Czechs and Germans have lived side by side in a mood of suppressed ill-blood, the majority often refusing to speak German even when they could do so, the minority pushed steadily to the wall in spite of official backing. As in Germany under the Holy Alliance, gymnastic clubs made secret cores for rebellious aspirations. When the war broke out, the Czechs hardly cared to conceal their sympathy with the Allies, which took a very practical form in the withholding of subscription to the imperial loans, as well, as much parliamentary opposition to the central Government. A majority of the soldiers here pressed into service took the



A View of Prague, the capital of Bohemia

In the foreground is the famous Charles Bridge, erected between 1357 and 1507. The buttresses of the bridge are adorned with medieval statues and groups of saints. On the Hradshin height in the background are the Imperial Palace (with its 700 rooms) and the Cathedral.

first chance of deserting, and often turned their arms against their old masters. Austria brought force to bear on the malcontent Czechs, thousands of them being executed by martial law, and perhaps more perishing under the hardships of internment camps; till in 1917 the harrassed Government offered a political amnesty, which did not check the rising tide of disloyalty. The leaders of the movement, escaping abroad, had organized a republic at Paris with Masaryk as president, who found refuge in a professor's chair of the London King's College. In 1918 Austria's approaching collapse encouraged the Bohemians to take a bolder tone at home, and they were recognized by the Allies as a belligerent Power, when a congress at Prague had proclaimed Bohemia's open

declaration of an independence, for which it is qualified by national spirit, by abundant national resources, and by a literature both ancient and modern, in the language that makes this a sealed book to most of Europe, where yet such names as its patriot historian's, Palacky, are held in honour.

The wealth of the country is manifold. Its fertile and well-watered plains produce a variety of crops, notable among them beetroot for sugar and the excellent hops that have gone to recommending Bohemian as well as Bavarian beer. The growth of flax and the pasturage of flocks supply the linen and woollen manufactures that with other industries have dotted the country with knots of workers sophisticated out of peasant simplicity. The forests yield timber

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for an artistic handling well developed in most parts of the Austrian Empire. Bohemia has long been celebrated for the beautiful glass-ware that still employs tens of thousands of skilled workmen; and the cups bought for our children as "A Present from Shingleton-upon-sea" sometimes bore less conspicuously the legend *Made in Bohemia*. The Bohemian mountains are rich in coal, silver, lead, copper, iron, antimony, and other metals; garnets and other gems also are found. The silver-mines of Joachimsthal, and their coinage, gave us the word *thaler*, that has since obtained wide currency as the dollar. Their silver is now worked out, but from deposits of uranium here we got the first supply of costly radium, one gramme of it worth nearly £17,000. While salt has to be brought over from the Salzkammergut, this country abounds in mineral springs, several of them coined into gold at the spas sought by so many foreign guests; and if Bohemia can settle down into peaceful independence, she may expect many more to explore her beautiful scenery, already well known to tourists in the "Bohemian Paradise" reach of the Elbe from Lobositz to the frontier gate of Tetschen's Alpine scenery.

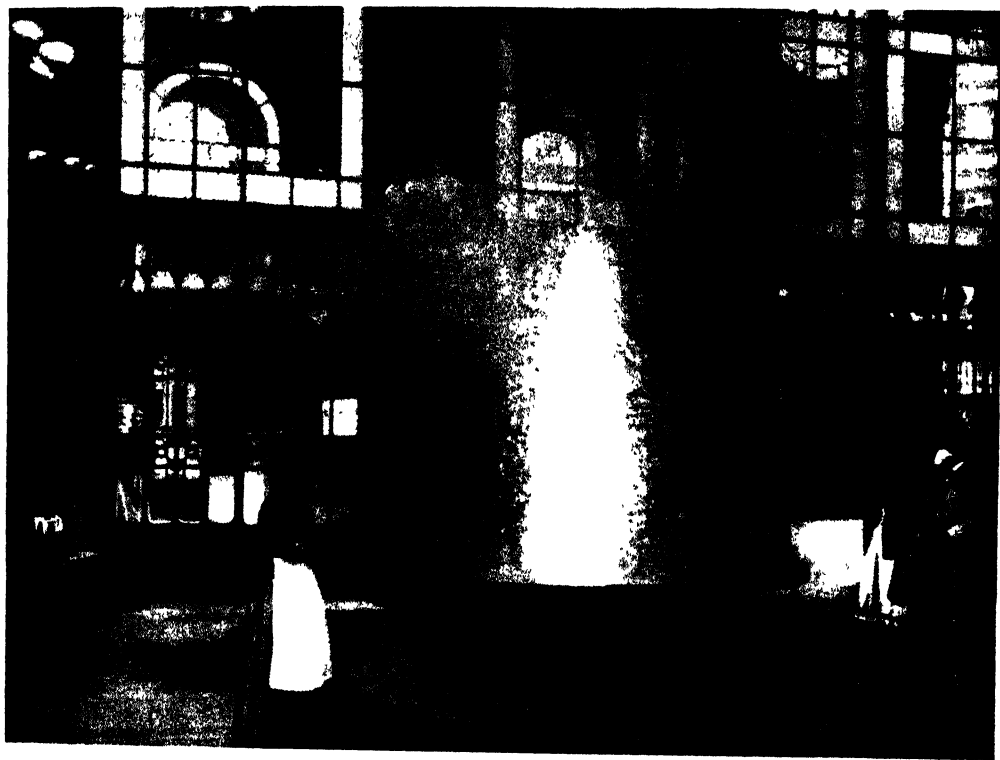
The capital, Prague, towards the northern end, makes one of the most picturesque cities of Europe in its imposing masses of old towers and palaces displayed upon heights above the Moldau and its famous bridge of arches warded by Gothic towers and lined with statues, amid them that of the venerated St. John of Nepomuk. He is said to have been flung off this Carl's Bridge for refusing to betray secrets of the confessional to the drunken tyrant Wenceslaus, a memory that brings crowds of quaintly-dressed pilgrims here on the saint's day in May. From the end of another bridge the old Graben moat has now become the busiest thoroughfare of the city's larger half on the right bank, where are to be distinguished the Old Town, the New Town, itself as old as the sixteenth century, and Josephtown, the ancient Ghetto, now somewhat deserted by Jews, the richer among them more at home in the west of Prague as of Europe, and their old

slums taken over by sweated Christian operatives. Wide boulevards open from the central ring, in which has recently been erected a colossal statue of John Huss. Over the medley of buildings old and new rises the fortified Acropolis of the Vissehrad, faced on the opposite bank by the rival rocky Hradschin height that bears up the Cathedral and the vast pile of the Hofburg, where former rulers sometimes held themselves against an insurgent people across the river. If reborn Bohemia set up a king, he would in this have a palace of 700 halls and rooms, one of them with a note in history for the throwing from its windows of two Catholic councillors, a spark of hatred that kindled the Thirty Years' War to half depopulate Germany. Thanks to various industries, Prague, spreading into modern quarters and suburbs, contained before the war some 600,000 inhabitants, a small minority of them Germans; and it is royally endowed with art galleries, museums, parks, and other marks of prosperity, as with monuments of its stirring past. A modern building is the great Municipal Hall, containing the city's largest concert hall and restaurant, built as a centre of nationalist propaganda, where under the Empire hardly a word of German could be heard, as in the best shop windows only Czech, French, and English books could be seen. Now the city is free to display its national emblems, and to flaunt its own red, blue, and white colours in place of the Austrian black and yellow.

Most of the Bohemian towns unite ancient and modern features, manufacturing industry having usually spread them outside the core of their *Ring*, a title in Austria given to the central place that may be a square, perhaps supplanting a circle of fortifications. The second town in point of size is Pilsen, the Burton of Bohemia, thriving on its export of beer and on its ironworks, which have supported about 80,000 inhabitants. The next is Reichenberg, a more German place of weaving and spinning mills, near the north end, some way above the small town of Königgrätz, that in 1866 came to lurid fame by the Prussian victory near it, better known abroad by

the name of the Sadowa forest that made a hot scene of action. Another battle of this war was at Trantenau, the centre of Bohemian linen making. Also on the curving course of the Elbe from its springs in the Riesengebirge, is Kolin, scene of one of Frederick the Great's battles, now a modest manufacturing town. Eger, in

Moldau's upper course, has a trade in timber as well as beer; and the old town of Znaim in a picturesque district of the south-east turns out pottery. Aussig on the Elbe, where it breaks through the Erzgebirge into Saxony, deals in the lignite coal of the district and in chemical works that would have amazed the old lords



Natural Mineral Spring, Carlsbad

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

There are in all nineteen springs, which vary in temperature from 48° to 166° F., and are used both for bathing and drinking. The chief ingredients of the waters are sulphur, salt, and carbonate of soda.

the north-western corner, is rather German than Czech, with modern manufactures intruding upon its historic memories of Wallenstein, the overbearing general of the Thirty Years' War, who was here assassinated. Kladno is a centre of the Bohemian "Black Country"; on the outskirts of which, north of Prague, the Moldau runs through romantic ravines, past the *Slawjn*, a temple of fame to Bohemian heroes, then by Melnik, noted for the wine of its vineyards. Budweis, in the south, on the

of its fearsome Schreckenstein ruin. Not far from Aussig a "Thunder Mountain" overhangs the double town of Teplitz-Schönau, whose coal-mines and iron-works have a little overshadowed the fame of their mineral springs, held specially efficacious on wounds, so that after Sadowa this "Warrior's Bath" was thronged with Prussian soldiers seeking cure of hurts received in subduing the country. Another incident in the spa's annals was the flooding of two coal-pits in 1879, which threw the people

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into dismay by the temporary drying up of their principal well, as had already happened for a few minutes after the earthquake of Lisbon.

Mr. G. A. J. Cole, in his lively book *The Gypsy Road*, thus describes a typical small town of Bohemia:

"The native architects have traditions of their own—memories perhaps of the pre-Roman camps and the old beech-forests, which make them resent rule and uniformity. The centrepiece of the market-square of Nemecky Brod is a bold spouting fountain of allegorical design; in the corner is the church with a tower of the grossest irregularity, even the clock being at one angle of it, and a gallery running round the top under an almost Norwegian wooden roof. Further back a Polish dome and ball rise from the centre of the nave. All round, the fronts of the houses are like the wildest fantasy of a scene-painter. Classical forms are converted to Bohemian usage, and the skyline of pediments is as broken as a wild sea-wave. Gables are in vogue, but they are treated in a humorously Palladian vein. A two-storied shop will thus have a façade like an Italian church, and dormers are run up, not with trim planks and daintily projecting eaves, but with huge expanded wings of stucco. One becomes able in time, however, to distinguish a cottage from a Cathedral."

The volcanic cones and craters of this region hint at the origin of its many mineral springs. Teplitz is the last of a chain of spas, stretched along the inner side of the Erzgebirge, theirs the most familiar names of Bohemia to an annual concourse of foreign guests. The king of them is the title claimed by Carlsbad, which might indeed style itself the Emperor of European spas, unless it come to lose its crown under the new regime. Lying in a narrow, crooked valley of the Tepl, a Czech name for water answering to our Usks and Avons, it has been in the way of multiplying its inhabitants fourfold by a clientèle of some 70,000 sojourners from all corners of the world, to drink and bathe in its famous hot springs, some of them so powerful in effect that they are unlikely to be tried unless for serious ailments and by not impecunious patients. Among its patrons it complacently records

such names as Wallenstein, Peter the Great, Goethe, Schiller, Beethoven, Bach, Chateaubriand, Blücher, Bismarck, with a host of minor royalties, serenities, and celebrities.¹ Above the river it spreads up wooded slopes of mountain spurs trimmed and tamed in right German fashion to facilitate inviting strolls and excursions without trying exposure to a hot summer sun; then in the evening its gay gardens and balconies are

¹Black's Guide, *Where to Go Abroad*, gives a sketch of this international resort, as it was under the empire.

"Germans naturally predominate, but French may be often heard, for here the sons of Gaul have no fear of being vexed by memories of Sedan. Russians and Scandinavians jostle side by side with unmistakable Britishers and Yankees. Here are seen Turks no longer terrible, and Huns by no means fiery so long as their livers remain out of order. Negroes even and other *pays chauds* have come apparently from the farthest parts of the world to this famous Bethesda. Jews form in the throng a conspicuous element, with their long beards and gaberdines; they cluster in knots together, not at ease among their Christian neighbours, and some of them look as if they had need of being washed without as well as within. Some wear velvet robes and gold-banded hats, marks of dignity among their own people. At such a watering-place we realize what a part the sons of Israel still play in the life of Eastern Europe, in it but not of it; there was a time, and not so long ago, when Jews might stay no more than a day at Carlsbad. Priests and parsons of all kinds give variety to the scene. There is a sprinkling also of Austrian uniforms, Carlsbad having a large hospital for ailing soldiers. And among all, there appears too sadly large a proportion of lean, hollow-eyed jaundiced faces, looking almost their last upon the things of earth, unless the Carlsbad waters will indeed work wonders for them. At no spa will be seen so much serious drinking. Consumers, like Sunday school children at a feast, bring their own vessels, which at most German spas is a counsel of perfection. One well is affected by such a long train of clients that they have to form a queue under the colonnade and pass on as quickly as they can be supplied by the busy *brunnenmädchen*, simple young girls, very different from the spruce priestesses who officiate at the Homburg shrine of Hygeia. Here a *brunnenmeister* is the great functionary who performs the duty of generally superintending and taking the lion's share of the tips, while the girls do the work, often hard enough. At another spring the water has to be pumped up by working a wheel. At a third the source lies so deep below the floor that each visitor's glass is passed down a stair along a chain of nimble-fingered maidens, like men handing on buckets at a fire, so that it is ready filled for him when he comes in his turn to the other end of the balustrade. At the Sprudel it is put into a dipper to be let down into the hot water, then the owner must hurry on to make way for others and take his place in the sipping march that wheels round and round the pavilion to the music of the band."

illuminated by an electric moonshine that silvers the hopes of invalids whose livers have made life seem not worth living.

Next to Carlsbad in fame comes Marienbad, which profited by the favour of our late King Edward, but has attracted only half the number of Carlsbad's customers. Its speciality is the melting down of "too, too solid flesh" by the action of a cold alkaline spring helped by shady promenades at a height of 1700 feet, among charms as to which the official guide strikes a minor key: "here are no excursions to mountains covered with eternal snow, nor any scenery overpowering by its extent; but instead of these a sweet heart-stirring landscape spreads itself out to the gaze". Less picturesque, unless for distant prospects, are the features of Franzenbad, which relies on serious drinking and slimy poulticing in baths of peat, brought from an adjacent moor, whose fissured, incrustated and fermenting surface has been compared to a miniature of the American Yellowstone region, presenting also the curiosity of an extinct Lilliputian volcano. There are other less noted spas, which must have suffered sorely through the war, and may not soon become convalescent from its injuries. The whole chain of the Erzgebirge is dotted by *sommerfrische* quarters for holiday-makers from each side of the border. Of this range the summit is the Kielberg (4000 feet), rising above Gottesgab, that boasts itself the loftiest town of Central Europe.

Much more might be said of Bohemia's attractions, as yet too little sought by robust tourists to whom, once they cut loose from its many lines of rail, the Czech language proves a stumbling-block. In more than one illustrated volume, Mr. James Baker makes an enthusiastic guide to its many historic scenes, its relics of the Hussite time, its quaint old towns where factory stacks overtop mediæval towers, its huge castle palaces like Friedland and the Carlstein, its ruined fastnesses crumbling almost as slowly as the rocks on which they are perched, its "wild labyrinths of gigantic rocks", some carved into pillars, hundreds of feet high, some grandly or grotesquely weathered so as to



Slovak Bride and Groom

Erdelyi

It will be noted that the bride's costume is practical rather than dainty.

rival the Giant's Garden and other Rocky Mountain spectacles in the delusive shapes by which nature's tools seem to copy or dwarf the works of man; and the noble prospects from its border mountains, like the Schneekoppe, that highest point of the Riesengebirge, that, a little over 5000 feet, is no such giant summit after all, but more easily ascended than Jungfraus and Matterhorns. It is picturesque variety rather than grandeur of scenery that gives Bohemia its most attractive features.

MORAVIA

On the east, Bohemia is separated by a lower range from Moravia, drained by its Danube tributary of that name. This province has by political arrangement been tacked on to Bohemia, which seems thus to have acquired an Ulster, since the larger proportion of its 2 millions are Germans who have made it a prosperous manufacturing country, its mountains being naturally as rich in minerals and metals as its plains are in fruit and maize crops; and the same hitch may arise from the inclusion of Austrian Silesia on the north, the little strip of it left to Maria Theresa by Frederick's grabbing. The Moravian Brethren, through whom that name is widely known, should be the Bohemian Brethren, since they descend from a Hussite remnant driven into Moravia by persecution, then again to Herrenhut in Saxony, seat of Zinzendorff's celebrated community that has spread far its missions and schools, while Moravia, like Bohemia, has much forgotten its old Protestantism.

Its capital is Brünn, a place of 125,000 people, two-thirds German, which its manufactures of cloth and leather turned into an Austrian Manchester; but a monument of less prosaic renown is the dominating Spielberg citadel, in which so many a victim of despotism has pined, among them Silvio Pellico, the Italian patriot, as he records in *Le Mie Prigioni*, and Maria Theresa's redoubtable Pandour Trenck, not to be confused with his cousin famed as a prison-breaker in Frederick's time. Brünn has a more lately famous name on its list, that of its old cloister's Abbot Mendel, in honour among biologists. It is a pleasant city, well equipped with the museums and collections that seldom were lacking under Austrian government; and the country about is full of interest. About fifteen miles off may be visited Napoleon's glorious field of Austerlitz, "Battle of Three Emperors"; and by the southern border of the province he beat the Austrians at Wagram. Here his name is held in ignorant respect, partly through

the Bohemian dukedom of Reichstadt bestowed on his sickly son; so pictures of him may often be seen along with those of his humbled enemies, among them one amazingly representing the conqueror in heaven, wearing his familiar costume and stretching out his arms to welcome his son in white Austrian uniform. Towards the north comes Olmütz, fallen from its rank as the old Moravian capital and one of Austria's strong fortresses, where its army could rally after the disaster of Königgrätz; but it would hardly hold out against present-day artillery, commanded, too, as it is three or four miles off by a Holy Mountain that makes a pilgrim shrine. This is now a place of little over 20,000 mostly German inhabitants; and Schönburg is another town of industrious Germans.

As northern frontier of Moravia the Sudetes, last eastern chain of the Alps, run to their end, connected by a low ridge with the Carpathian system. The highest point here is the Altvater (nearly 5000 feet), whose grassy top overlooks scenes of a miniature Tyrol or Switzerland. On the farther side, we descend into the Austrian remnant of Silesia, a small province more Germanized than Moravia, though it contains a minority of Czechs encountered from the east by Poles. Through its hills wind the upper course of the Oder and the sources of the Vistula, flowing from mountains as high as any of England. The chief town is Troppau, a place of modest industry, as are Jägerndorf on the northern and Bielitz on the eastern border. But the Silesian place that has of late made most noise in the world, when our Prime Minister, like most of us, had to own to never before having heard of it, is Teschen in East Silesia, a German town of some 25,000 people, once the capital of a duchy of this name, which as centre of a very rich coal-field was warmly disputed at the Peace Conference between the Czechs and the Poles, who here come into ethnographic contact, and have

come to blows while awaiting the decision of a plebiscite. To the east of Moravia and *Silesia, on the north side of the curving Carpathian range*, extends the ex-Austrian province, entitled a kingdom, of Galicia, with its half Polish, half Ruthenian popu-

lation, not to speak of Jews, gipsies, and a wild strain of half-Asian Huzuls pushed aside into mountain fastnesses, now to be included in a restored Poland, except for southern slopes falling into the newly-formed state of Slovakia.

SLOVAKIA

To the south and east of Moravia, the northern edge of Hungary has been much occupied by Slovaks, stretching themselves from the Carpathians down as far as the Danube to make a jumble of blood and speech that must have given no little trouble to the settlers of New Europe. The question, here as elsewhere, in that much bilingual or polyglot empire, has been made more puzzling by the Austrian rule of taking racial statistics according to a man's *umgangssprache*, classing him under what he owns as his ordinary tongue. On servants, dependants, and ignorant peasants, imperial officials were accused of putting pressure to make them declare themselves German in speech, though this might be no more familiar to them than English to Jenny Jones of Glamorgan taking service in Bristol. The Jews needed no pressing to attach themselves to the prevailing interest. Professor Niederle who, as a Czech, is biased the other way, declares that the 25,000 Slovaks thus counted in the population of Buda-Pest should be double that number, and that in all some 2 millions of Slovaks must be scattered over northern Hungary. The Slav population also, he points out, were readier to emigrate than the long-dominant stocks of Austria-Hungary, whose confusion of nationalities has come to be reflected in Canada by a promiscuous lumping together as Galicians of all its motley recruits from this part of Europe.

Moravia was once a greater name when, after Charlemagne had driven back the Avars invading from Tartary, he set a native line of princes upon conquering and Christianizing the wasted country, with such success that towards the end of the ninth

century what might be called a Moravian empire extended far over Bohemia, Poland, and Hungary. But its hero Svatopluk found himself pressed by German foes on one side, on the other by the advancing Magyars, and when, on his death, his realm is said to have been partitioned among three sons, as was the end of Charlemagne's dominion, the Slovaks fell under other sceptres, the main body of them holding together in the north-western corner of Hungary. There may be here nearer 3 than 2 millions of them, their blood a good deal mixed by marriage with sons and daughters of Heth, but they have clung to their native language, which they sometimes boast as the Attic dialect of the Slav tongue, the same pretension being made for the Czech and its other varieties. The ardour of Pan-slavism has claimed that the speech of Czechs, Slovaks, Slovenes, and Serbs differs only as the four great dialects of ancient Greece; but when in 1848 these kinsmen gathered a Slavonic Congress at Prague they were fain to come to an understanding in the hated German, as Chinamen from the different ends of their vast empire have found themselves best able to communicate in English. A bone of contention has already appeared in the question whether the Slovaks' is or is not to be regarded as a dialect of the Czech language, their relation being much as that of broad Scots to English.

In the Hungarian revolution the Slav stocks showed themselves generally loyal to the emperor, but were ungratefully rewarded. The Austrian government's policy being to rule by dividing a medley of subjects, it showed favour to Hungary as the strongest



A Slovak Peasant's Farm

Note the heads of maize hanging from the eaves of the cottage to dry.

of its dependencies. It is asserted that Kossuth, the doughty champion of Hungarian independence, was himself of Slovak origin; and doubtless there must have been going on here for centuries such a fusion of blood as between our own Celts and Saxons. Keenly as Hungary resented attempts at its own Germanization, its dominant caste tried to Magyarize the Slovaks by penalizing their language. Such oppression cooled Slovak loyalty to Vienna; but at first discontent here went no farther than a desire for a federalist union of the empire, in which each nationality should have fair play. Then Pan-slavistic aspirations began to wax stronger, turning the eyes of the scattered race to Russia as their champion; and, when both Russian and Austrian empires broke up, the Slovaks were free for a quicksilver amalgamation with the neighbour kin.

Hardly as advanced in some respects as the Czechs, they are a tall, sturdy race, a little rough in manners, and simple in mind, but offering stout fibre to weave into a national pattern. Not so well educated as the Bohemians, they bear plainer marks of a subject race. Like the Auvergnats and Savoyards of France, they were often to be found acting the part of Gibeonites in Vienna, Budapest, and other cities, where their strapping women came into request as nurses. Their dress runs much to white with red, green, and yellow embroidery decking out both sexes. The men affect broad felt hats and loose, sleeveless waistcoats, sometimes "veritable corslets of stiff leather, ornamented with incised and painted lines, which seem relics of the days of armour". Their jackets they wear slung behind them, like a hussar's, to be drawn on only in bad

weather; but in this respect, they follow the example of Hungarian neighbours. It takes, indeed, an expert to distinguish the varied patterns of home-made fabrics and showy dyes that mark out the different borderers of the motley Austrian empire. But on this side of Europe, though more slowly than in the west, cheap textile stuffs, bought at fairs or from Jewish pedlars, go on monotonously replacing the local colour of apparel, more often reserved for gala occasions.

The country now cut off from Hungary is the corner of it deserving to be best known. From where the Danube begins to trend southward, it slopes up to the Tatra Mountains, the grandest range of the Carpathians, which make a Switzerland for this end of Europe. The high road to this from the south is by the beautiful and fertile

valley of the Vag, which at Komorn drains one side of the Tatra into the Danube, other streams reaching it by the Theiss. The Vag deserves its suggested derivation from *vagus* in a course meandering through picturesque heights and wooded slopes, threaded by a rail from Pressburg up to the foot of the mountains, passing many points of scenic and historic interest. There are old towns like Tyrnau, crowded with churches and monasteries as relics of the day when it was seat of the Hungarian Primate and of the university now transferred to Buda-Pest, and still more decayed ones like Trencsen, once a Roman station, then a stronghold of the Moravian princes in their heyday of power. There are countless ruined castles with their grim or romantic stories, such as the accursed shell of Csetja, where the Polish princess Elizabeth Bathory



A Typical Village among the Tatra Mountains

The Tatra range forms part of the West Carpathians, with peaks from 6000 to nearly 9000 feet high. In the High Tatra especially the scenery is Alpine in character, with deep isolated lakes—*Meeraugen*, "eyes of the sea"—in the bleak, rock-cumbered valleys. The ascent of the Meeraugenspitze, the Rigi of the Tatra, and the most celebrated point of view, provides an attractive expedition from Schmecks (see p. 31) covering two to three days.

sought to revive her faded charms by bathing in the blood of virgins, slaughtered by hundreds, till a lover, whose betrothed had vanished into that ogre's den, denounced her monstrous crime, a parallel to that of Joan of Arc's comrade Giles de Retz, whose wholesale murder of children rather than women seems to have suggested the story of Bluebeard. There are spas like Pistzen and Trencsenteplitz, availing themselves of the many mineral waters welling out in a region of natural curiosities, among them amazingly weathered sandstone rocks such as we have seen in the Silesian and Bohemian mountains.

The Vag valley narrows and roughens, its course turning eastward from the bend of the Carpathians over which comes another rail out of Moravia. River and railway now pass between the Tatra range on the north, and on the south a lower mountain mass called the Hungarian Erzgebirge, whose streams are mainly gathered by the Gran, near which Schemnitz is a centre of mining industry. Above the town of Sillein, the Vag grows more wild, at one point broken into rapids that are believed to exact one life a year from the raftsmen that navigate its channel. Joined by the Arva flowing past a mighty mass of ruins where once the Knights Templars were seated, and by other streams from the Tatra range, it divides as the White and the Black Vag, beyond whose sources an inconspicuous watershed is reached. Csorba has to show one of the largest lakes of this region, beautiful green sheets which here as elsewhere among the Carpathians are known as *Meeraugen*, "eyes of the sea", often found filling cups at the top of a hill. Then across the Hochwald plateau, brooks from the same wrinkle of ground are found flowing to the Danube and the Vistula on either hand. Here rises the Poprad, the one Hungarian river, if it might still be called Hungarian, that does not pay tribute to the Danube, for though its source is on the south side of the Tatra, it finds a way through these mountains into Poland on their farther side.

Another boundary is now crossed. From the Slovak country, the Poprad takes us

into the Zipps, a land where free cities were long ago founded by German settlers, and by their neatness offer a contrast to the dwellings of their Slovak neighbours. An English traveller tells how Professor Vambery called his attention to the difference shown by villages of this region—the Slovak hamlets poor, dirty, huddled together as if for protection; the German settlements more at ease, clean, set in gardens; and those of the Hungarians roomily scattered as if in proud independence. But Zippland, with its alien civilization, is now claimed by the new Slav state, extending still farther east along the Carpathians, where the Slovak population is tangled among knots of Huzuls and Polish fringes, not to speak of Jews, Ruthenians, and Magyars. The westernmost corner, distinguished as Carpathian Ruthenia, is promised due regard for its prevalent language—a dialect of Russian.

Poprad, one of those small German towns, is a railway centre for gaining the cream of Tatra scenery. On the north for fifty miles runs the great range, rising abruptly in a mass of sharp peaks, some half a dozen of them over 8000 feet, but on the farther side sloping more gently to the Polish plain. The free exposure of these mountains to southern winds appears to be the cause of an absence of glaciers and a summer clearing of snow from their sheer and jagged crags. The Gerlsdorfer Spitze is the highest point, but the conspicuous Lomnitz Spitze seems to be the favourite goal of an ascent, undertaken by active ladies, for all its forbidding sharpness. From it is promised a view over all Hungary and Poland spread out on either hand like a map; but the prospect is more often than not of clouds and fogs; and from below also the range may be veiled behind "a bank of clouds in form as solid as a mass of rocky strata, in colour as delicate as an opal. Its upper edge was torn, rifted, streaked and stretched across the forest-covered mountain-side, and milky-purple granite crags towered up into a rose-red sky." This prevalence of fog is attributed to the narrowness of the chain, and its want of outlying bastions to catch moisture-laden air-currents from the south.



• Picturesque Peasant Costumes at Vajnor (Weinern), near Bratislava (Pressburg)

Of course these gorgeous garments are only worn on special occasions—on Sundays and feast-days. The group is curiously suggestive of musical comedy.

This farthest corner of Hungary has been its great rendezvous of tourists, Alpinists, health seekers, and sportsmen. The forests harbour bears, the peaks chamois; and among the fauna is noted a breed of noble Carpathian dogs to guard the flocks from four-legged slaughterers. Hotels and hydropathics are crowded in summer. Chief among such resorts is Schmecks, reached by electric rail, beside a group of villages known as Tatrafűrés, i.e. the Tatra baths *par excellence*, frequented also for winter sports and as a mountaineering centre. From the mountain flanks this favourite spa looks over a plain on which three dozen villages can be counted at once; and behind it visitors have excursions to lovely valleys and to numerous *Meerauge* lakes, as well as on arduous ascents, also easy ones, in more than one case facilitated by rails. Farther afield may be sought out marvellous natural curiosities

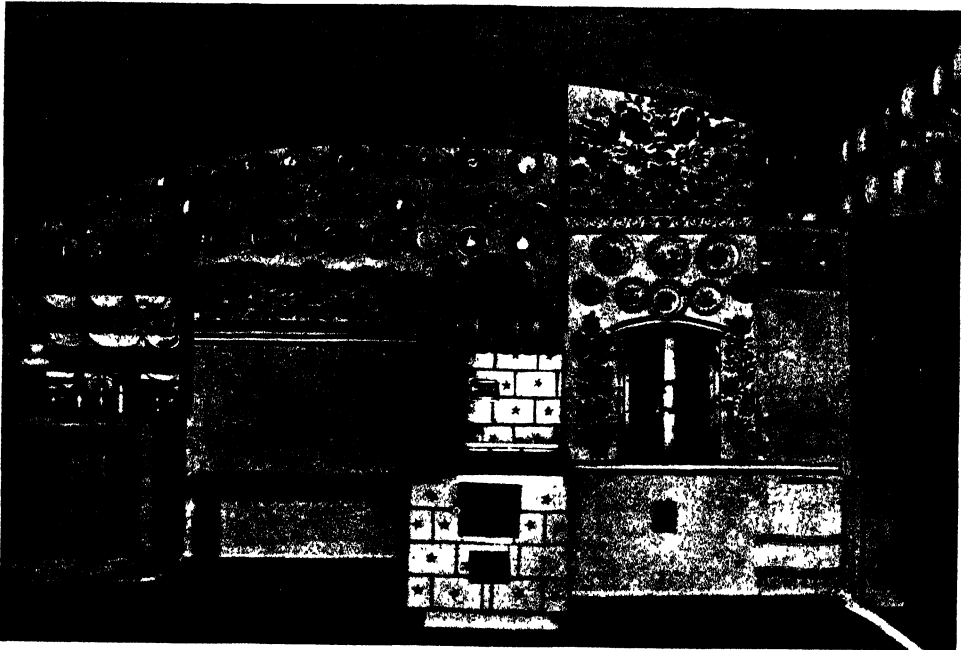
like the ice-cave of Dobsina, the stalactite cave of Aggtelek, second only in extent to that of Adelsberg in the Karst, and the cave of Demanfalva, where icicles, stalactites, and stalagmites rival each other in a spectacular show. The Erzgebirge mountains to the south appear to be full of such caverns, as well as of old mines, which may guide the new lords of the land to freshly profitable working. One traveller mentions how in a Zipp town he found garnets so common as to be used as weights in a shop.

Such is the picturesque north-western corner of Hungary, which has arranged to join its fortunes to those of kindred Bohemia. Pressburg on the Danube, Moscow of Hungary as it has been, is chosen as capital of the Slovak States, under the new name Bratislava, one of the many changes that will trouble map-makers here, already puzzled by the strangeness of Hungarian

The World of To-day

orthography. The Bohemians and the Slovaks, though of the same blood, are hardly on a level in culture or prosperity; and already there have been ominous rumours of dissensions between them in framing their new State. It will certainly have to get over a stumbling-block to hearty union, in the German districts islanded among Slavs, where the two nationalities must now exchange their relative positions of political

supremacy. Let us trust that these difficulties will be happily surmounted by the Czecho-Slovak Republic, which starts equal in size to England and Wales, with a population of some dozen millions. If it come to be generally known as Bohemia, that will follow the analogy of the Continent's using England as name of the chief partner, to represent the United Kingdom of Great Britain.



The Kitchen in a well-to-do Peasant's House at Vajnor

The walls are decorated and hung with gay-flowered pottery, relics, many of them, of an old home art-industry now obsolete. This photograph, and the one on the preceding page, are reproduced by courtesy of the Czecho-Slovak Information Bureau at Bratislava

HUNGARY

This land and its people have a chronic grievance against Europe for miscalling them after the Huns, a name loosely used by old writers for any barbarous invaders from the East. Magyar is their own name for an Asian stock, with speech akin to Turkish and Finnish, whose descendants made the dominant strain in a population of some 20 millions. They were spread over a great plain almost surrounded by mountains, the Alps on the west, the Carpathians curving round the northern, eastern, and south-eastern sides, to enclose a basin of many rivers that, with but one exception, go to swell the Danube. The right Magyars made hardly a half of the whole number, most thickly gathered in the centre of a country rather larger than our United Kingdom, then scattered through an outer belt of Slovaks, Ruthenians, Wallachs, Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. It is the uncouth language that has kept Hungary much of a stranger for western Europe, a barrier of which the Magyars themselves seemed so conscious that till last century the educated classes used Latin in their ordinary speech. But their patriotic ardour for independence brought their own vernacular tongue into honour, producing a crop of quickly ripened literature and oratory. We foreigners, however, rather than encounter a language bristling with y's and z's, are willing to be content with the Germanized or softened names stereotyped on our maps, such as Pressburg for *Pozsony* and the Save for *Szava*; and a writer unversed in them must apologize for neglecting the accents by which Hungarian letters appear to be often modified.

The first famous appearance of Huns in

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Europe was towards the middle of the fifth century, under the ruthless Attila, "Scourge of God", boasting that grass would not grow wherever his horse's hoofs had trampled down the still tender shoots of Roman culture. He for a time at least made his head-quarters in the north of Hungary, probably on the banks of the Theiss, where he was visited by the Greek envoy Priscus at his "palace" of logs and planks, furnished with gold and silver vessels, no doubt got in the way of plunder. In his ravaging attacks against the Byzantine and the Roman empires, he must have swept into service barbarians of several regions; and it was with a miscellaneous horde, counted as half a million strong, that he swooped upon western Europe to be checked, at a sanguinary battle in Champagne, by Franks and Visigoths whom the common danger brought to the standard of a Roman general. Soon after this repulse Attila died in a bout of savage excess; then his fearsome power crumbled away. In German legend, to be sure, he figures, somewhat idealized, as the King Etzel who married Criemhild, Siegfried's widow, and at whose court the Niebelungen champions were done to death by her long-cherished vengeance for that hero's murder. But from the ken of authentic history, his Huns vanish back to their dusty steppes, unless for some doubtful deposits of blood thought to be traceable here and there in man and horse, in one case as far as the hills of Burgundy.

Another overwhelming invasion was at the beginning of the tenth century, when a fresh Asian horde, shuddered at as Huns by monkish chroniclers, carried fire and sword

so far as Bavaria, but were there driven back by the Emperor Otto I. This swarm, of obscure origin, differed from its forerunners in settling down amid displaced Slavs on the land that had not been permanently occupied by Attila's wild horsemen. Its King Arthur was Arpad, founder of a dynasty lasting four centuries, under whom the nomad Magyars learned to plant fields and build towns. Their Alfred was Stephen I, who still further tamed them by Christian teaching, and through his coronation by the Pope gained admission among the now developing European kingdoms. Under this "apostolic king" Latin was made the State language about the year 1000. Magyar-dom, growing stable, went on to extend its power over the broken tribes on its borders. In the time of our King John, its magnates fell out with their sovereign, from whom they extracted a Golden Bull to be cherished as the Magna Charta of Hungarian liberties; and this is only one sign of a proud caste as intolerant of despotism as the Normans, who differed from the Hungarians by amalgamating with their Saxon subjects in one solid nationality. Freedom makes a good solvent for racial animosities.

At the opening of the fourteenth century died out that long line of Arpad, when his realm had come fully into touch with European civilization. The monarchy now became elective, passing for a time to the French house of Anjou, seated on the throne of Naples, which had married into the Arpad family; and this connection gave the country more note in the Christian world. At the end of that century the Hungarian king Sigismund was found worthy to be chosen emperor. When the Turks burst upon Europe they were repelled by the hero John Hunyadi, whose son, Matthias Corvinus, in the Renaissance epoch had a glorious reign, looked back on as Hungary's Augustan age; but under his successors the kingdom declined through civil wars and foreign attacks, a great part of it being swamped for several generations under Turkish occupation, that has left its mark here as the Moors did on Spain. The rest of the country passed to Ferdinand of

Austria, whose descendants changed an elective to an hereditary crown, held by the Hapsburgs till our own time.

In the nineteenth century revived a keen sense of Magyar nationality and aspirations to independence, bursting into rebellion in 1848. By the interference of a Russian army, as already told, the rebels were forced to lay down their arms, the ashes of their revolt being quenched under cruel bloodshed that roused in Britain and America indignant sympathy with the oppressed Magyars. When the Austrian Marshal Haynau, accused of flogging women and other brutalities, on a visit to London trusted himself in Barclay & Perkins' Brewery, the sturdy draymen set upon him with such violence that he had to hide in a small public-house and be smuggled across the river in disguise. This outburst of feeling made bad blood, not only between the British and Austrian governments but in high quarters at home, for while Queen Victoria was concerned to apologize for it, her stubborn minister Palmerston undertook to express John Bull's general verdict of "Served him right". No power, however, intervened in favour of Hungary, for a time having to confine itself to sullen agitation, that grew bolder and bolder after Austria's reverses in 1859 and 1866, till at last it wrested a rather factious independence from the emperor, henceforth to be acknowledged as its king in an artificially united dual realm. To him belonged the foreign policy and the command of the national army; but Hungary kept a *honved* militia of its own. The currency and postage of the two states remained identical but for separate names and insignia.

Truth to tell, the Hungarian freedom, for which such enthusiasm was excited by Kossuth's eloquence, both at home and abroad, has been somewhat like John Bull's boasted liberty when he practically denied it to the Catholics of Ireland. The franchise was so fixed that political power remained in the hands of the Magyar cream of the people, not even a majority in number, yet by a thousand years' mastery claiming to ignore the interests and senti-



Hungarian Man and Woman

Fréjely

ments of the alien stocks conjoined with it in the 'Transleithan half of the realm. These aliens it was attempted to Magyarize as formerly Germanizing influences had been brought to bear on the Magyars themselves; but of late the German pressure on all Austria's subjects became relaxed. Politics among the Magyars were taken up with excitement rather than enlightenment; and in the Hungarian Diet stormy scenes, sometimes pushed to personal violence, bespoke a people not fully trained in constitutional government, whose legislators should now have a better chance of concentrating their energies on their own affairs, without the temptation of playing a masterful part towards a numerous outer circle of servile dependents. The Magyars have in fact been an aristocracy posing before Europe as a democracy, in which are included not only inferior elements, but a superior one not

wholly congenial. Trade and the organization of industry have been much in the hands of Germans, where not of Jews; and some of the most thriving towns are old German colonies that may foster an Ulster spirit of opposition under the new regime. Hungary harbours more than its share of the world's Jews; and it has some myriads of half-civilized gipsies whom it has attempted to fix down, but they ply rather their own nomadic industries, and especially as minstrels serve the Hungarian passion for song and dance. This humble caste shows as marked a talent for music as the Jews for trade: the spirit-stirring Radockzy march, Hungary's national air, is said to have been composed by one of these unschooled musicians, quick at catching elaborate melodies by ear.

The Magyar race, not long weaned from its Asian instincts, has, like other nations,

its good points and its bad ones, on each of which observers are moved to put different accents of emphasis. One set of critics shrug their shoulders over an energy more apparent in pleasure, sport, and contest than in business exertions; another extol the patrician virtues of bravery, generosity, and hospitality natural to a proud people, in which a peasant can often boast himself noble, a title equal to freeman, while the highest class are distinguished as magnates. Mr. Foster Bovill, rather from the admiring point of view, thus tries to catch a very showily shot pattern of characteristics, physical and moral:

"The Magyar is of medium stature, with a skull just above the middle size. His head is short, and his face broad and inclined towards being oval, guided by a short nose and small eyes and ears. As a rule, the Magyar mouth is finely cut and the chin oval. Strong and luxurious hair, and vigorous moustache, often well-pointed, with a broad, open forehead, and a chest denoting great physical endurance and strength. This will give some idea of the Magyar. Look at his broad palms and the short thumb! Watch him move! Never but elegantly, activity and strength harmonizing grandly. But he rarely moves when he is able to sit, or walks when a ride is possible. In a measure he does lack energy, and this denotes little perseverance. He is easily discouraged. The Magyar character is a strange compound of habitual passivity and melancholy, and great susceptibility to excitement. His step is slow, countenance pensive, address dignified and imposing – all qualities which may suddenly change and give place to an excited precipitation. The magnetism of his character results from the fact that he is a bundle of extremes."

Costume varies according to district; but in general it may be said that the Magyar wears a good deal of clothing, chosen with an eye to colour, and rich in adornment when on occasion he dons his full national costume of braided pelisse, loose velvet cloak, gold-tasselled top-boots, and furred or feathered cap. One feature of his equipment spread into Europe as the dolman and busby of Hungarian hussars, a word which seems to have meant "equal to twenty footmen",

long before the fierce pandours came to be tamed down into a kind of policeman. He is a born cavalier, even the half-naked gipsies being often qualified as practitioners in veterinary science and sharp dealers in horse-flesh; so in degrees of rank among the herdsmen of his plains the horse-herds hold their heads highest as the swine-keepers take the humblest place. Some travellers have noted a Hungarian's stable as roomier and better cared for than his dwelling-house.

Till lately, at all events, the Magyar has cultivated an Anglomania finding expression in sports, from racing and polo down to football and tennis. Hunting came very natural to him, and gambling somewhat too much so, throwing spendthrift nobles into the hands of Jewish usurers. Again, he has been judged more akin at heart to the Latin visitors from whom he welcomed his first lessons in civilization; and marked in him is an excitability which in the French seems to be hardening into a sterner temper. He is devoted to music, and has made recent progress in art, his greatest painter as yet Munkacsy of European renown, as was Liszt in the musical world. The revival of his native language, rich in legends and folk-songs, has raised a crop of literature in which perhaps the most distinguished names are those of the poets Bajza and Vörösmartz, Arany and Petöfi, of the novelist Jokai, as of Vambery in more serious studies. In religion the Hungarians are mainly Catholic, with an old infusion of Protestantism here and there, including the Socinianism that cast early root in this region. They take to tillage and stock-breeding more kindly than to indoor work; and commerce has borne a certain contempt as being much in the hands of inferior castes. But before considering the wealth and resources of this land, let us survey its features, taking for our main clue the Danube, navigable from the north-west to the south-east corner of Hungary.

About thirty miles below Vienna, the towering rock of Deveny stands up to beacon the river gate of Hungary between a chain called the Little Carpathians and a continuing ridge on the other side. The Leitha



Pressburg, on the Danube, the ancient capital of Hungary

This town, since it became absorbed in Czecho-Slovakia, has been known as Bratislava. On the hill above the river are the ruins of the royal palace, which was burned down in 1811.

tributary from the south and the March or Morva also mark the boundary. A little farther on, the Danube, splitting into several arms, flows past Pressburg (*Pozsony*), the ancient capital, where Maria Theresa made her tearful appeal to the Hungarian magnates, and in whose cathedral the kings were crowned. Lying picturesquely under vine-clad spurs of the Little Carpathians, this old city of some 80,000 people, already mentioned under its new Slav name of Bratislava, has a stir of business, one very modern feature of which is a great dynamite factory. Some way farther down, another historic town nestles under the great fortress of Komorn, that boasted itself impregnable against Turkish and Austrian besiegers, but suffered terribly from bombardment in the revolutionary war of 1848, and from a flood that came after. Here is the confluence of the Vag, flowing down from the north-western

Tatra end of the Carpathians, to which we have turned in the account of remodelled Bohemia; and this grand corner of Hungary, Pressburg and all, has now been given over to the Slovak State.

Between Pressburg and Komorn, the Danube embraces a broad island 60 miles long, so fertile as to support ten score villages. It enters Hungary through striking scenery; but once clear of the mountain border, it threads its way among islands between monotonous flats, here and there expanding into lakes that of old spread widely beyond its low banks, in summer edged by floating mills to catch its rush of water-power. It is now traversing the Little Alföld, the smaller of Hungary's plains, cut off from the larger by a low ridge called the Bakony Forest, stretching greenly southward to the Platten-See or Balaton Lake. This largest Hungarian sheet of water, shrinking from a once greater area, is

still more than fifty miles long, on its north side prettily edged by volcanic hills and health resorts. The river end of that forest ridge, once noted as a lair of brigands, and now peopled by rude herders of half-wild swine, offers finer rocky prospects as, reaching the confluence of the Gran tributary from the Tatra range, it washes Gran, seat of the Hungarian primate, where, instead of a fortress, its Acropolis bears up the Cathedral, a modern one, but looking down on narrow old streets, and relics of its shrunken state as once the great city of Hungary, rendezvous of Crusaders, seat of ecclesiastical pomp and power, and goal of devout pilgrims. Farther down, the rock of Visegrad shows the ruins of a royal palace-stronghold, built when here was the heart of the Hungarian kingdom. Again widening and splitting, the Danube abruptly turns south to pass between the opposite halves of the capital. Buda-Pest, which idle travellers will choose to gain by steamboat, has also two railway routes of a few hours from Vienna, one on the north side of the river by Pressburg, the other on the south by the old Cathedral city of Raab, the Roman station *Arabona*, on a Danube affluent of the same name, changed by the Magyars to Gyor. Hungary, we remember, set Europe an example in the zone system of railway fares, by which considerable stretches of travel are charged at one low figure; so travelling came cheap on the net-work of railways spread over it in the last generation.

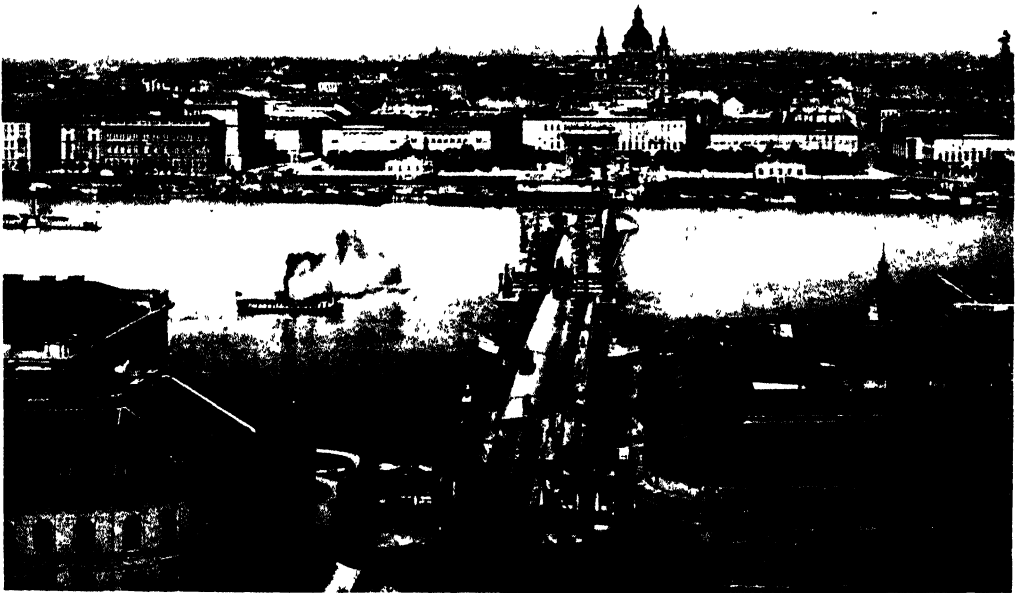
Buda-Pest, slyly nicknamed *Juda-Pest*, was in our day incorporated as one city, rapidly growing on towards a million of inhabitants; but before the river, here some hundreds of yards broad, came to be bridged, it made two separate towns of varied fortunes. Buda is the older place, a Roman station, said to have had Attila's brother Buda as godfather. It stands on higher ground, whence its rock-set citadel, beautiful cathedral, and vast palace of Maria Theresa look across to the magnificent modern Parliament House on the lower bank. Though Pest may have been oftener in Moslem occupation, Buda is more Eastern-looking and bears distinct traces

of the hand of the Turk in remnants of mosques and baths, as in a quarter of small brightly-painted houses built by Serbs. Once far less important, Pest now makes the larger and busier half, containing the chief thoroughfares, with a modern stir of business about the fine public buildings that have sprung up with the revival of Hungarian independence. Most of the double city, indeed, has been handsomely rebuilt, at all events on the river fronts, with their Corso esplanades now joined by several bridges; and some visitors vote for this as externally the gayest and smartest capital of Europe. The Hungarian capital, seat of a flourishing university, has laid itself out not to be behind Vienna or Prague in its show of art galleries, museums, monuments, theatres, parks, clubs, hotels, and places of entertainment. Its Hyde Park stretches out upon the Rakos plain, where of old the Hungarian Diet met on horseback, its deliberations sometimes ending in bloodshed. A peculiar feature of amenity is the long Margaretten Island, a little way up the river, converted into a public park that, if apt to be swamped by winter floods, in summer becomes a paradise of groves and gardens, with the special attraction of hot sulphur baths, which made for Roman garrisons such a resort as they found in our Bath.

The beautiful heights above the city abound in mineral baths and springs, more than one of them known in our druggists' shops. The bathing customs in this part of the world are described as not approvable by Mrs. Grundy, a personage little honoured in Magyar mythology; which may be one reason for Hungary, unlike Bohemia, not attracting any concourse of foreigners to her numerous spas. In Buda-Pest itself foreigners are not so often seen as in Paris; but its lively streets show a miscellaneous crowd gathered from all parts of the empire and its borderlands. Their chief rendezvous is a multitude of cafés, which seem to be never shut and never empty; and of late their most popular amusement has been cinema picture-shows, sometimes far from edifying in subject. In the last few years they must have had cause for very

serious reflection, which might prove a wholesome corrective to what has struck strangers as a loose, devil-may-care, frivolous sensuality. What there was of dignity and morality among its citizens kept much in the background. "The new and wealthy city on the Danube", judged one shrewd observer, "is, in fact, just like one of its own

want of seaboard. Below Buda-Pest the banks of the Danube are fringed with vineyards and rocks in which people have scooped out troglodyte homes; then a long stretch running south, with windings and forkings sometimes a mile or two broad, shows little but willowy islets or monotonous marshy flats on which stand mean, huddled



Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The modern Magyar Capital, Buda-Pest, viewed from the Citadel, Buda

Buda is the older place, and Pest (on the further side of the Danube) the newer city: the famous suspension bridge joining the two was erected by English engineers (1842-9).

big and opulent Jewesses. Neither knows how best to get rid of her money, and both are vaguely conscious of not being quite—quite—'the thing' somehow or other. They try so hard to be *gentile*!" Amid its *parvenu* attractions, the one truly noble scene seems that group of old structures on the Buda height. But, in the troubles that followed the empire's breaking-up, this city's pleasure-loving life was sadly overcast.

We again hold on down the grand waterway that goes to make up to Hungary for its

villages and rare huts amid herds of white cattle and black pigs, only now and then a more stately mansion or a snug market-town. For this is the Great Alföld, the plain that makes the bulk of Hungary, in parts so fertile as to be one of the granaries of Europe. The Alföld has been likened to the Pampas of South America in its prospects of boundless space that are also known as *puszta*. Sometimes it suggests rather the Steppes of Asia by a sandy expanse of pasture for herds of horses and cattle running wild, and flocks



J. d. ly.

On the Great Hungarian Plain (Alföld): a Shepherd in his "furs"

of sheep or pigs straying round about the conical wigwams of their shepherds; but there are huge oases of hedgeless cornfields, perhaps bordering marshy wastes, or ponds bristling with reeds and alive with wild fowl; then again the sky-line may be broken by the gallows-like cross-beams that hoist out well-buckets, by thatched roofs topped with storks' nests, by low ridges bearing up wind-blown shrubs, or masses of dark pine forest over which soars the imperial eagle, swooping down on hares, foxes, and "such small deer", like the conquerors who have so often overridden this region by their devastations. As a rule the Alföld is bare of timber, unless where a thin grove gives some house the luxury of shade and shelter, or a straight line of poplars traces out a road buried in winter snow. A lack of stone is to blame for roads turned now to quagmires, then lying ankle-deep in brown dust. At

least, this plain is no longer vexed by horse-thieves, as brigands have been driven out of the mountains; and the ague-haunted swamps are more and more drained to be tilled into miles of golden harvest, or a palette of bloom spread by mixed fields of flax, tobacco, clover, poppies, wheat, and maize, that often shimmer under the delusions of a mirage, or glow with "the incomparable pomp of eve". Its own people think those spacious levels more lovely than the grandest mountains; and its boundless horizons and shifting lights and shadows inspired Petöfi, in his youth a private soldier, with the lyrical rapture that made him Hungary's Burns, whose lyrics raise to a melodious pitch such melancholy reveries as the Alföld peasant expresses in piping and song. In a line that poet can explain to us how the dreariest aspect of the *puszta* is dear to its sons:

"This landscape fills my heart with thrilling joy,
Here years ago I dwelt, a happy boy".

But to strangers, the "sweet homes" of Hungarian countryfolk often appear as straggling untidy villages, roomily grouped round the tin spire of their church and the dirty Jewish tavern that will be their best place of entertainment.

When the Danube has taken in the Drave, draining the highlands of Styria and the northern slopes of Croatia, no longer part of Hungary, it winds eastward again, its Slavonian right bank rising in vine-clad slopes, while the left side is still the Alföld plain for some distance. But now appear ruined castles that have so often been held against the Turk; and at Peterwarad a rocky promontory bears up a mass of fortifications dubbed the Hungarian Gibraltar. The next great affluent is the Theiss (Tisza), meandering for 800 miles right through central Hungary from its Black and White headstreams in the Carpathian wall of the north-eastern corner, with a network of tributaries of its own, several of them important rivers, that too often swell it into destructive floods. On it stands the second Hungarian city in size, Szegedin, an active place of commerce, but with over 100,000 inhabitants it comes a long way after Buda-Pest. Other large towns on eastern tributaries of this basin are Temesvar, Arad and Grosswardein, then northwards Debreczen, which has note as the head-quarters of Hungarian Protestantism, most of its inhabitants belonging to that creed; and it was also the head-quarters of the Hungarian patriots in 1849. This is a rich agricultural region, including the famous vineyards of Tokay, yielding what has been styled the "wine of kings", and indeed its best produce hardly comes into the market. All those old towns of the Hungarian plain, some of them now taken away from Hungarian rule, have the common feature of a great central square, serving as a market-place, which fair-days fill with a motley throng, as seen by Miss Browning on her *Wanderings in Hungary*.

"Sturdy Alfölders were conspicuous in their

white cotton divided skirts, their short blue jackets trimmed with many silver buttons, and their round felt hats with a rosette or a flower stuck inside the band. Girls with broad ribbons braided into their long plaits, and hanging in long 'streamers' from the ends, walked about in short, stiff, kilted petticoats, that swayed about like those of a ballet-dancer at every step, and disclosed bare brown legs or top-boots, as the case might be. Slovaks with long, unkempt hair, loose tunics, confined at the waist by enormously wide brass-studded belts, and wearing tiny embroidered white sheepskin coats over them, rubbed sleeves with Polish Jews in long, greasy caftans, low shoes, and white stockings, a cork-screw curl over each ear; and soldiers in blue cloth breeches, slipped inside of 'high-lows'; policemen wearing hard felt 'bowlers', with a feather hanging over one side of the brim; *csabos* in breeches of white frieze, embroidered vests, and feet swathed in rags, or strapped in sandals; Servians in wide, baggy blue trousers and a red fez on their heads. Beautiful Roumanian women glided about with their soft, expressive eyes and exquisite peachy complexions, their skirts hanging in long, graceful folds, their tiny coloured bodices fastened with jewelled or oxidized clasps across their embroidered chemisettes, and bright silk kerchiefs bound quaintly round their heads. Dalmatians, too, moved gracefully through the throng in Greek-looking draperies, round felt turban hats, with white puggarees hanging down behind, and big, gold ear-rings in their small, well-shaped ears; and sallow Bosnians strolled in a melancholy, meditative manner from stall to stall, silent and observant. Of course there were children, too, of all ages and sizes, miniature counterparts of their parents in dress and appearance."

Between the Danube, the Theiss, and its Maros tributary from Transylvania lies a south-eastern corner of Hungary known as the Banat, whose rich corn lands now come to be disputed between Roumanians, Serbs, and Croats, on the score of the many emigrants from their countries by whom in times past it has been peopled. Where the old frontier of Serbia touched the Danube at Semlin, the Save falls in from the south side; and soon is passed Belgrade, the Serbian capital. From the other side comes the Temes, a shorter stream than the Theiss, which is yet more than a mile wide at the



The celebrated "Iron Gates"—the last great defile of the Danube

The romantic name of this well-known rapid is of Turkish origin, and refers, not to the surrounding heights, which are gentle in slope, but to the submerged rocks in the waterway. To facilitate navigation a channel 80 yards wide was cut in the solid rock on the Serbian side of the river, and vessels can now pass through the Iron Gates at all seasons, except when the river is closed by ice.

confluence. Soon the Danube scenery, after a stretch of low fen lands, grows wilder among spurs of the Southern Carpathians, the river now expanding into a shining lake, then foaming and eddying over a chain of rapids between caverned crags among which our St. George is fabled to have faced the dragon in its den. The grandest reach comes in the Gorge of Kazan, where the broad stream is constricted to a width of less than 200 yards, pouring under cliffs 2000 feet high, on which may be seen traces of a Roman road and an almost obliterated inscription left by Trajan when he led his legions into Dacia.

A few miles below Orsova, the Danube, passing out of the ex-Austrian empire, enters its last defile, the famous Iron Gates, where reefs and ledges made a serious obstacle to navigation till the channel was

cleared by blasting at the end of last century. Another lion of this corner, some dozen miles back on the Cserna, is the Hercules Bath, one of Eastern Europe's most noted spas through its strong hot sulphur water that here drew a Roman colony whose bath is still in use. Relics of Roman, Greek, and Turkish mastery flavour scenery delighting visitors who ramble amid its deserted Lovers' Walks, Lovers' Wells, Lovers' Caves, and Lovers' Leaps, which most of the guests are content to take as seen from the Kur gardens, Hungarian and Roumanian fine folk not much caring to use their feet unless for dancing, nor to walk where paths are too rough for riding.

"Of a hundred people who visit the Hercules valley, ninety-nine will be content to admire these rocky heights from below, as they would look upon the stars or the sunset without the

ambition to approach them. But the hundredth man, perchance, may stand and gaze so long and so deeply that the spirit of the mountain throws his spell upon him, and bids him ascend, which he does with pain and toil, fighting for each step and battling for breath till he reaches the confines of this enchanted country. Once here, he has gained the battle, and for hours he can walk at ease, in such a forest as he will have scarcely fancied in his dreams. . . . All here is vast, all is wide, solemn, majestic—awful without gloom, calm without monotony. Here the intruder, threading his way through the pillared corridors, starts as the sound of his own step breaks the breathless stillness of the aisles around him. The forest is one vast cathedral of tremulous green, a temple which Nature has built so manifestly for herself alone that the mere presence of man seems rude profanation. Surely this mossy mosaic was not laid to be trodden by human feet! These garlands which deck the leafy altars, these swinging censers which perfume the breeze, these chalices of icy-white and flaming crimson—surely they are consecrated to the spirit of these realms alone.”

So writes “E. D. Gerard” in *The Waters of Hercules* which, a generation ago, casually mentioned as Roumanians the country folk about a place lying close to the then Roumanian frontier; and now this corner of the Carpathians is ceded to Roumania. The Jugo-Slav confederation, besides sharing with Roumania rich spoils in the Banat, takes Croatia for its own. Even to dismantled Austria, has been offered a strip of Hungary’s eastern territory, where most of the people appear to be Germans. Small wonder that Hungary was plunged into mourning by a treaty of peace that cuts away more than half her area and population, with the best part of her mines, minerals, forests, and factories. With all those losses on every side, the Magyar Land is pared down to some 50,000 square miles with less than 10 million inhabitants.

The foregoing glance over Hungary’s surface has given us a hint of its resources as mainly agricultural and pastoral, notable among its products being big melons, heady wine, and a strong breed of horses. Some of the estates were enormous, like that of

Prince Esterhazy, the richest Hungarian magnate, who, two or three generations ago, dazzled London by his jacket blazing with diamonds, and to an English landlord, complacently exhibiting great flocks of sheep, boasted that not less numerous were his own shepherds. The property of this family is said to have been once as large as Würtemberg, comprising some thirty castles, forty towns, and more than a hundred hamlets. Another of the largest landlords was a Carthusian monastery on the Danube. On such estates, serfage was not fully abolished till the middle of last century. Till lately, nobles often impoverished and peasants, both poor and well-to-do, made little room for a Hungarian middle class, commercial activity being much in the hands of despised Jews and enterprising Germans. But now even haughty aristocrats are here found condescending to trade; and manufacturing industries have sprung up in the cities, to which they attracted swarms of ill-paid workmen, soon losing the native spirit of submission and listening readily to socialist agitators. Educated young men formed another class known in Eastern Europe as “Intellectuals”, who, having much shaken off hereditary superstitions and prejudices, are more ready than their fathers for “new things”. Under the exasperating soreness with which the proud kingdom suffered loss of half its dominion and population, these unstable elements united in an explosion of civil war that stunned the country and disconcerted the partitioning Powers.

The Jews were now able to hold up their heads in large towns, where they made the nucleus of a new *bourgeoisie*, whose wealth stirred up among the working-class a rancour bred naturally where they had been used as the painter Munkacsy describes in the relation of his youthful apprenticeship. Amid the showy extravagance of Buda-Pest, such grudges had grown acute; and here, at the end of the war, broke out a revolution on the example of Petrograd. Here also the “Intellectuals” who had hoped to guide it were soon pushed aside by an extreme faction who, under the leadership of

an obscure demagogue named Bela Kun, hastened to feed fat their resentment against the old order of society. Masters of the capital, they were able to hold a rule of terror for a time surprisingly long when it is considered that the mass of the Magyars, nobles or peasants, can have little sympathy with novel notions or attacks on property, yet many seem to have been dazzled out of common sense by specious pretensions in the name of liberty. We are still much in the dark as to the Buda-Pest revolution; but some observers qualify it as mainly a struggle between rich and poor Jews, in which were involved the raw *bourgeoisie* and an ignorant proletariat, maddened by famine as well as by demoralizing idleness; then reaction appears to have bred an indiscriminate fury against the Jews who had been able to play a leading part in the first agitation.

The vulgar tyrants of Buda-Pest grew so presumptuous as to defy the councils of Europe and declare war on neighbouring states. Roumanian, Serbian, and Slovak forces advanced into the distracted land, in some parts welcomed as deliverers by the country folk. Their operations are understood to have been clogged by certain political considerations; and Bela Kun's forces were able for a time to hold them in check; but when they began to close upon the capital, a counter-revolution, successful after previous fiascos, set Bela Kun and his gang flying for their blood-stained lives. It is reported that this victory of the "Whites" has been marked by revengeful slaughter, surpassing the crimes of the Red tyranny, and provoking fresh insurrection in the capital, plagued by an epidemic of murders and robberies. Over the whole country poverty engendered crime: the war had blighted agriculture in rich corn lands, and foreign capitalists took advantage of the miserable rate of exchange to buy up Hungarian industrial enterprises. One government after another was put up and pulled down, a brief one being under the popular Archduke Joseph, barred by the Allied Entente as a member of the ex-imperial family. Before long there was some talk of looking out a king for this

essentially conservative country, among the candidates suggested being more than one Austrian Archduke and our Duke of Connaught. In their shrinking from democratic institutions, some Hungarians appear to have even reconciled themselves to the notion of a union with their late enemy, the neighbouring monarchy of Roumania, or with that of Serbia. There are others who declare that the ex-Emperor Karl has never forfeited the independent crown of Hungary.

The first elections to a new Hungarian parliament, in which women were admitted to vote, showed a decisive majority against extreme socialism. Power seems now to have fallen into the hands of the landed interest, Hungary's manufactures, indeed, being crippled by the cutting away of her most industrial region into Slovakia, as well as by those foreign speculators. The clergy also are reported as coming to the front; and it is feared that the domination snatched for a moment by secularist and Jewish democrats may now be dearly paid, under a "White" taking vengeance on a "Red" terror. As a shoeing-horn in all likelihood for monarchy, Admiral Horthy, commander of this inland State's forces, was elected as its Regent or Lord-Protector, whose head must lie as uneasy as any that wears a crown.

The Roumanian invaders had taken possession of Buda-Pest on an excuse of restoring order; and there was difficulty in getting them out again, so presumptuous was this interfering neighbour, not only in demands on Hungary but in delaying to comply with the requirements of the Allies, who had not championed oppressed races to set them free for cutting one another's throats. Roumania has also grudged the Jugo-Slavs the share of the Banat assigned to them, and threatened to defy by force the decision in their favour, so there are materials here for a conflagration that may have to be quenched by the League of Nations. Roumania is the chief gainer at Hungary's expense, having taken over Transylvania with its hitherto dominant Magyar minority, thereby inheriting the racial animosities that made an irritation in the side of the Hungarian kingdom.

SERBIA

Serbia lies at the base of the south-eastern projection of Europe, in dealing with whose "human geography" we must throughout bear in mind three main facts, thus stated by Dr. Seton-Watson:

"The first is the domination of the Turks, the long and apparently hopeless struggle of the subject Christian races against an alien rule of the most savage and incompetent kind. The second is the perpetual interference of the Great Powers in Balkan affairs, in their own purely selfish interests, and the constant formation of a thick network of intrigue and counter-intrigue, with one main thread running through it all—the rivalry of Austria and Russia. The third is the rise of national feeling steadily leavening the dead mass, until in 1912-13 the final stage of liberation was reached, only to be succeeded by partial disillusionment and a transference of the struggle to other fields."

Next, we do well to remember the warning of Miss Edith Durham, another authority on this troubled scene, who, after repeated visits, has to tell us (*The Burden of the Balkans*):

"You may travel among the Balkan people alone; and drop for the time being every Western habit; you may eat with the natives, drink with them, sleep with them, ride with them, live as they do, and watch them patiently for months; you may visit and re-visit their lands, and think that you are beginning to understand them, when something occurs that turns a sudden search-light upon them, and you perceive in a flash that you were as far as ever from seeing things from their point of view. To do this you must leap back across the centuries, wipe the West and all its ideas from out you, let loose all that there is in you of primitive man, and learn six languages, all quite useless in other parts of the world. The difficulty,

perhaps the impossibility of this task, is perhaps the reason why, up till the present, all intervention by the Western Powers, however well intentioned, has, when loosening one knot of the tangled skein of Balkan politics, generally succeeded only in tightening all the others."

Then, before entering on an account of Serbia, we should have a general idea of the Balkan peninsula, in which this country seems called to fulfil high destinies.

The jagged south-eastern promontory of Europe is one great labyrinth of mountains, of which the most noted feature seems to be the central Balkan range, walling in the lower Danube basin on the south. It is difficult to describe this confused entanglement of heights, valleys, and folds of stony upland, at several points so deeply cut by the sea as to form peninsulas like the southern Peloponnesus, or to be frittered away into the Aegean Archipelago of emerging hills. Not more easy would it be to sort out the races and religions that have mixed themselves on the surface of ancient Greece, overrun in turn by Romans, Goths, Huns, Serbs, Bulgarians, Christian crusaders, and Moslem hordes from Asia. Finally, this classic soil was drowned beneath a Turkish invasion which threatened all eastern Europe, flowing once up to the walls of Vienna, but it has long been ebbing back to the Bosphorus, as one and another province was helped to a precarious independence, mainly by Russia, that hoped to use these as stepping-stones towards Constantinople. Here long misruled the Turk, supported by the mutual jealousies and fears of European powers, that forbade any heir making good a title to the old seat of Christian empire, and hindered the un-

congenial intruder's expulsion "bag and baggage" from our continent. So the political state of the whole region remained highly unstable, and no survey of it could dwell too much on frontiers hedged by foreign bayonets, marking off princedoms which any day might be unsoldered or fused afresh in a welter of European warfare, and which contributed to the general weakness by their own mutual aversions and jealousies. Dr. Marion Newbigin, in her thorough study of Balkan geography, points out how the triangular upland, filling much of the peninsula's midmost breadth, offers no natural centre of union for resistance to the invasions to which it lies open from north or south, by sea and land.

The settlement now attempted is made more difficult by the complexity of curved and branching ranges, shutting off basins and hollows, in which the shifting medley of inhabitants have not easily amalgamated as united nations. The main Balkan range, the ancient Hæmus, parts waters flowing to the Danube and the Ægean. Along the west side of the peninsula's main breadth runs a series of ranges, beginning with the Dynaric Alps, that wall of the Adriatic, its highest point over 8000 feet, beyond which they rise in parallel folds between Albania and Serbia, and scatter themselves down the promontory of Greece, emerging again in the Ægean Islands as far as Crete. A less well-marked wall on the other side is formed by a southward extension of the Carpathians across the Danube, parting Serbia from Wallachia and Bulgaria; then south of the central Balkan range a loop curves south-eastwards to shape the basin of the Moritza. The valleys and rivers on this side are larger and longer than those descending from the abrupter mountain face behind the Adriatic. Through the middle of the Balkan region opens a gap for the valleys of the Morava falling to the Danube, and of the Vardar running south to the Ægean Sea, these two so slightly separated that on the central plain of Kossovo one stream appears to branch into both basins. These valleys have always made a highway between north and south,

by which now goes the railroad from Belgrade to Salonica, where in former days rolled many a wave of invasion; and it is about this central opening that Serbia has long alternately waxed and waned.

As on the north Hungary was shut in by the Czecho-Slovak race, so in the south by the Jugo-Slav branch of an early Slavonic migration, which here crystalized under the name of Serb. Till a few years ago, we knew and cared so little about this land that we were content to misspell it as Servia. In modern days it had shrunk to a wrinkled upland country about the size of Switzerland, the basin of the Morava, with its two main branches; then it came again pushing southwards into the upper valley of the Vardar that reaches the sea in the Gulf of Salonica; but in the middle ages a wider area had been covered by a name said to have its root in the idea of kindred, now so strongly working upon all the Slav peoples.

The Serbs look far back on a stirring history embalmed in ballads handed down orally from generation to generation. They appear to have been first settled in the Balkan Peninsula under the Emperor Heraclius, as a bulwark for Constantinople against Asian invaders. Christianity, early introduced among them, was fostered by their pious Prince Stephen, whose son became St. Sava, the Serbian patron saint. This family founded a dynasty which took a royal title, and stretched its power widely over the peninsula, alternating with its rival neighbour Bulgaria in conquests that threatened to supplant the decrepit Eastern Empire. Old Serbia's great sovereign was Stephen Dushan, who in the middle of the fourteenth century gave his extended dominion a code of laws that marked no barbarous tyranny. He died on a march to Constantinople, where he aspired to seat himself on the Cæsars' throne; then his heirs fell out, and his empire began to go to pieces before attacks of Hungarians on the one side, and on the other of the Ottoman Turks now invading Europe. A vaguely heroic figure of this period is Marko, who could not defend his native land by legendary exploits that makes him a Serbian Cid. More than



A Serbian Village: Gradska, on the Vardar River

half a century before they captured Constantinople, from Adrianople the Turks pressed as far as Montenegro, there to be repelled with great slaughter. In 1389, on the plain of Kossovo, scene of many a battle for the central Balkan gateway, the Serbians suffered a crushing defeat, the anniversary of which is still kept by them with proud mourning; and the fact of peace being signed at Paris on that day of 1919 was hailed by them as a hopeful omen.

Though their king then became a vassal of the Turkish sultan, many chiefs held out, driven from fastness to fastness by the power of the Crescent, soon seated at Constantinople. About the beginning of the Reformation period the Turks took Belgrade, once rescued from them by the Hungarian champion Hunyados; and the Serbians had nothing for it but sullen submission, broken up as they were by local feuds and jealousies. The Turks exacted tribute in flesh and blood as well as in other

taxes, every five years the flower of Christian boyhood being carried off to be trained as Moslem janissaries, a corps of involuntary renegades that grew so powerful and insolent as to become a danger to the sultans themselves. Some of the Serbs sought to curry favour with the conquerors by adopting their faith; but there appears to have been no great zeal for conversion, and the mass of the people clung to their Greek Church as a rallying point of patriotism. Many, at different times, emigrated into Austrian and Russian territories, settling numerous here and there among alien Christians who in some cases proved no kindly masters or neighbours.

The Turk ruled in his wonted fashion, through corrupt pashas and turbulent janissaries, under whose oppression Serbian nationality was kept alive by the chants of bards and the teaching of monks; and early in the nineteenth century this dwindled people took the lead in a struggle to throw

off the Moslem yoke. As elsewhere, it was begun by bands of mountain brigands, here called heyduks, like the klepts of Greece. Among these rebels were distinguished two chiefs, whose families have since continued a contest for power. The first famous champion was the illiterate swineherd or cattle dealer "Black George", who handed on this name of Kara Georgeovitch to the present dynasty. His kingly qualities were courage and great strength rather than a nice conscience, for he is said to have killed his father and a brother in fits of rage; but his ferocity served him so well against the janissaries that in 1805 he could call together a national council to organize an independent government. For it he secured the patronage of Russia, under whose wing he took such a tone of autocratic authority as to provoke other Serbian chiefs, always impatient of control. When in 1812 the pressure of Napoleon's invasion took off Russian aid, discontented partisans refused to back him against an overwhelming Turkish army; and he had to leave the country, returning after a few years only to be murdered, perhaps at the instigation of his principal rival Milosh Obrenovitch.

This Obrenovitch, now coming to the front, was a more artful politician, who made terms with the Turks and got himself appointed governor under vassalage and tribute to the Porte, while promoted by his own people to hereditary principedom. Dealing diplomatically with the Christian powers and taking every advantage of Turkey's difficulties, he went on increasing his power and working for the good of Serbia, which, though he himself could not read, he provided with schools and laws copied in part from the Code Napoleon. But, like Kara Georgeovitch, Obrenovitch would brook no opposition to an autocratic temper which mercilessly punished revolt; and his public spirit was marred by cupidity, so that he in turn became unpopular; yet he held his shaken authority till 1839. Then, leaving the country rather than go into accounts of his stewardship with the embryo parliament that insisted on having a voice in public affairs, he was succeeded by his two

sons, the elder dying at once, the second, Michael, a boy of fourteen who, perhaps egged on by the father, provoked a rebellion that drove him also into exile, not the last time Serbia had to recall the text, "Woe unto thee when thy king is a child".

Thus left without a head, the Serbians chose one of the Kara Georgeovitch family, Alexander, who had been an officer in the Russian army. Unlike his fierce forbear, this prince showed himself too complaisant to his Turkish overlord, and in other ways dissatisfied a people not easy to please with a ruler; so in 1859 they deposed him and called back Milosh Obrenovitch, who soon dying was again succeeded by his son Michael. This best prince of his family had turned exile to profit by making acquaintance with Western civilization. He now applied himself to improving the army and edging out the Turkish garrisons that still controlled his country, which had become virtually independent, when in 1867 he was assassinated, suspicion of course falling on the Kara-Georgeovitch faction. But the rival line got no good of this crime, for the Skupchina parliament elected Michael's grand-nephew Milan, then a schoolboy in Paris. It was an unfortunate choice. When Alphonse Daudet wrote his *Rois en exil*, in the most imaginary character among this collection of actual dethroned potentates, he might appear in some features to have foreseen King Milan of Serbia.

By 1882 that worthless roué had got his territory increased at the Congress of Berlin, and himself adorned with a royal title, though Serbia was unfortunate in war and his own life far from kingly. Selfish and dissipated, he let himself be a tool of Austria, and, when forced by national feeling to take part in the Russo-Turkish War of 1876, he made a poor job of soldiering, while the possible pretender of the Kara-Georgeovitch line was fighting bravely against the Turk. Milan, not without ability, had little care to cloak the vices by which he heaped up debt, set a scandalous example to the rude people he despised, and so shocked them by divorcing his Russian wife Nathalie, as popular as he was hated, that

in 1889 he had to abdicate in favour of his son Alexander, a boy of twelve, who in folly proved a chip of the old block. Not yet out of his teens, he shook off the control of an appointed Regency to begin a series of violent *coups d'état*, went on quarrelling with ministry after ministry, and before long recalled his father, who from behind the

spiracy, backed by general contempt. In June, 1903, forty officers broke into the palace, hunted the royal pair to a concealment where they were pitilessly murdered, along with the queen's brothers and other unpopular personages, their corpses scornfully flung into pauper graves.

While in Serbia this atrocity seemed but



The National Bank, Belgrade

In front of the building is the memorial to Milosh Obrenovitch (1780-1800), Prince of Serbia, and founder of the Obrenovitch dynasty. He rose from the humblest circumstances, and was wont to tell, in later years, how in his youth he had driven cattle from Serbia to Dalmatia for a penny a day.

throne prompted him to arbitrary measures, but had again to leave the country after getting all the money he could out of it to gamble away at Vienna till his death in 1901. Queen Nathalie, for her part, carried on intrigues in the Russian interest. Alexander's crowning folly was to disgust Serbia by his infatuation for Draga, one of his mother's ladies, a widow older than himself. He insisted on marrying this mistress, appointed her heir to the throne, promoted her relations, and thereby provoked a military con-

the most practicable way of carrying out a wholesome revolution, it horrified Europe, and went far to alienate British sympathy, so readily roused by Bulgarian and Armenian massacres. Great Britain, obsessed by her dread of Russia's advance on the East, had long been bolstering up the "Sick Man" at Constantinople, and lending her influence to a tinkering policy which did little more for the Balkan lands than stir the consciousness of their wrongs and sufferings. Austria and Russia were the Powers

most closely concerned, each bent on snatching her own profit out of the Ottoman Empire's collapse. Russia could better afford to pose as champion of fellow Slavs, whose efforts at independence were openly or secretly checked by Austria, as eager to push through to Salonica as her neighbour to inherit Constantinople. Behind Austria there was an occult influence at work, when this humbled empire became an accomplice in Germany's *Drang nach Osten*, for which a road should be made through Serbia and the Balkan passes. The Kaiser now came forward as prop for the crippled Porte. When too late, Britain became aware that she had been playing on the wrong card, and that her best policy would have been to bar German designs by raising up Turkey's oppressed vassals.

Meanwhile Serbia, with little applause or notice unless from the biassed Austrian press, was doing fairly well for herself. After getting rid of the Obrenovitch royalty, she called in Peter, heir of the Kara-Georgeovitch line, who from a retreat at Geneva had been watching the troubles of his country. He might well hesitate about filling a blood-stained throne, on which he had to live down the reprobation of Europe and to shake himself loose from the regicides, some of them more bent on personal profit than on public welfare. But for once Serbia found herself lucky in a king brought up in the school of misfortune, whose acquaintance with the spirit of the age was shown by his translating *Mill on Liberty*; and he was lucky in getting two able ministers, Milanovitch and Pashitch, to help him through his part as a Constitutional monarch, now seriously played for the first time. Under the shadow of Austrian displeasure, he gained the confidence and affection of his people, advanced by encouragement of trade and education, by an efficient organization of the army, and by cultivating friendly relations with neighbouring Christian States. Austria sought to blight Serbian prosperity by an economic war, closing her frontiers to the exports for which she hoped Serbia could gain no other outlet, found, however, in a Customs union with Bulgaria. The Balkan Christian

States, gradually emancipated from Turkish control, now felt themselves able to stand without leading-strings in the hands of selfish nurses, and in 1912 they leagued together to put pressure upon Turkey for the deliverance of its subjects farther south, no better off under the Young Turks' superficial reform of the decrepit state. In this direction, Serbia and Bulgaria, as well as Austria, sought an opening to the Ægean Sea in the deep Gulf of Salonica, behind which Macedonia still remained enslaved to the Turk, bound like Andromeda, with more than one Perseus like to quarrel over her deliverance.

The army of Turkey was now being reorganized for it by its German patrons, but in the war which it began against those presumptuous ex-vassals its conscript forces proved far from efficient, while Serbian and Bulgarian soldiers, ably led, fought with the same spirit as had secured their own independence. In three months the Serbians had driven out the oppressors of Macedonia, and joined the Bulgarians to capture Adrianople, while the Greeks seized Salonica. The Great Powers interfered, fearful of the conflagration spreading. Serbia and Montenegro were forced to give up their Albanian conquests, by which they hoped to have gained access to the Adriatic. Bulgaria was backed by Austria in a claim for the north of Macedonia, so as to cut off Serbia from Salonica, to which Austria had another road through Albania.

The main question was what should be done with Macedonia, inhabited by such a jumble of peoples as has suggested the French word *Macédoine*. Here, across the breadth of the Balkan Peninsula, the Turk still kept his corrupt and galling rule over unkindly strains of race and religion hating one another more than they hated the common oppressor, against whom they fitfully struggled for freedom to push their own feuds. Partly fused, partly in separate groups lived a cat-and-dog life together Turks, Greeks, Vlachs, Albanians, and Slavs, the last doubtfully divided as Serbians and Bulgarians, these old rival nationalities putting forth such contradictory statistics as were also flung in each other's teeth



Doiran; a general view

Lake Doiran is on the border between Serbia and Greece. There was much fighting in this region during the Great War.

between Greek and Slav. The questions of much obscured and confused origin turned largely upon varieties of Slav dialect, which brought patriotic philologists into controversy. Apparent racial distinction might be misleading here, for instance in the case of the Vlachs (*Wallachs*), a name that in different parts of the Balkan peninsula has come to stand for "shepherd", as in France a beadle or house-porter is a *Suisse*; but on the score of its alleged kinsmen here, Roumania put in a claim to meddle with Macedonia. The line separating Moslem and Christian was less blurred than those of division into jarring Christian churches which added to the confusion, where Greek, Albanian, and Bulgarian brigands vied with each other in fanatical atrocities.

Since Turkey could not keep the peace in this bear-garden, the Powers had, along with a control of Macedonian finance, got set up a military police force under foreign officers,

that still did not hold neighbours from each other's throats. The rival Balkan States on the north side each desired a mandate of pacification among the population hotly disputed between assertions of Bulgarian and Serbian origin. Bulgaria, made insolent by victory over the Turk, pushed her claims by turning her arms against that late ally. But Serbia, backed by Greece, and presently by Roumania, got the best of a step-brotherly struggle that let the Turk in to Adrianople again. Pressed on all sides, the ambitious Czar of Bulgaria had to give up much of his pretensions in favour of Serbia, now allowed to extend its territory south of the Balkans to some sixty miles from the sea, with guaranteed access to Salonica, made a free port under international protection. On the west, she and Montenegro were allowed to share the Sandjak slice of Turkish territory separating her from the Adriatic mountain wall.

The peace of Bucharest that ended that short campaign of 1913 was a rankling wound for Austria as also for Bulgarian ambition. The Central German Empires saw Serbia nearly doubled in size and strength, making a formidable barrier across that bridge to the east which they had hoped to construct over her weakness. Egged on from Berlin, and alarmed by the rising tide of Slavonic nationality, it looks as if Austria-Hungary had cast about for any excuse to overthrow Serbia before it should be too late. Next year an excuse seemed to present itself. In June, 1914, on the Kossovo anniversary that always stirred Serbian patriotism, at Sarajevo in Bosnia, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian crown, had an ineffective bomb thrown at him; then later in the day he and his wife were shot in again passing through the streets. The fanatical youth who fired on them was an Austrian, not a Serbian, subject, yet Austria professed to hold Serbia responsible for the crime, and heaped upon its government arrogant demands for a submission so humiliating that they seemed meant to be rejected. Though Serbia, exhausted by her recent efforts, went to great lengths in conciliation, Austria abruptly broke off negotiation by a declaration of war which she may have expected to localize, but which quickly involved all the chief nations of Europe.

The Serbian army, 350,000 strong, had been taken by surprise, short of armament and engaged in a scheme of reorganization; but, its spirit making up for deficiencies, the Austrian first invasion, haughtily qualified as "a punitive expedition", was gallantly repelled, the chief struggle a five days battle that drove it back to Croatia. Again the Austrians advanced, and Belgrade had to be given up to them, but was soon recaptured; and a supply of ammunition from England helped once more to foil all their efforts. By the end of the year, Serbia held her own with a loss of over 300,000 men to the enemy, including many prisoners, some of whom had been reluctant assailants of their fellow Slavs. None of the allied forces had as yet come better out of the struggle than Serbia's.

But the defeated foe wreaked his resentment by inhuman atrocities on the country people, and his retreat left behind it typhus and other infections with which the Serbians were less able to deal than with balls and bayonets. To the stricken country's aid Britain and America sent champions of the Red Cross, among them many heroic women like the lamented Dr. Elsie Inglis, who risked their lives in making head against a trying want of stores and hospital accommodation, then next year had to share the perilous hardships of Serbia's downfall.

For in the autumn of 1915 the Austrians undertook a fresh onset under a German commander; and this time King Peter's army, led by the Crown Prince, recruited by old men and boys, had to give way before overwhelming odds. Bulgaria, drawn into the war by German offers and the spite of her neighbour's recent victory over her, suddenly attacked Serbia from the flank, while the Austrians pressed on her in front, and her rear was threatened by the doubtful attitude of Greece, which German intrigues held back from coming to her aid as pledged by alliance, a defection that also paralyzed the allied army at Salonica. Deserted and outnumbered on all hands, scattered in vain efforts and driven from point to point, the remnant of the Serbian army, with its aged and infirm king, was forced to retreat in winter along tracks soon strewn with corpses and carcasses, over the hostile wilds of Albania or the barrier heights of Montenegro, making for the sea, where they hoped to be relieved by an allied fleet. A battery of British naval guns and detachments of our medical mission were carried along on this hunger-hounded retreat over stony, snowy mountains, of which Mr. and Mrs. Askew can speak from harsh experience.

"We witnessed the slow famishing of man and beast; we watched strong men become the mere shadows of themselves; we saw despair take hold of what had once been a valiant, light-hearted army—bitter and most sombre despair. The retreat was all against the will of the Serbian soldiers, remember; they were most of them quite in the dark with regard to

the political situation; they desired to be allowed to fight the enemy; they yearned to defend their country, their homes, their wives, their children to their last breath; they failed to realize that the hordes of German, Austrian, and Bavarian troops pouring into Serbia would simply wipe them out—that they could offer no sustained resistance, but would merely suffer annihilation. . . . They did not understand why they must retreat before their foes, why they must suffer, why they must die. . . . Men's faces sharpened day after day, hour after hour, as they wondered what was happening to their mothers, their wives, their sisters, their sweethearts."

These and other eye-witnesses testify to the good discipline of the fugitives in passing the homes of peasants who demanded exorbitant prices for a morsel of food, or in the case of the Albanians took any chance of murdering and mutilating broken-down stragglers. The survivors, shivering and starving, reached the poor ports of the Albanian coast, whence with some delay and difficulty they were shipped off to Corfu, still dying like flies, to be buried on an adjacent island turned into a great cemetery. What was left of them could be revived, heartened and re-equipped to join the allied forces at Salonica, and take vigorous part in the forward movement that at last delivered their country when it had lain for three years helpless under the heel of ruthless foes. Many women and children had shared the sufferings and losses of this retreat; Mr. Askew speaks of thirty thousand boys among the victims. In the country itself the Bulgarian invaders and their German comrades carried out savage atrocities that for the moment were hidden from Europe. Open towns were bombarded; wounded men were massacred; peasants were driven off to work in Bulgaria or forced to enlist in its murderous ranks; thousands of girls were sent to the harems of Constantinople. Picture post cards have come much into fashion in those Balkan lands; and the victors left damning records of their progress in cards representing rows of hanged Serbians beside their laughing executioners. Looting was a matter of course. Typhus and

other deadly sicknesses followed the devastating conquest. The fate of Belgium appears a mild one in comparison with the sufferings of Serbia, where it is asserted that the war's various scourges of battle, famine, and disease cost this country a quarter or a third of its population.

With what feelings did the Serbians regain their capital, bombarded, depopulated, and plundered by a ruthless foe! The famous "White City", more than two thousand years old, had before the war been undergoing a rapid transformation to make it worthy of its noble position on a rocky height at the confluence of the Save and the Danube, here opening into a lake-like expanse, across which stood the Hungarian Semlin, too high refuge for Serbia's swarms of conspirators and exiles. Belgrade's cramped and mean old quarters had been giving place to handsome white buildings and leafy boulevards, newly paved with wood, lit with electric light and noisy with trams. Its chief thoroughfare is the Teratsia, a confluence of hilly side-streets, where "up-to-date" hotels and theatres contrast with lively and picturesque gatherings from all parts of the Balkan and Danube region, here crowded about the gay stalls of the market, there grouped about some blind *guslar* singing the past glories of the land, news more eagerly sought by the simple country folk than the flimsy papers of political factions hawked at every corner; then again idle strollers were easily moved to dance round some band of gipsy musicians in the beautiful Topchider Park and other pleasure-grounds outside the city. Every place of public resort was thick set with restaurants and cafés for townfolk who, as at Buda-Pest, keep themselves little at home. In the main street, for the old yellow Konak, in which Alexander and Draga were done to death, had arisen a new white palace with glittering domes; and a fine parliament house accommodated democratic legislators, some of whom stick to their peasant dress. What was once the residence of the Turkish Governor became the British Legation, close to the Jewish quarter, itself no such unsavoury Ghetto as in most cities, the Jews



A Panoramic View of Belgrade, showing the River

of Belgrade having come from a superior Spanish stock, not abused and abased as across the Danube. High above all, where a big new hotel seemed conspicuously out of place, stands the core of the old city, the Cathedral enshrining memorials of its princes, and the White Citadel, in modern days treated as a monument and furnished with artillery fit for a museum, till recently its fortifications came to be strengthened against an hour of trial that burst upon it too soon.

What destruction has been wrought upon this transformed city, so easily assailed from the river and from the opposite bank, may be imagined. The gigantic bridge that carried the railway to Constantinople across the Save was blown up by the Serbians themselves, its girders used to block the passage of hostile craft. But nothing can mar the grand view from the Citadel height, or the fine scenery of the Danube as it rolls on past another ancient stronghold, Sme-

derevo, a huge fifteenth-century structure of castellated brick walls and well-preserved towers rising at the water's edge, beside a trading town, below which comes the silting mouth of the Morava. Farther down, ancient ruins still intersperse little ports behind which are workings of coal, gold, copper, and lead. The river now passes on to Roumania, through its grand reaches of cliffs and rapids already spoken of in tracing it out of Hungary; the most striking features may again be summed up in Lord Huntley's description (*Travel, Sport, and Politics in the East of Europe*):

"The real beauties of the Danube commence after leaving Baziasch, a Hungarian town on the left bank. I had the good fortune to reach this place just as day was breaking, and saw the famous rapids under the most favourable circumstances. It is easy to see what has made the vast plain of Hungary. During the glacial period the ice and snow collected in the Alps, the Tatra, and Carpathian Hills, filled this

great basin with the *débris* they collected, blocked by the range of mountains called the 'Little Carpathians', which here runs nearly due north and south, and nothing but these accumulated centuries of ice could have cut a channel for the melting snow through those rocks. What a tearing and a cutting they had to make! The Danube, which in many places between Pest and Bazaisch is two miles broad, becomes contracted into a seething rapid between perpendicular rocks for nearly eighty miles. Sometimes the channel is only 120 yards broad, and in many places less than 200 yards. Grey rocks, cut and scarred, their niches now covered by arbutus and other brushwood, overhang the stream. You know the Lion's Face at Braemar. Here the hills successively represent it; each one grander than the former as they are seen in succession. The tearing rapids, the sharp-cut precipices, the foliage tinted with every hue as the sun rises, dispelling the mist of the morning which shrouded the heights, made the scene grand and incomparable. On the Rhine you see vineyards and villas, turreted castles and picturesque towns, but not such scenery of 'unassisted nature in all its grandeur' as here. I have seen the cuts made by the Jhelum when leaving the valley of Cashmere to wander through the gorges of the Himalayas on its way to the plains of India; but that river has not the power or the depth of the Danube. The Kazan rapid is, I think, the finest of the gorges, and close by it one can still decipher Trajan's famous inscription carved on a rock overhanging the river, commemorating his second Dacian campaign, and that here he made a road alongside the river. There are the remains of the road still! The holes in the rocks into which piles were driven horizontally are all visible, and on these piles was laid a platform which fringed the edges of the cliffs, and enabled the great Roman Emperor in A.D. 104, nearly eighteen hundred years ago, to pass his army safely by this treacherous torrent. . . . Leaving Orsova, about three miles below it, the 'Iron Gates', the last rapid on the Danube, the once famous frontier of the Turkish Empire, is passed, the river widens, the country opens out, the hills recede farther from the stream. The villages are built more in the mud and thatch style, and Eastern appearances, with their accustomed uncleanness, become general."

Beyond the Iron Gates stretches the

island of Ada Kaleh, still inhabited by sons of Turkish conquerors. Now the Danube crooks southward, separating Serbia from Roumania, then again eastward between Roumania and Bulgaria. Opposite the Roumanian town Turn Severin, stands the Serbian Kladova, a station for the boats of a productive fishery. It need hardly be said how the lakes and streams of this country offer good sport to anglers, who, indeed, might be horrified by the practical Serbian method of exploding dynamite to stun the fish and netting them as they come to the surface. The highlands on this side appear to be rich in minerals, as yet little exploited, as in other mountain regions of the Balkan peninsula, too much disturbed to invite foreign capital and enterprise.

Before the war the population of Belgrade was nearly 100,000. There were no other large cities, towns of any size being rarer than picturesque ruins, or ancient monasteries and churches, some by their architecture recalling Serbia's great past, some burrowed underground in days when the Turks would let no Christian building rise above their own. Over the new territory below the Balkans, the hand of Turkey is more evident in features of tumble-down variety; in the north the Serbian towns are apt to look somewhat commonplace, rebuilt in low, long, roomy streets, muddy and dusty in turn, about a central market-place which does duty for scanty shops. Nish, once a Roman city, which can dispute with York and Treves the honour of being birth-place of Constantine the Great, shows an old Turkish fortress and a new town on opposite sides of the Nishava River, flowing out of Bulgaria into the Morava valley, that opens a highway south from Belgrade, the route of the Salonica rail, from which, at Nish, forks off the line to Sofia and Constantinople. On the latter, before it passes into Bulgaria, comes Pirot, noted for its beautiful carpet-work and a trade in furs. Krushewatz, on the West Morava, is one of several ex-capitals of Serbia, as was Kragujevatz, distinguished by a fine modern cathedral and college, and latterly serving as an arsenal, the loss of which in the war

was a heavy blow. On the Save are the fluvial ports of Shabatatz and Obrenovatz, from which a railway runs back to Valjevo, called by more than one visitor the smartest Serbian town after the capital, lit by electricity, and having about 20,000 inhabitants before the war, when none of these other places, unless perhaps Nish, appear to have been more populous, most of them less so.

After passing over to the Vardar basin, in the new Serbian territory, we come upon scenes that have not had the same chance to cast their Turkish slough. Here are several old towns that bear both Turkish and Serbian names, presenting an Auegan stable for Serbia's cleansing. By Prishtina, through the pass under Luboten, monarch of the Shar Mountains, the railway traverses the fateful plain of Kossovo to Skolpje (*Uskub*), on the Vardar, decayed from its mediæval prosperity, but beginning to revive as a station on the way to Salonica. Prizren to the west of it, still mainly Moslem, counts as an Albanian town though it was once the capital of Stephen Dushan; and not far off at Prilep had been a stronghold of the Serbian champion Marco, as earlier a seat of Bulgarian princes. On this side the inhabitants are largely Albanian, as at Ochrida on its big mountain lake, a city that has known many lords, from Alexander the Great to Ali Pasha, before Miss Durham, doing hospital work here, described it as a hell of misery. "We lived on a thin crust of quiet, beneath which surged a lava-bed of raw primeval passions and red-hot race hatreds into which no Power dare thrust its fingers for fear of having them burned off." Half a century ago Ochrida prospered through its trade in furs and hides, which has since fallen off, and the Christian population had been leaving it in despair. Another hot-bed of hostile fanaticisms is the chief town of this region, Monastir (*Bitoli*), lying on a plateau between Ochrida and Salonica, and now connected with the latter by rail. This city, with its hotch-potch of population, estimated at 60,000, was included within the new southern boundary of Serbia, beyond which Greeks are predominant. It is still very Turkish in

aspect, its white walls and red roofs bristling with minarets, cypresses, and tall poplars upon a slope overlooking a fertile plain; but it was an old seat of Bulgarian princes, whose citadel, burned nine centuries ago, can be traced on the highest point. Though not now a fortified position, it was so persistently bombarded by the Bulgarians in the war as to be half ruined and deserted by most of its inhabitants. At the north-west corner, the Sandjak district, with its town Novi Bazaar, was also resigned to Serbia, some time after Austria had withdrawn from an attempt to include it in Bosnia.

This added territory gives Serbia some prospect of outlets to the sea, the want of which has crippled her commerce. From the Kossovo plain the course of the Albanian Drin makes a break through the mountain walls of the Adriatic, inviting a railway line to a port that might be supplied at the mouth of that river. Farther south from Monastir, by Lake Ochrida on the Albanian border, the old Roman road between Constantinople and Durazzo, still in part used, marks where another line might reach the Adriatic down the valley of the Skumbi. Now that Italy may undertake a protectorate over Albania, such ways of communication should no longer be barred by Ottoman sluggishness and the lawlessness of Albanian mountain tribes.

It is in Northern Serbia that as yet we look for the core of the nation. Here, the old chiefs having been almost exterminated or ruined under Turkish oppression, most of the people are peasant landowners, sticking to their ancestral customs and costumes, the latter varying in each district. Poor as they are, they spend a great deal on gala dresses rich with embroidery, that may last a lifetime, the women affecting a multiplicity of petticoats, and often displaying their dowries in strings of obsolete coins hoarded from the old days of Turkish ravagers. That oppression is still hinted at by an Oriental keeping of their sex somewhat in the background, as by a Serbian coinage of *dinars* suggesting Arabian Nights memories, though in value they equal the



A Serbian Home Industry: weaving linen from home-spun yarn

This old peasant, with her crude loom, is weaving the cloth from which will be made the white smocks which are worn by both sexes. Over these, on gala occasions, the men wear vividly coloured waistcoats and the women elaborately decorated velvet jackets which may last a lifetime, and are often handed down as heirlooms in a family.

franc of the Latin Union, as does the Montenegrin *peper*. The men, especially from mountain districts, are tall, sturdy, spare, sunburnt figures, making excellent material for soldiery, outside of the towns "set off by baggy blue or white breeches, stiffly embroidered Attila jackets and sheepskins, their waists supported by heavy brass- and silver-mounted leather belts, in which they carry a veritable arsenal of weapons. Their legs are swathed in linen or woollen bandages; their feet are shod in broad sandals of untanned hide, bound to the ankles with scarlet braid. 'They move like panthers, silently, swiftly, lithely.' The women's showy costumes are often handed down as family heirlooms, the making of which is one of the national industries, that also turn out beautiful carpet-work and pottery. Manufactures are else little de-

veloped, and the country needs peace for exploitation of mineral resources, ranging from gold to coal. Her productions best known abroad are pigs and plums. The plums, made into brandy and a kind of jam for home consumption, may, like those of Bosnia, have often been palmed off on foreign markets under the name of Carlsbad; and we remember how the whole family of prunes went scarce for us during the war. Much of the country is or was covered by trees under which acorns and beech-mast feed great herds of swine furred like sheep; cattle and sheep are reared on opener ground; in the south half-wild buffaloes are common, as in the north patient oxen. 'The heart of the northern land is known as Shumadia, a name said to mean "rustling of leaves"; but the forests are being cleared for fertile fields on which this people "greatly inde-

pendent live". An undulating Serbian countryside sometimes strikes travellers as recalling England, but for fields of tall maize. In early summer the pasture-ground becomes often a blaze of flowers. The plain of Kossovo glows in June like a garden, where one kind of peony, believed to grow nowhere else, is taken as dyed in the blood so often shed on this historic battlefield, and comes into use as an ornament for the day of mourning which Serbia treats as her national anniversary. A *Times* correspondent records his midsummer prospect from the railway down the Vardar valley.

"England, with all her wild flowers, from the foxglove lanes of Devonshire to Norfolk poppyland, has nothing to compare to it. Poppies are here too; sheets of wild crimson poppies, deeper in colour than our scarlet flowers, as well as, in occasional cultivated patches, meadows of the full opium poppies, whiter than milk, with blue-grey foliage. But, besides the poppies, the whole plain as far as the eye can see is a tapestry of vivid colours, and everything grows in great luxuriance. Thistles with huge globular heads stand 8 feet and 10 feet high. Purple vetches, which in the British Isles are modest wayside weeds, here develop into masses of colour, 50 or a 100 feet across, of as intense a hue as a bank of veronica on the Kew rock-gardens. Mauve mallows, purple loosestrife, wide convolvuli of a new rich pink, white daisies and yellow-centred camomile, whole patches of a clover-like trefoil with miniature blossoms of coral red, and many other things which are identified with hesitation: tall lilac flowers of some sort of scabious, clumps of a perfect blue which must be an anchusa, darker masses of purple-tipped clary, with now and again sudden lakes edged with high rushes like our common phragmites but twice or thrice as tall, and the

open water almost covered with white water-lilies. For mile after mile, from daybreak to dusk, the train runs through the plain, almost any acre of which, cut out at random, in the riotous magnificence of its colouring would vie with an English garden in August."

We may expect to find this people somewhat superstitiously devout, very ready to keep the holidays of their Church, not averse from celebrating them with wine that would be better if more care were taken about it, and much given to such diversions as card-playing, and the circling dances that delight all Slav peasantry. But there is one virtue which all visitors note in the Serbians, an ardent patriotism, proud of their country's unhappy past, and hopeful in its future as the rallying-point of Jugo-Slav aspirations. It has seemed well to go at some length into Serbia's stirring history, since it will make a clue through the labyrinth of vicissitudes out of which have emerged its neighbour peoples, owing to it more than all of them care to acknowledge. Under its name are now likely to be included the kindred States rescued from Austrian dominion, that have good reason for looking up to it as their head. Of all the Balkan States, except Montenegro, Serbia has best fought against the Turk, so as to secure its freedom with the least interference from foreign Powers, till that last tragic catastrophe. Before the war it had increased its population to about $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions, a figure which the accretion of the other Jugo-Slav people would bring up to some 12 millions, without counting a million or so who have emigrated across the seas, not a few of whom came back to fight for their motherland in her fiery ordeal.

THE JUGO-SLAV STATES

The other Jugo-Slav States would be a fitter heading; but Serbia's rank as an historic kingdom has entitled it to separate treatment. The long-standing aspirations of the South Slavs after national independence have come rather as a surprise to the Western Powers of Europe, too ignorant of this region's needs and wishes, as too selfishly concerned with their own political interests. It is hardly more than a generation ago since we became well aware of a struggle that, after Napoleon's design to unite these provinces in the short-lived kingdom of Illyria, has had four chief landmarks. (1) The not altogether disinterested effort of Russia in 1876 to rescue the Christian peoples of the Balkans from Turkish oppression, her aims partly successful, partly thwarted by the Treaty of Berlin, from which Lord Beaconsfield brought us back "peace with honour", that was in truth no great honour to our statesmanship, and no sure promise of peace in the Balkans. (2) Greece's unfortunate attempt against Turkey in 1897, when the "Sick Man" showed that he had a good deal of life in him; and his "Young Turk" revolution presently availed to baffle and bamboozle ineffective essays at foreign interference. (3) The war of 1912 in which the growing Balkan States undertook to secure their own independence, unhappily falling out with each other over the spoils of victory, apportioned by the Treaty of Bucharest. (4) The war of 1914 that here sprang up as from a grain of mustard-seed to overshadow more than half the world. In this war was made clear a racial unity recognized at the settlement by the Allies sketching out a new South Slav nation, to be gathered round

the nucleus of Serbia, and stretched from the Drave and the Danube over the western side of the Balkan Peninsula. As members of such a union, to which they are incited by common grudges against Austria-Hungary on the one hand, and on the other by hot resentment of Italy's pretensions to parts of their territory, the Croatians and Slovenes were confidently reckoned on by the peace-makers of Paris, who yet appear to have somewhat too readily taken it for granted that all the Jugo-Slav States would easily coalesce under Serbia's wing, a consummation to be wished in their own interest; but the question arises whether Serbia is to play the part of Prussia or of Piedmont in their confederation. Some Jugo-Slav patriots appear by no means content to accept her primacy without conditions; she is accused of having used too violent means here and there for persuading to unity, and bands of Montenegrin mountaineers have been in fierce rebellion against a loss of independence voted by part of the nation under the pressure of Serbian forces. In any case, it will be better to treat these kindred states separately, differentiated as they are by their past history and circumstances, nor fully insured against falling apart in the future.

Here, as elsewhere, the author must apologize if he show himself ill-acquainted with altered place-names whose formidable syllables will now be expected by Slav patriotism to bristle over maps of Eastern Europe. At several points, moreover, he will have to indicate how the long-delayed and hotly-disputed drawing of boundaries must still leave his account doubtful or provisional.

CROATIA

By the side of the Serbs, one Jugo-Slav body came to be called Croats, the same stock also known as Slovenes where it fritters away into Hungary and among the German and Italian settlers of the hill provinces below Austria. The Serbs became divided from these kinsmen by a difference of religion, the former joining themselves to the Greek, as the rest rather to the Latin Church. While as yet these two Churches had not definitely parted company, a division shaped itself, in that Slav Christianization had been fostered by missionaries both from Rome and from Constantinople. Most notable of the latter was the Cyril who translated part of the Bible into the Slavonic tongue expressed by an alphabet known under his name, the Serbian use of which instead of Latin characters makes another break in Jugo-Slav unity.

The province named after the Croats, lying on the Save and the Drave, between Hungary and Bosnia, reflects this cross-division of creed in some two-thirds of the people being Roman and the rest Greek Catholics. Croatia contains some two and a half millions of the dozen millions or so of Jugo-Slavs. As already explained, all statistics of the Austrian Empire have been somewhat confusing; nor are blurs of controversy like to be clarified under heat engendered by the remoulding of authorities and boundaries.

The name Croatia is in the Slav language spelt *Hrvat*, as we must know to understand the device S.H.S. replacing the Austrian K.K. as badge for the proposed union of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes in one Jugo-Slav State. But the union has proved not quite a matter of course, since in all three countries there are differences of opinion as to the form it should take. The Croats, whose Bishop Strossmayer was an ardent preacher of Jugo-Slav patriotism, are somewhat inclined to think their chief city Zagreb more deserving than Belgrade to be the general capital. They feel themselves more

in touch with Western Europe than with the inferior Balkan civilization, and some of them fear that the hegemony of Serbia would mean Balkanizing their life instead of letting them fulfil a mission of Europeanizing the Balkans. The mainly Catholic creed and Latin alphabet also make a gap beside Serbian orthodoxy, though Serbia has hinted at a willingness to give up its difficult Cyrillic characters. Then there are Croatian democrats keen against even such a democratic monarchy as Serbia's, containing the germ of a possibly disputed succession, since, the heir having been set aside for good reason, and King Peter after the war being incapacitated by age and infirmity, his second son, Alexander, was put forward as Prince-Regnant. And whether monarchy or republic be constituted, there arises the question that has vexed greater commonwealths: is it to be a centralized amalgamation or a federal union of States, among which Croatia judges herself fit to be no mere province of a kindred country? Moreover, if a real Union of Balkan States be the aim, is Bulgaria to be left out, between which and Serbia there has been such still sore strife? Some conservative politicians, who would once have been content with a free federation of Slavs under the ægis of Austria, look northward to the Czecho-Slovak republic rather than to the Balkans. So there has sprung up a crop of tares among Jugo-Slav aspirations; and we hear ugly stories of political arrests, military mutinies, and hot debates which seem to cloud what was at first taken to be a clear horizon.

After much promiscuous warfare, Croatia became of old a battle-ground between Moslem and Magyar, then passed under the sway of Austria, to which its hardy sons did good service as the "whiskered Pandours" that once dismayed better-disciplined armies and ravaged over richer territories; but this bogey has, like *gendarme* and *constable*, degenerated into a kind of policeman. The

southern border strip was for long organized as a Military Frontier zone, occupied by companies living in barrack villages, bound to military service like the Cossacks of Russia, and always on the watch beside beacon fires to be kindled at invasion, in return for which duty they paid no taxes. The main province kept a certain measure of home

been styled, not only invaded Hungary but marched to put down the revolution at Vienna, placing his sword at the disposal of the new Emperor, Francis Joseph. Beaten by Kossuth's patriots before they could be crushed under Russian intervention, Jellachich died broken-hearted and deranged in mind, an end attributed by the Croats to



Croatian Man and Wife, in their showy Sunday clothes

rule, under a viceroy styled the Ban, and a Diet of nobles, who had some voice in his appointment. At the time of the revolutionary upheaval in the middle of the nineteenth century, the Ban was that able soldier Jellachich, who had distinguished himself as a poet as well as in frontier fights with Bosnian brigands. Croatian animosity against the Magyar armed him on the side of Austria, and, though its imbecile autocrat did not welcome his aid, even proclaimed him a rebel, this Croat Montrose, as he has

poison. He had been scurvily treated by the Government to which he did good service, and to his people Austria showed scant gratitude in putting their country under Hungary when the empire was divided into its Cisleithan and Transleithan lobes, an uncongenial association that has been turning the eyes of Croat patriotism towards its Serbian kin, as awakening the wider aspirations of Pan-Slavism.

Croatia proper is a mountainous, but on the whole fertile land, producing good crops

of wheat, maize, clover, and hemp as well as the onions and garlic that make a staple of the people's diet. With it was joined in administration an eastward appendix of flats about the Danube, distinguished as Slavonia. In the chief towns at this end, Essegg and Semlin, there is a large German element; but the countryfolk are close kinsmen of the Croats, like them depending on the land, and practising little other industry unless in the manufacture of intoxicating drinks. Across the Danube, a strip of the fertile Hungarian Banat has been now divided between Roumania, Serbia, and Croatia, as mainly inhabited by their nationalities, all so intermixed that the division was not carried out without hot quarrel, and may still give fresh trouble to the League of Nations.

The Slavs of Croatia are a somewhat backward and conservative folk, clinging to communal cultivation by clans, each under the patriarchal rule of its *gospodar* head, a system which legislation has aimed at breaking up. Private estates, especially those of spendthrift nobles, have been apt to get into the hands of Jewish usurers; but indeed there is no great distinction of classes among this simple people whose women do a great share of the rough work. Their manners are pleasant, and their looks attractive when set off by showy Sunday clothes, but at work they content themselves with a scantiness of apparel that strikes the well-clothed Magyar as indecent. Like the Russians and the Slovaks, men wear white shirts belted over their wide trousers, while the women seem rather loosely robed under a horned head-dress that marks the married state. On Sundays they may indulge too freely in their good wine and raki distilled from plums, else they are frugal and fairly industrious. Their melodious tongue helps them to a turn for song with which the peasants reap their fields; and their want of reading is made up for by delight in the blind minstrels who, like the legendary Homer, carry ballad lore from village to village. Haydn was by birth a Croat, composer of the Austrian national hymn tune which we know in our churches as "Glorious things of Thee are spoken", and which has made so many

German throats hoarse with chanting *Deutschland, Deutschland über alles*. An artistic turn is shown also in their pottery, embroidery, and ear-rings, as in the dress which makes a festal crowd appear "like a rich and varied symphony in colour".

The capital, indeed the one large city of Croatia, is Agram (*Zagreb*), a place of some 80,000 people, divided into an Upper and Lower Town, joined by a cable tram. Partly rebuilt after an earthquake in 1880, it contains the palaces of the Ban and of the Archbishop, the Hall of the Diet, a Cathedral, a University, along with modern public buildings and monuments, among them a statue of the Croat hero, Jellachich. It has fine environs through its position near the banks of the Save, on the base of a mountain range rising as high as Snowdon; and all this part of the country offers noble scenes and local health resorts that would make virgin ground for foreign tourists, while its other towns are more picturesque than important. One of them, indeed, Sissek, head of steam navigation on the Save, has sunk to little more than a large village, giving small hint how it was long ago a great native town, which as Siscia became capital of Rome's Pannonian province, and one of her chief provincial cities. But this old place, with the younger Brod down the river and Carlstadt on a tributary, are growing into hopes of new prosperity now that they stand on railways, Brod on one connecting the Save with the Adriatic through Bosnia.

Agram is a centre of railway communications in three directions, one line leading by a grand highland lakeland, then tunnelling and looping its way through an arid chain, linking the stony Karst plateau with the Dinaric Alps of this coast. Down a lovely river valley, the line's last reach brings it to the Adriatic at Fiume. Thus Croatia is connected with the mainly Italian town granted it by Austria as a seaport, to be reclaimed by Italy with a vehemence that had nearly wrecked the peace negotiations at Paris. But along the Dalmatian coast southward the people are mainly of the same stock as the Croats, though they may have been a

good deal tinged by the blood of successive intruders.

Inland, also, Italy has disputed with the Jugo-Slavs the mountain regions of Carinthia and Carniola inhabited by a mixed population. Some kind of compromise being inevitable here, to the Jugo-Slav union has been joined a stretch of these

ex-Austrian provinces reaching up the Drave as far as Marburg, and including Laibach, places already mentioned in our account of the wrecked empire from whose timbers new States are being built for what, let us hope, will prove a prosperous voyage. To this region may be given the name of Slovenia, hitherto unknown on maps.

SLOVENIA

The Slovenes are practically the same people as the Croats, fallen under direct Austrian rather than Magyar mastership. Very early they had pushed far up into the southern mountainous provinces of Austria, then about the tenth century began to be pressed back by Germans on the limits of Charlemagne's empire. For centuries they have lived much mixed up with German settlers, most numerous in and about the towns, yet kept apart by their language, which, unless in dialectic peculiarities, does not differ from that of the Croats. The Reformation first gave this tongue some standing in translations of the Bible and theological writings; but these were not fostered under a Catholic domination, and for long Slovenian remained the patois of unlettered mountaineers. Napoleon's short-lived experiment of setting up an Illyrian State woke a pride in the vernacular speech, of which a grammar came to be published early in the nineteenth century. But Austria did not encourage such a hindrance to Germanization; and it was not till after the reforms of 1848 that Slovenian could be taught in schools or freely printed in newspapers and books. The Slovenes now seem rather better educated than most of the South Slav peoples; and they have a band of native poets and novelists whose writings tend to adopting a literary standard in common with Croatian and Serbian authors.

In all, this people numbers about one and a half millions, chiefly in and about the Austrian province of Carniola; but the way in which on its edges their settlements dove-

tail into or fringe off among German, Hungarian, and Italian neighbours makes a reckoning of them not easy, and still more difficult the task of drawing bounds for a new state constituted on racial claims. Rather taken aback by the suddenness of their release from Austrian rule, they themselves appear to be not of one mind as to the form of this state. Less unaffected by German culture and better trained in German order, even more than the Croats they have a sense of European citizenship giving them superiority over their Balkan kinsmen, while their Catholic priesthood looks askance on the heterodox orthodoxy of Belgrade. So some Slovenian patriots turn wistfully towards well-educated Bohemia, with which they would fain be joined by a corridor strip cut through partly alien territory. But if this may not be, they are disposed to swell the Jugo-Slav confederacy, whose most threatening enemy now seems Italy instead of their once common oppressor Austria, and here, as in Croatia, the shadow of that grasping neighbour throws a blight upon any seeds of disunion.

What the Slovenes claim to bring into the Jugo-Slav union is the mountainous territory stretching northward over the upper basins of the Save and the Drave, including southern strips of Styria and all of Carinthia, with the much German towns of Marburg (Maribor), Klagenfurt (Celovec), and Villach (Beljak). Henceforward we must note, at least in brackets, the Slav *aliases* of towns known on our maps by their official German or Italian names. What cannot be denied them is much of Carinthia and most of



General View of Laibach, the chief town of Carniola

Carniola, the latter, solidly Slovene in population, but for one or two knots of Germans and a tangled fringe of Italians on the south-west corner. The Paris Conference fixed the Drave as their frontier with Hungary, and that with Italy along the Isonzo valley, where there seems so much danger of friction that it has been proposed to mark out a neutral zone, under guardianship of the League of Nations.

Villach, on the Drave, is a picturesque old city, close to the spa of Warmbad, whose crystal waters, known to the Romans, are now supposed to owe their hitherto unexplained properties to radium, like those of Gastein. Klagenfurt, also finely situated below the Karawanken range that parts Carinthia from Carniola, ranked as the provincial capital. Another town of note is Marburg on the Drave, at its confluence with the Mur rushing down from Styria through the highlands so lovingly pictured in Peter Rosegger's books. The chief place

of Carniola is Laibach, for which European school-children will hardly welcome its more uncouth name Ljubljana, even with the option of spelling it as Lioubliana. This finely-situated city of nearly 50,000 people, overlooked by a lofty fortress that defied Turkish assailants, is marked out as the Slovenian metropolis, where the Liberal more warmly than the Catholic party may be content to accept Belgrade as capital of a confederacy, and both parties are at one as to union against German or Italian interference. Laibach stands on a stream of the same name, flowing out of the famous Adelsberg caverns, and twice disappearing underground before it bursts out already navigable from a mountain-foot, whither, according to fond tradition, Jason and his Argonauts came sailing from the Danube up the Save.

No other town of Carniola, unless the disputed Göriz on the border, has so many as 10,000 inhabitants. This is not a rich

land, one of rugged surface and varied scenery, notably the valley of the Upper Save in the north, with its grand gorges, foaming cataracts, and green or blue lakes hidden behind chain after chain of limestone, slate, and porphyry crests stretching down to the Isonzo valley, shut in on the west by the pyramidal peaks of the Julian Alps, triple-headed monarch of them the Triglov (about 9000 feet), of which that Alpine Ulysses, John Ball, has to say: "There is probably no other peak in the Alps that combines so vast a mountain panorama with so wide a sea view. The coast of Istria beyond the bay of Monfalcone and Trieste is well within view; and if the north-west coast of the Adriatic cannot be traced as far as the mouth of the Po, it is only for want of objects to catch the eye." From the foot of the Triglov bursts forth the Save, not far from the sources of the southward-flowing Isonzo. Both on what will now be bordering Italian and Slovenian territory abound the most impressive Alpine features, from wrinkled glaciers to dark forests above rock-shaded valleys disclosing ancient burghs, ruined strongholds, and mine-workings and iron-forges that as yet hardly mar the face of nature. Since the day when Goldsmith was ill-welcomed by "the rude Carinthian boor", this region, long little familiar even to less impetuous tourists, has been made accessible by the famous Tauern railway driven through the Alps from the Austrian Salzkammergut. Sir Humphry Davy thought this the noblest scenery of Europe, where he had visited no more beautiful valley than that of the Save, recommended to him also as a sportsman and an angler. His companion, Dr. J. J. Tobin, echoes Goldsmith's charge against the people of boorish incivility, a complaint probably due to want of a comprehensible language on either side, when not even a President of the Royal Society would be versed in Slovenian. Other guides to the beauties of the ex-Austrian Empire are loud in praise of such scenes as the Carinthian, Wörther See and the Rotwein Klamm, as of the seven Triglov lakes so much admired by Sir H. Davy, into one of

which the headwaters of the Save take a bold leap of 250 feet from their cradle of bare grey rock. The pity is such a grand country being troubled by racial animosities which, in the course of the peace settlement, set Germans and Slovenes fighting in disputed areas that at least owe much to Austrian culture and something to imperial government, concerned as it was to develop the industries of a population so mixed that the allegiance of border towns like Klagenfurt is being referred to a plebiscite.

In the south those fine prospects fall to the Karst plateau—*Kras* in Slav speech, *Carso* in Italian—of pitted, honeycombed, and fissured limestone, a feature so marked that its German name has become a typical one for this formation, known to older British geologists as "funnel-land". Here on a larger scale are found intermittent lakes, vanishing streams like the "swallows" of our Peak country, and extensive stalactite caverns, among which those of Adelsberg (Postojna) count as the greatest European wonder of the kind, extending for miles underground and drawing myriads of visitors to explore their lit-up recesses, that dwarf the Matlock and Cheddar shows of the same natural curiosities. The whole region abounds in such subterranean hollows, more or less celebrated.

The entrance to the Adelsberg Grottoes is by a narrow archway, the tunnel of a small stream, giving little promise of the wonders beyond. Indeed, till modern days, their full extent seems to have been unsuspected. Only the outside division, known as the "Old Grotto", had been explored, at the end of which the stream, rushing darkly below an almost perpendicular wall of rock, was believed to bar all further progress. But a bold young peasant, wading the water and scaling the rock, made his way into the series of still greater marvels, distinguished as the "New Grotto", and now made easily accessible by steps. In the black waters is found that rare creature the *Proteus Anguinus*, or "Austrian Siren", a kind of eel that has been a puzzle to naturalists. The whole chain of vaults and grottoes can be followed several miles into the bowels of the earth, a long day's journey being needed to reach the farther extremity. Most visitors are con-

tent with penetrating a mile or two among the forests of stalactites and stalagmites, whose innumerable features, revealed by the light of lamps or torches, soon become bewildering. These formations take on the most varied and fantastic forms, now suggesting a throne, now a font, now a statue, then a huge cauliflower, a frozen cataract, a marble curtain, a row of organ pipes, and others more than can be enumerated. Near the entrance, where exposed to the action of the outer air, they have a dull stone colour; but farther in, the fretted and fluted masses are of the purest white, except where in parts the stalagmite beds have been tinged deeply red by the presence of iron, and crystalline fragments may be seen sparkling like diamonds upon a cushion of crimson velvet. Some of the stalactites, instead of hanging down like icicles, take the form of thin sheets, behind which lights are placed with a truly fairy-like effect. When struck, some give forth a musical sound, one being known as the "Bell", from the almost deafening

note it produces, to be re-echoed from those strange solitudes. On Whit-Monday one of the caves is, or used to be, illuminated to serve as a ball-room. In the vicinity the singular castle of Lueg has been built in a cavern, its hollows adapted as chambers, and the chasms outside as formidable defences.

Another curiosity of this district is the disappearing lake of Zirknitz, drying up in summer, so that crops of hay can be taken off its bed, as on others filled by subterranean syphons in the limestone. A frequent feature of the Karst formation is deep circular hollows, sometimes half a mile in diameter, that seem to have come through the roofs of underground caverns sinking or falling in when their props became worn away. Through cracks and funnels the rainfall is quickly drained off into hidden reservoirs, leaving the surface dry, swept also by withering north winds and snow-squalls,



Within the Adelsberg Grottoes: the *Calvarienberg* (Mount Calvary)

These extraordinary grottoes, with their fantastic forests of stalactites and stalagmites, are the greatest of their kind in Europe. This innermost point of the Maria-Anna-Grotto (a comparatively recent discovery) is a mile and a quarter from the entrance.

which suddenly alternate with spells of parching heat, so that this region is thinly populated, unless in favourably situated nooks. Besides freaks of nature, and rushing streams that promise a future for the engines of its infant industries, Carniola has minerals as yet not much exploited, except at the old quicksilver-mines of Idraia on the west side, renowned as only less rich than those of Almaden in Spain. Little food, unless for cattle, is grown on a thirsty soil, where stretches of coarse green grass, patches of red arable soil and the white rock present their national tricolour to Italians who have pushed on to it.

In the account of Austria's imperial dominions, it has already been shown how the Karst rocks and also the Slovene blood extend southward into Istria, where not half the people can claim to be Italian, and some of those who do so bear names that suggest Slav origin. The Slovenes have indeed overflowed on to territory long indisputably Italian; it is even suggested that the name of Venice comes from the Wends who were of this Slav kindred. But Italy has so set her mark all round the head of the Adriatic that it seemed well to treat this region in the previous volume as part of the kingdom insistently claiming it among her

share of Austria's spoil, guaranteed to her by a secret agreement with France and Britain, as to which rival competitors had not been consulted. So the southern Slovenes, with their top-dressing of Italianization, will be in much the same plight as were their northern kinsmen under Austria.

These Italian pretensions here are a sore grievance to all the Jugo-Slavs, now that they have relished so large an allowance of national independence. They seem more or less reconciled, if it must be so, to Italy's ownership of Istria, though cutting them off as it does from their kindred in Dalmatia; but they protest loudly against its claims to the valley of the Isonzo on the south-west of Carniola, where, outside of towns like Goritza (Gorica) the countryfolk are mostly Slovenes; and they grudge the giving up of Trieste (Trst) to a people whose superior numbers in the city itself are reversed in its suburbs. At least, if Italy is to have Trieste, why should she deny to the Croats and Slovenes their long-granted access to the sea at Fiume? Italy's influence, at all events, never went far beyond the coast; so the Slavs have no rival claimant for the inland mountains of Bosnia and Herzegovina, where the sore point is in hostility of creed rather than of race.

BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA

The Hapsburgs' latest acquisition was two sister provinces south of the Save, a grand highland region, where only man is so far vile as made lawless by fitful Turkish oppression and by centuries of strife between Christian and Moslem, for which his home gave a battle-ground. This country, then, that some day should be a new Switzerland for Europe, became a hive of brigands, whose raids upon their neighbours were such a nuisance that in 1878, after the land had been thrown into fresh disorder by a rising of Christians against the Turks, Austria undertook to rescue it from that effete tyranny by a boldly resisted occupation. No serious objection being

raised by other Powers, thirty years later this hold on the two provinces was turned into a formal annexation, destined to last but a few years. Under their control, it has to be admitted that the Austrians did not ill by this dependency, if much with an eye to their own profit, establishing law and order, promoting industries and education, constructing good roads and narrow-gauge rails along the river valleys, even seeing to the provision of hotels for the tourists who need no longer hesitate to trust themselves among its picturesquely-clad Robin Hoods and Rob Roys. A notable element of population here is a small stock of Spanish Jews, holding their heads

above the greasy and crafty Israelites who for centuries have been parasites upon the half-civilization of Slav lands; and there is also a tag-rag fringe of "Pharaoh's people", as gipsies are called in the east of Europe. The language is the same Slav dialect as that of the Croats.

Lying behind the Dinaric Alps of the coast-line these two provinces make a mass of mountains and uplands, drained northwards into the Save by deep-cut river courses, the Una, the Sana, the Urbas, the Bosna, and the Drina, southwards by the Narenta to the Adriatic through Herzegovina ("the dukedom"), the smaller and wilder division, while Bosnia seems to show the nobler scenery. Together they make an area of some 20,000 square miles with about 2 millions of people, mainly Serbs by blood and speech, but here divided between three creeds, the Greek, the Latin Catholic, and the Moslem, the first differentiated from Croatian co-believers by use of the Cyrillic alphabet, prevalent in Serbia. Champions of Jugo-Slav unity assure us that the rival believers live together here in friendly accord, which is not the opinion of some observers. Bitter were the grudges between Turkish beys and Christian *rayals*, when the latter got in the way of tattooing themselves with the sign of the Cross as pledge of fidelity to their faith. Some of them indeed appear to cling to the Bogomile heresy, described as a "Manichæan Puritanism", whose votaries long ago were driven by Constantinople's persecution to this side of the peninsula. Here for centuries they suffered from orthodox fellow-Christians as sorely as from the Turks; and it is supposed that harassed heretics made ready converts to the Crescent. The Austrians declared these new subjects as resigned to their rule, or even grateful for it, which again there is reason to question. This people, to be sure, has been well broken to the yoke of alien masters, and under Turkish domination they have let their character be touched by fatalism and patient submission, as their manners by Oriental repose and their bearing by a certain stately air which may deceive those

cut off by the bar of language from getting at their thoughts. It need not, of course, speak for the spirit of the whole people that at Serajevo, in June, 1914, the heir to the Austrian crown and his wife were assassinated by a fanatically patriotic youth, thus lighting a train to fill the world with ruin and carnage.

Serajevo, reached by rail from the northern frontier up the sinuous Bosna valley, is Bosnia's capital, a place of 50,000 inhabitants, with Christian and Turkish quarters grouped about a beautiful cathedral, and one of the finest mosques in Europe. Smart streets, and such handsome buildings as the Town Hall, the Government offices, and a well-stocked National Museum strikingly contrast with a forest of minarets and a labyrinth of lanes among wooden booths of the bazaar, that record Turkish domination, now defied by a new Greek cathedral and a showy Jewish synagogue. Over all, on a rock hundreds of feet high, looks the old citadel commanding a cluster of houses, groves, and gardens so picturesque as to claim the title "Damascus of Europe". Its enchantment is best caught from a little distance, on closer inspection being broken upon by the prosaic features of factories that mark the present, as by squalid dens of leprous beggars left as legacy of the past. The Austrians gave it a girdle of hill forts standing about the walls that baffled Prince Eugene in his day. All around, it is set in glorious highland scenery, crowned by Mt. Trebevic, over 5000 feet, near the foot of which, a few miles from the city, lies Ilidze, its pleasure resort and spa, whose baths show a trace of Roman use.

We should not leave this city without recalling the names of our countrywomen, Miss Irby and Miss Johnston, who so far back as 1865 here devoted themselves to educational work among Christian women, thus leading the van of several fearless ladies to whom we owe much of our knowledge of the Balkan region. That true Christian teaching is much needed, in this land of hereditary hatreds, appears from the statement that on the advance of the Serbians, into Bosnia, some of its people celebrated



A Quaint Bosnian Village, Vranduk, on the Bosna

their liberation from Austria by a massacring attack on many Turkish villages, the Serbians not interfering except to disarm a now downcast minority. The chief Ulema of Serajevo asserts that a thousand of his co-believers were thus done to death by unneighbourly Christians.

From Serajevo one can go by rail past Travnik, a former capital, to Jayce, another seat of old Bosnian princes, which has to show their rock-set castle, scene of many an assault, and a grand waterfall by which the Pliva River hurls itself into the Urbas. Thence, down the wooded defiles of the Urbas a good road leads to Banjaluka (Bath of St. Luke), the second city of Bosnia, dating back to Roman days. Though of its population, under 20,000, only half are Moslem, it has three or four dozen mosques to set off against a large Trappist monastery and a legend of St. Luke having been once at home here. It is noted for the silver filigree-work that often adorns the pictur-

esque costumes of the peasantry; the women, even among Christians, affecting veils or hoods, the old men clinging to their turbans, while the younger prefer the red fez cap; above their braided jackets and many-coloured silk sashes, both sexes in holiday garb making a main display of spotless white that often presents such anomalies as wide Turkish trousers below European blouses. At Banjaluka we get again on rails, leading into Croatia, no longer vexed by incursions of Bosnian brigands.

The central line northwards from Serajevo has branches to towns like Tuzla, seats of industries depending on mines of iron, coal, and salt. Besides being a pastoral country, Bosnia, like Serbia, does a trade in exporting plums and other fruit, as in growing tobacco and beetroot, and its forests are invaded by saw-mills cutting stacks of timber to be rafted down the rushing rivers. Places thus revived by intruding enterprise make of course a strong contrast with the

decayed Turkish towns and villages that sleep in picturesque seclusion, reached perhaps only by such rough mountain tracks as contented their old beys, here and there found retaining some shadow of the authority that was once a blighting tyranny. Near the edge of the Sandjak district which Austria had to yield to Turkey, as Turkey again to Serbia, Focha is noted for a painted mosque, whose interior picture-show was restored and supplemented with a costly carpet by the tolerant imperial government. Visegrad, on the same River Drina, boasts a beautiful Turkish bridge of some dozen arches; and near it goes a wonderful feat of railway engineering on the way to Serbia, a line brought to a stand by political considerations. In general Austria's road-making here has been more with an eye to war than to trade.

The day has not yet come for celebrating all the beauty-spots of this country, many of them blushing unseen by foreign eyes. Mrs. Holbach, who has explored it with sympathetic admiration for a people she found intelligent, artistic in taste, and handsome in looks, exclaims over the charms of Jezero on the Pliva, of the gloomy ravines of the Sutjeska, a Via Mala leading towards Montenegro, of the Prenj mountains on the Herzegovina border, and on the grand gorges of the Narenta where more than one traveller finds the most magnificent scene of these highlands.¹

The scenery on the Herzegovinian side

"The road itself is hewn out along the face of a precipice, and the magnesian-limestone and dolomitic cliffs on either side of the gorge rise in places three thousand feet sheer above the Narenta, which, chafing and foaming, hurries passionately through the narrow mountain portal below. The whole was seen at a time of day when everything looks most fresh and lovely, lit up with the slanting rays of the rising sun, throwing into alto-relievo the vast rock-sculptures of Nature and glorifying her heroic forms. Above, peak after peak of topaz stood out against the pale azure of this southern sky; but no intrusive shaft of gold—even from a Phœbean quiver—could penetrate the twilight of the gorge itself. Here all was softened into a pervading lilac, veined with intenser purple by infinite striations of strata, till the bare mountain walls, bathed in this floating light, seemed to be hewn out of amethystine agate, and afforded the most exquisite contrasts to the liquid emerald of the river below. The cliffs along whose surface we were now making our way were veiled in darker shadow, snow-

is wilder, its mountain peaks recalling the Dolomites, or showing the bareness of the Karst formation where streams are swallowed underground and lakes disappear in summer leaving a bed of fertile mud to be cultivated in haste. Sheltered nooks are well fit for growing crops like tobacco; but the exposed limestone *planinas*, in turn scorched by a hot sun and swept by the blighting north wind, are apt to be wildly naked over great stretches of positive desert. Here, as among most of the Balkan highlands, wolves, bears, and boars await adventurous sportsmen. Out of this poor country some of its people fled from Austrian rule to the still poorer Montenegro, where they must have found it hard to pick up a livelihood till they again had a chance of resisting Austrian invasion. Older emigrations had been from the sword of the Turk—there is a popular belief that one band of self-exiles in the fifteenth century found its way to Abyssinia, and that from it was descended the late Emperor Menelik.

The rail to the coast from Serajevo tunnels the water-parting of the Save and the Narenta, to reach the town of Konjica, its minarets too many for its shrunken state, thence descending the romantic banks and rugged gorge of the latter river, on which Mostar holds this pass leading up from Herzegovina to Bosnia. Mostar, though only a third the size of the Bosnian capital, is another most picturesque and pictur-

white against which expanded a living fan of feathery spray from a stream that gushed forth in full volume, and of glacier coolness, from a cavern in the rock. . . . As we descended farther down the pass, the rocks assumed a glaring chalky whiteness, rather painful to the eyes, but, like most things in nature, not without redeeming effects peculiar to itself. Perhaps, too, it was artistically right that everything around should become barer and plainer, that nothing might distract the eye from enjoying the marvellous beauties of the river. This was always the same liquid emerald, mottled with snow-white foam, and shading off into it, as when the gem it imitated so well freezes into its quartzite roots. Now and again the river would plunge into a deep circling pool, forming a dark-blue emerald eye, which, paling off among the golden pebbles of the shallows, looked like nothing but some gorgeous peacock's plume modulating its rainbow colours in the breeze."—Sir A. J. Evans, *Through Bosnia and the Herzegovina*.



The Narenta Defile

This celebrated gorge lies north of Mostar, and is about 12 miles long. The Narenta is the only large river in Herzegovina which flows above ground throughout its entire course (125 miles)

esquely-situated city, whose famous feature is the ancient arch gracefully spanning the Narenta, amid its mixture of old and new buildings, dominated by one pointed minaret soaring high over many. "Half-oriental, half-Italian, and altogether Herzegovinian" is one visitor's impression of a place which Sir Arthur Evans found unsurpassed for a combination of colour and outline. "The soaring arch beneath which the emerald Narenta hurries—fuming and fretting amid the boulders that strew her course in many a foamy eddy—as if after eighteen centuries she were still impatient of the yoke imposed upon her by this monarch of the world; the steep banks tiered with rocks, contorted, cavernous, festooned with creepers and wild vines; above, the arcades of Turkish stores with brilliant Oriental wares; the peaks and towers and gables of quaint old fortifications; two slender minarets;

and farther still a fainter background of barren mountain, against which the mediæval outlines of the city were relieved in the chiaroscuro of a southern sun." But this distinguished archæologist's allusion to Trajan is out of place, as now it seems agreed that the bridge was of Turkish construction, though it may have replaced a monument of Roman mastery. It is held in such regard as not to be open to vehicles, an iron bridge being provided for common use, like the "curate" poker that does duty to save more showy fire-irons. Both of them need to be strongly built over a river that on its narrow reaches may rise fifty feet in a day.

From Mostar the narrow-gauge railway drops to the Adriatic, turning southwards along the Dalmatian coast to Gravosa, the port of Ragusa, with a branch to Trebinje, another little town of some note among the

hills shutting in the narrow shore-strip of *Dalmatia*. The river takes a shorter line to the sea, through a valley expanding among Karst deserts; and, some score miles below Mostar, it becomes navigable from its thriv-

ing little port, Metkovic, whence it dribbles into the Adriatic through a delta of fertile land too much festering as swamps, even as the old Roman colony of Narbona here degenerated into a den of mediæval pirates.

DALMATIA

Below Fiume and the now Italian Istria came the narrow stretch of Austrian Dalmatia, sea-edge of the frowning Dinaric Alps that have made fastnesses for Slav mountaineers. The mainland is nowhere more than forty miles broad, with a fringe of large and small islands. On both, Slavs and Italians are mixed, the former's influence recently growing predominant, as shown by the streets being renamed in that language, when the Austrian Government here carried out its wonted policy of playing off one race against the other. But this shore was Italian of old back to the days of the Cæsars, and the chain of decayed cities that dot it has massive fragments of Roman architecture to show among churches and houses on which was set the mark of Venetian mastery. Among a population of over 600,000, even in most towns only a minority are now Italian; and behind lives a mainly Slav peasantry, among whom one strain of mountaineers call themselves Morlachs, apparently "Sea Vlachs", and are thought to represent Wallachs and Roman colonists driven here by Slav invasion of the Balkans. The general stock, whatever be their mixed origin, bear out the general picturesqueness by the love of colour in a costume that gave its *dalmatics* to the Church's pomp, their reds and whites glowing under a genial sky, when not hid by fog or chilled by the cold and violent Bora wind that points for us the classic dread of *Boreas*. This region, with its many relics and lions, has already come into tourist ken, and is bound to be more visited once it can get the hotel accommodation till now provided at only two or three points. In old days its shores were shunned rather as infested by the Uskub pirates, who had a noted lair at

Zengg in a narrow channel behind the northernmost island of Veglia.

The power of Venice here had been partly frittered away in small independent republics, which Napoleon sought to amalgamate with territory farther north under the old name of Illyria. This new State at the Congress of Vienna fell to Austria, which now has had to part with so many ill-gotten gains; and at the Peace settlement of 1919 it was warmly disputed between Italy and the Jugo-Slav union. This long-drawn quarrel, inflamed by obscure local collisions, is not yet definitely adjusted, but may end in a compromise bringing Italy down to Zara.

Zara (Zadar) was the Austrian capital of the province, an old Roman city, that came to be sacked by a band of sacrilegious Crusaders, and to be conquered by the Venetians, who gave it the truly Italian features well displayed on a rocky promontory; but among its 36,000 inhabitants or so, Slav statistics, not uncontradicted, make out that only one-third are now Italians, a calculation that did not save it from being raided by the irresponsible firebrand D'Annunzio. Some Roman remains have been incorporated in the fine cathedral, such a one as is seldom lacking in the towns of this coast. One of its churches treasures a silver ark devoutly believed to hold the bones of St. Simeon, and another of partly Roman work is turned into a museum of its antiquities. In our time Zara's chief renown has been for the maraschino distilled from cherries or wild plums that, along with vines and wild olives, unexpectedly find rooting-ground on the rock slopes behind, falling from the bare limestone face of the Dinaric mountain wall, which here has the



Peasants and Produce at an Open-air Market, Zara

alias of the Vellebit in the ridge separating Dalmatia from Bosnia and Croatia.

Farther down, steamboats or a coast railway bring us to Sebenico (Sibénik), where a school for Austrian cadets was afforded by an excellent harbour at the mouth of the Kerka, that, bursting out from its limestone reservoirs in the mountain background, tumbles to the sea by grand cascades, harnessed for the town's supply of electricity. Its finest feature is a noble mediæval cathedral, rivalled or surpassed by another that took three centuries in building at its southern neighbour Trau, which also has a rich show of old Venetian architecture, so as to be judged a miniature Venice, while the situation of Sebenico has likened it to Genoa. But Venice tinged only the coast, and in the inland town of Sinj, above Spalato, there is said to live not a single Italian. In the background here is the Dynara Mountain, godfather of the whole range. Breaking forth from its measureless

stalactite caverns, the Cetigne's waters rush to the sea past the almost forgotten little republic of Poglizza, a sort of Adullam refuge from Turkish tyranny, that like more famous Ragusa held out till Napoleon overthrew their independence. Upon these stony ridges the Romans, and after them the Turks, have here and there set their marks, as did Italian settlement on the seaside. From Sebenico or Spalato can be reached by rail the old mountain city Knin, on the Karka, which has a notable museum of this region's antiquities; and, what might be more attractive to some visitors, before the war it boasted a decent hotel.

Along the shore, by the Seven Castles, villages grown round Venetian strongholds, is reached the harbour of Spalato (Spliet)—its name corrupted from *palatium*—where the mean dwellings of some 3000 people nestle about and among the stately ruins of Diocletian's retreat after his abdication. The town indeed has been mainly built within



The Harbour of Spalato

this palace, some 200 yards square, where that retired potentate had a gallery more than 500 feet long to take exercise in when the weather hindered his chosen task of cultivating cabbages. The Cathedral, taken to be his mausoleum, was a Roman temple like the Pantheon, still wonderfully preserved; and Roman shafts and capitals have been used in the mediæval campanile, now rebuilt. The Baptistery is supposed to have been a temple of Æsculapius. Oldest of all Spalato's relics is a red granite Sphinx from Egypt; and there is a black marble one in the museum, whose treasures are renowned among archæologists, containing, as it does, a rich show of antiquities from the Dalmatian Pompeii, Salona, which, a few miles off, was capital of the Roman province. Its site, still hiding other remains, has been excavated to reveal a fine basilica, a number of Christian tombs, and memorials of long-forgotten dead—a sight more solemn

than Spalato, swarming with squalid life housed among fragments of architectural grandeur.¹ In the tenth century Spalato

¹Sir Thomas Jackson, in his well-known work on Dalmatian architecture, gives a full account of Diocletian's palace, which "remains as a monument of the splendour he took with him even into his retirement. More than six centuries after his death it retained so much of its original magnificence that the imperial historian, 'born in the purple' himself, and used to the semi-Oriental state of Constantinople, declared that it surpassed even in its ruin all powers of description. And even in its present state, ruined, defaced, and overgrown with the mean accretions of fifteen centuries, its vast proportions and solid construction excite our astonishment. So much of it remains that it is easy to recover in imagination what is lost. The principal buildings within the walls, and nearly the whole of the exterior walls themselves, remain standing. The two temples are turned into churches, the peristyle forms the town square or piazza, the outer walls still fence in the older town—the original city—and three of the four gates still exist, and form the ordinary entrance. . . . The interior of the palace is naturally changed from its original state even more than the exterior. Within the circuit of what had been one man's house a city has been compressed, for nine and a half acres,

appears to have been capital of a Slav kingdom, but it is one of the towns coveted by Italy, as are some of the outlying islands.

Nearly all this coast is breakwatered by an archipelago of islands and islets, homes of a hardy breed of fishermen and sponge-divers who made the backbone of the Austrian naval service. The largest and most populous of these islands is Brazza. It is hard to say which of them is the most naturally beautiful; for remains of Venetian architecture Lieutenant-Colonel Barry gives the palm to Curzola. Lesina (Lussin), once a den of Illyrian pirates, he recommends as a climatic resort, favoured hitherto by Austrians. Lissa, among the outermost of the group, has a character as a naval station to dub it "Malta of the Adriatic"; off it our ships had a victory over the French in 1811, and in 1866 the Austrian put the Italian fleet to a shame now dearly avenged. Near this the isle of Busi is noted for a wave-washed cavern like the Blue Grotto of Capri, only one of several such and of many beauty-spots blushing much unseen, with which the next generation may be as familiar as with the Bay of Naples. The Isle of Melita puts in a claim to fame as the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck, more generally taken to be Malta.

Behind the longest of these islands, Sabioncello, opens the mouth of the Narenta, navigable up to its port of Metkovic, some score of miles below Mostar. There are other short torrents, but the Narenta seems the only break in the mountain wall between Dalmatia and Herzegovina. The stony Dinaric mountains everywhere else make a stern background, throwing into relief the greenery of glens watered by nature and of terraces on which man has spread patches

of soil so fertile that the road along this coast strip can be described as "the Riviera enriched a hundredfold".

Below the end of the island channel comes the most renowned in modern times of all these coast cities, Ragusa (Dubrovnik), that would fain have rivalled Venice by its *argosies*—Ragusa ships—and kept its republican pride till the short French occupation of Illyria. The rocky site where it so picturesquely displays itself was once an island cut off by a lagoon, now filled up to make the town's chief street, and a mulberry avenue leads from the old harbour to the roomier one of Gravosa. Damaged as it was by an earthquake in the seventeenth century, and perhaps again by a British fleet when the French tricolour waved over its old fortifications, Ragusa has still a goodly show of cloisters, mansions, and churches like those that line the canals of Venice, chief among them the Palace of its Rectors, answering to the Venetian Doges. Though for a time the smaller republic had to lie under the wing of Venice, it can boast never to have yielded to the Turk. Its Cathedral has been rebuilt on the site of that said to have been founded by Richard Cœur de Lion after his being cast away on an adjacent island. All around are fine scenes, the fort-crowned Monte Sergio, the fertile valley of Breno, the source of the Ombla, welling up suddenly from its hidden reservoirs, Canossa with its two giant plane trees, each shading a circle of sixty to seventy yards diameter; and the island of Lacroma, scene of King Richard's shipwreck, that blooms like a hothouse with rich vegetation within a rim of jagged rocks, at one point opening into a grand cavern said to resemble that of Staffa, but with gloomier memories, for here were hurled to eternity the victims of Ragusan justice. This corner of Dalmatia, looking right out upon the Adriatic and sheltered from cold north winds, has a delightful climate that should make it a health resort for Europe at peace under the League of Nations, if its Italian and Slav citizens can agree to entertain strangers in amity among themselves. It is already a goal of enterprising tourists, for whom

though a fair allowance for a palace, is not very large for a town. The refugee inhabitants, as their numbers increased, had to make the most of their space. The large halls were divided into several houses each, the open squares were covered with buildings, and the wide thoroughfares or streets which intersected the palace were encroached upon and narrowed into miserable alleys, compared to which the streets at Sebenico and Zara are spacious and airy. The palace of Diocletian was first reconstructed on paper by the English architect Robert Adam, one of the *Adelphi*, who visited Spalato in 1757."

Ragusa has a first-class hotel, and who may well be here moved to exclaim with Mrs. Holbach over her "Dream City by the Sea".

"Picture to yourself one of the walled Etruscan towns of Northern Italy, only with more massive sterner walls and towers, and set it down by the laughing waters of the blue Adri-

Past a peninsula on which the name Ragusa Vecchia marks the site of the Illyrian Epidaurus, the ex-Austrian empire tapered to an end at the Bocche di Cattaro (Kotor), grandest feature of the Dalmatian panorama, that intricately crooking inlet which has struck so many travellers as like a Norwegian fiord strayed into southern waters,



Ragusa: a "Dream City by the Sea"

atic; add palms and flowering aloes of gigantic size, growing wild wherever they can gain a foothold in the rocks right down to the edge of the sea, together with cacti and oleanders of every shade from purest white to deepest crimson; people it with figures more than half Oriental, with knives stuck in their belts and cloaks rivalling in colour the crimson of the oleander blossoms, and you have Ragusa, the proud little republic of yore which never yielded even to the might of Venice in the zenith of her power, the half-Eastern, half-Western yet unspoilt Ragusa of to-day."

to be thus described by Lieutenant-Colonel Barry, I.M.S.:

"The very name—the Mouths of Cattaro—seems to enter into the spirit of this Cyclopean freak. It is a mere *lucus a non lucendo*, for there are no mouths, as Cattaro is not a river but a town, and geography has not so far enlarged its vocabulary as to make the embouchures or mouths of a town acceptably or intelligibly descriptive. What then are these mouths? They are a series of five bays leading from the Adriatic and opening into each other by

narrowing channels and emphatic serpentines till, twenty kilometres from the sea, they end in a blind terminus at the *riva* on which stands Cattaro, their capital. And what are they like? Take the lake of Lucerne. Clothe its banks with myrtle, vine, and olive, and all the terraced verdure of the South. Set here and there, along slope and riviera, old-world towns that date back to the foundations of history, and here and there old forts and castles on commanding crags, belonging to the days when Venice was magnificent. Raise your eyes to the snow-topped mountains over all and see that towering precipice that sinks into the sea, grey, withered, and entirely sterile as if a segment of mountainous desolation from Arabia Petræa had been thrust into nature's choice conservatory. In other words, blend together Scandinavian fjords, Italian gardens, barren Red Sea precipices, and you will have a fair idea of the Bocche di Cattaro."

The outer land-locked gulf opens Castelnovo, a decayed port that should revive as terminus of a railway from Bosnia-Herzegovina, bringing a new stir into this old town whose tiered dwellings and ramparts stretch up the rock behind. The heights bristle with more formidable and commanding forts, for at Teodo, the entrance to the next reach, the Austrians had a naval station which played its part in the late war. Then comes a narrow throat known as the Catenae, from the chains that were once used to

block it. Here two island rocks bear up a Benedictine Abbey and a church, and "three peninsulas throw out converging spots for three bays to meet", sheltering such ancient towns as Perasto and Riseno, now half deserted. A little more alive is Cattaro at the head of the innermost inlet, doubling back from the Catenae under a bare mountain-side thousands of feet high, by which this town is thrown deep into shadow on a cramped site, where vehicles cannot pass through the narrow streets, making funnels for winds sometimes so violent that lights and fires have to be extinguished in the houses. These lie like broken fragments of the stony mountain face, that seems ready to fall on the lines of old fortification zigzagging up to Cattaro's citadel perched on a sharp point above. Earthquakes and raiders have destroyed most of the older buildings, but this town has still some "bits" to refresh an eye jaded by practical modernity; and one recent visitor was charmed with the effect of long spikes of blue flowers springing from every loosened wall and broken crevice. Cattaro is most often visited as the sea-gate of Montenegro's capital Cetinje, reached in a few hours' motor run by the serpentine coils of a road up Mt. Lovchen, seamed also by batteries that in the war gave each side in turn a mastery over the havens below.

MONTENEGRO

" Oh smallest among peoples! Rough rock throne
Of Freedom! Warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years!"

So Tennyson saluted the poorest of the the Slav States, which has made more noise in the world than might be expected from its area of 3000 to 4000 square miles with a population of little over a quarter of a million before the war. It is well named the Black Mountain—Iserna-Gora in its own tongue—being a mass of heights rising

to over 8000 feet on the east side, where they are cut by deep river valleys, but towards the west the stony surface is bare, even of forests, broken only by hollow basins in which can be grown potatoes, rye, and the large-leaved tobacco so much consumed by its cultivators. Other cup-like hollows below the black crests are so horribly naked as to seem fit circles for Dante's *Inferno*; and northward the barren ridges stretch away into like stony deserts of Herzegovina. This mountain wall was cut off from the sea by the coast strip of Dalmatia, and only at its south-west corner did

Montenegro come to touch the Adriatic at the port of Antivari. Northwards it is drained by the Piva into the Drina tributary of the Save basin, southwards by the Zeta and the Moracha into the shrunken Skotar lake that has an outlet to the sea, which could be improved into a good harbour.

Its stern inaccessibility let the little country hold itself independent after the break-up of the old Serbian empire, defended as it was by fierce and hardy highlanders, who to our day went fully armed, their principal business defined as "cutting off 'Turks' heads", not to speak of constant family vendettas among themselves, so that it might well be said here:

"A stirring life they lead
Who have such neighbours near!"

An old national hero was Ivan Beg, who, seated at Cetinje, showed himself no rude warrior by getting from Venice a printing-press in the days of Caxton. Like many another champion, he is believed to lie in an enchanted sleep, one day to wake for the deliverance of his land. The Montenegrins, associating themselves with the past greatness and sufferings of their kinsmen the Serbs, affect a round cap of three colours, black in mourning for the dark day of Kossovo, red for the blood then shed, and gold for the glory of their own unconquered fastness.

This small people were divided into five tribes, or cantons, under chiefs who in the sixteenth century accepted the general authority of a Greek Church bishop, that after some generations was changed from an elective to an hereditary principedom. At the end of the eighteenth century Peter I of this episcopal dynasty gave it a code of laws, and his successor Peter II went farther in organizing the country. He awoke national consciousness by a poetical talent turned to celebrating its past martial glories, while by tact he staved off disputes between the executive Government and a jealous council of chiefs that threatened to break up this little island of mediæval rule; and a subsidy from Russia helped him to

carry out his plans without too much taxing his impecunious subjects. His nephew and heir, Danilo, educated in Vienna, threw off the ecclesiastical character for that of a lay prince, who set up the country with a constitution and pushed wholesome innovations that did not please the conservative Montenegrins, so that he was assassinated in 1860. He again was succeeded by a nephew, the Nicholas I who, educated at Paris, reigned down to our own day, under the patronage of Russia diligently advancing his own position and the country's till in 1910 he took the title of king, his head held so high as to marry his daughters among European princes, one coming to be Queen of Italy, another the wife of Peter, brought back from long exile to be King of Serbia. This prince's character has been varyingly judged, but there could be no question as to his ability, shown, as in the case of his ancestor, by the authorship of a patriotic drama. He had difficulties with his people which obliged him to limit his authority by some sort of parliamentary constitution; but they took kindly enough to his embodying almost their whole manhood as a militia 40,000 strong, armed by Russia, which he used so cleverly as to gain accessions of territory and influence from the Great Powers' attempts to settle the Balkan rivalries, that once and again threatened to disturb the peace of Europe. He laid himself out also to improve the country by means of foreign capital, till his long reign was interrupted by the war, when the brave mountaineers went down before the weight of German armaments, and their king became an exile in foreign lands.

The chief asset of Montenegro appears to be a stern and wild picturesqueness, not easily lending itself to prosperity. Cattaro's long inlet is overlooked by the mountain wall of Lovchen (over 5000 feet), its lower face lately bristling with Austrian guns, but higher up it was Montenegrin territory, from which the waters of Cattaro could be commanded till the Austrians had forced their way inland. Once the access was by a zigzag track, "the Ladder of Cattaro", but a good road has been engineered up the



The Harbour Front, Cattaro, with the mountain wall of Lovchen in the background

steep slope, on which motors ply to Cetinje in a few hours. Descending from the steep edge that gave a last backward view over the sunlit, green-edged Mediterranean, Miss Durham, to whom we owe so much information on the Balkan lands, was dismayed by the chaos of gaunt, grey, naked limestone crags through which the road sank into a hollow behind. "The horror of desolation, the endless series of bare mountain tops, the arid wilderness of bare rock, majestic in its rugged loneliness, tell with one blow of the sufferings of centuries. The next instant fills one with respect and admiration for the people who have preferred liberty in this wilderness to slavery in fat lands. Wherever possible, little patches of ground are cultivated, carefully banked up with stones to save the precious soil from being washed away; and up on the mountain-sides scrubby oaks dwarfed and twisted by the wind find a foothold among the crags." In contrast

to barren slopes where tortoises and vipers bask in the sun, this observant writer noticed on the eastern border rich pastures untenanted because herd or tiller might have to water them with his blood.

Cetinje, the "kindergarten capital" of Montenegro, is a place of only 3000 or 4000 people, the thatched hovels of last generation much rebuilt in new roomy streets of low, plain, solid architecture, "like a row of toy houses all out of the same box". The most imposing buildings were the rival Legations of Austria and Russia; the oldest ones a monastery and the former palace turned into government offices. King Nicholas contented himself with an unpretentious mansion outside the town, where he sat to administer justice as a court of final appeal, there being no lawyers in Cetinje, and confidence in him as a Solomon is said to have drawn even foreign litigants to submit their disputes to his

arbitration. So declare his friends; but his enemies represent him rather as a crafty calculator, who on the sly took pensions from neighbouring potentates, and increased his private as well as public revenues by dealings in new Montenegrin postage stamps.

From Cetinje, the road descends into a deeper hollow, once filled by the Skotar Lake. Here is gained Podgoritz, Montenegro's largest town and business centre, though it has but a few thousand people, part of them Moslems, like its Albanian neighbours. This pleasant-looking place, built of white stone with red-tiled roofs and green shutters, seems mocked by the title of the Montenegrin Manchester, though its shops do a trade in Manchester cottons. Its markets show a lively medley of customers, who have been required to lay aside their weapons before dealing, where revolvers and knives are the height of fashion, even the gipsies "making up with firearms for deficiency in shirts". Near Podgoritz are scanty relics of Dioclea, once an important city as seat of a Roman colony, when the country was probably more civilized than it is to-day.

Up the course of the Zeta, by the new town of Danilovgrad, and Ostrog, whose old monastery in part consists of caverns hewn in a cliff face where is treasured the embalmed body of St. Vasili, a road goes to Nikshitje, a Turkish stronghold captured in 1877, to which Nicholas had intended to transfer his capital. Down the river he had gone round the Lake of Skodra, Skodar, or Scutari to seize Antivari, or what was left of it after a hot siege, an old Albanian town standing three miles inland with a little port on the Adriatic. Farther south, the once Venetian town of Dulcigno had also been taken over by Montenegro. In 1912, the ambitious Nicholas besieged and captured the city we know best as Scutari, on the lake, but was obliged by the Powers to withdraw, being granted, however, a considerable accession of territory to the east about the Turkish town Petch. In 1915 he renewed the attempt against Scutari on excuse of keeping order. Before long his own capital

and country were in the hands of the Austrian invaders.

In striking contrast to the northern edge, where Montenegro borders Herzegovina in a great desert of Karst limestone, is this southern opening to the sea, where Mr. Roy Trevor was charmed by a vegetation that seemed to him the richest garden of Europe. "Here the grapes weighed down the vines to the ground, peaches grew like apples in an orchard, oranges, pomegranates, and melons in huge quantities and proportions. It was a land flowing with milk and honey, a gigantic hothouse of nature, and we could scarcely believe our eyes when we struck the olive groves, mile after mile of them. What trees they were, with trunks thicker than oaks, but split into a thousand stems, as if the great blanket of leaves and fruit was supported by roots growing into the shape of a trunk." Perhaps an exaggerated mood of admiration was natural in descending from stony wilds upon that long, deepening, and opening valley into which all those mountain glens send their streams.

For the first time Montenegro, that had withstood Napoleon's arms, was conquered by the overwhelming German invasion of the Great War. When that devastating tide ebbed back, the country was torn by confused party strife with a result puzzling to Europe, which had understood King Nicholas to be a most popular prince. But it appears that a party of young Liberals had been growing up dissatisfied with his paternal government; there were suspicions against him, or his heir, Danilo, of being too willing to compromise with the enemy, and of having too well feathered the family nest. The rival parties, White and Green, had come to bloodshed but for the intervention of a French detachment garrisoning their country, when at the end of 1918 the Skupchina, assembled at Podgoritz, voted the deposition of their aged king and unconditional incorporation of Montenegro with Serbia. There may well be some doubt as to how far this majority vote represented the wishes of a people ill versed in parliamentary elections or debates; and the

Serbs were denounced as having brought undue pressure to bear on the decision. Next year we heard of a fierce insurrection against the Serbian troops, who were accused of too high-handed exercise of authority in a country not of one mind as to its allegiance. A deputation of American

sons of Montenegro came over to insist on their native land being recognized by Europe as an independent republic, while the ex-sovereign remained a protesting exile. It looks as if this rocky fastness would, in any case, make no very stable bastion for the Jugo-Slav confederation.



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The Monastery and Bishop's Palace, Cetinje

ALBANIA

Among all the problems of the Balkan settlement, not the least thorny has been furnished by Albania, that highland region stretching nearly 300 miles along the Adriatic between Montenegro and the ancient Epirus. Ethnologically, it has a peculiar status in this region. Its wild mountaineers, Skopatars, "sons of the eagle", as they call themselves, stand apart from other races of the peninsula, probably most nearly representing the old Illyrian stock, elsewhere overlaid by alien intrusion. With no literature to throw light on their origin, they are much divided into hardy and bellicose clans, kept weak by their dissensions, as by the religious antipathies that make the most evident fruit of their mixed creeds, most of them being Moslems, the rest divided between Greek and Latin Christianity. They have long been in a nominal subjection to Turkey, which drew from them valiant soldiers and unscrupulous officials, but at home they have always proved impatient of a control hard to bring to bear on their natural strongholds. Their appetite for bloodshed and plunder has earned them a bad name, yet, as Byron declares:

" They lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need;
'Their wrath how deadly, but their friendship
sure;
When gratitude or valour bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may
lead."

More than once Albania has had a gleam

of possible greatness. Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, who so nearly crushed the nascent might of Rome, should perhaps count as an Albanian hero. An undoubted mediæval one was Skanderberg, who, having changed his name to this form of Alexander, so boldly defied the Turks in his mountain fortress that he is still remembered with pride; but he did not succeed in founding a dynasty. Before the war of Greek independence, Ali Pasha, set over the southern Janina province as Turkish governor, made himself almost independent by a ferocious rule, that yet aimed at the good of the country and moved the Sultan to an attack bravely resisted. At the height of his power he gave hospitable reception to Byron, who, after celebrating him in *Childe Harold*, is understood to have modelled upon him the Lambro of *Don Juan*. Ali held out till 1822; but then, forced to surrender, was treacherously put to death by the Turks, a tragedy that lies in the background of Dumas' *Monte Cristo* romance; and a treasure like its hero's, the ill-gotten wealth of that tyrant, is believed to lie buried near his stronghold at Janina. Mehemet Ali, the usurper of Egypt, was an Albanian borderer; and not a few of Turkey's pashas have come from the same virile stock, that bore the *alias* of Arnauts.

At all times it must have been difficult to hold this people together in any higher organization than that of their clans, the largest of these the Mirdites in the north, which is said to be 30,000 strong, with the abbot of a Catholic monastery as their chief. The stony upland is poor by nature, but its boisterous rivers water valleys of fields and orchards, near the coast degenerating to

malarious marshlands. The longest river is the Drin, the Black Drin arm of which, flowing out of Lake Ochrida in the south-east corner, runs north to meet the White Drin coming down southwards from Montenegro, and their united stream turns then to the Adriatic; but most of the mountain drains are in greater haste to reach the sea. The River Skumbi divides North from South Albania, inhabited respectively by Tosks and Ghegs, differing much in speech, and the latter more mixed in origin, yet more marked by the Albanian intractability. The men's costume varies from a short black jacket, said to be mourning for Skanderberg, over tight white trousers with black stripes, to the fustanella kilt worn also by the Greeks, the clans distinguished by different patterns of marking on a white ground. Most of them are alike ignorant, the Turks having discouraged education and barely tolerated attempts by missionaries and others to found some literature on a cumbrous alphabet of fifty letters, which is now being simplified; but Albanian is as yet less a language than a variety of dialects. Newspapers have had to be imported from outside; and when a patriotic scholar had spent his life in compiling an Albanian dictionary, the manuscript is believed to have been destroyed by the authorities. The one bond of union for these tribesmen has been their hatred of the Turk, whom yet they served so well as soldiers. Of late they seem to have been looking for deliverance both to Austria and Italy; but it is not easy for foreigners to get at the real minds of this peculiar people. Miss Durham (*Lands of the Serb*) pictures the Albanian Ishmaelite as showing the characteristics of beasts of prey, often hunted as well as hunter.

"A lean, wiry thing, all tough sinew and as supple as a panther, he moves with a long easy stride, quite silently, for his feet are shod with pliant leathern sandals with which he grips the rock as he climbs. He is heavily armed, and as he goes his keen eyes watch ceaselessly for the foe he is always expecting to meet. There is nothing more characteristic of the up-country tribesman than those

ever-searching eyes. I have met him many a time in the Montenegrin markets, in the weekly bazaar in his capital, and on the prowl with his rifle far in the country. Up hill and down hill, over paths that are more like dry torrent beds, it is all the same to him; he keeps an even swift pace, and he watches all the time. . . . His boldly striped garments, with their lines and zigzags of black embroidery, recall the markings of the tiger, the zebra, and sundry venomous snakes and insects. He seems to obey the laws that govern the markings of ferocious beasts; his swift, silent footsteps increase the resemblance; and his colouring is protective; he disappears completely into a rocky background."

The Albanians are estimated at about a million in the country, and a larger half out of it, across the new Serbian frontier, emigrated to America, or long ago settled in Calabria and Sicily. Most of them live by the arts of Cain and Abel, including vendettas that in some parts are supposed to account for a quarter or so of the death-rate. A certain respect for women is shown in their feuds; and Albanian hospitality, like that of the Arabs, will be extended even to foes admitted to eat at the hearth, then granted a short law before the dogs of vengeance are let loose on them. Herding thrives better than tillage among the mountains, possibly rich in minerals; and such commerce as is carried on has not been helped by poor harbours.

At the north end lies the largest lake, Skodra, running up into Montenegro, and at its marshy outlet stands the town of the same name, for which it is well to avoid the *alias* Scutari, that may confuse it with the scene of Florence Nightingale's work on the Bosphorus. Outside the lake, Nicholas of Montenegro managed to annex the coast strip of Antivari and Dulcigno; and he more than once laid hands on Skodra, but had to withdraw. In 1914 it fell to an international occupation under a British governor before the breaking out of war. This, the largest and best-known Albanian town, with some 30,000 people, is a poor place, showing few marks of old Venetian mastery beyond the ruins of a citadel, whose destruction is said to have been consummated by a Turkish



Skodra (Scutari): showing the ruined Citadel, and steamer on the lake

governor supplying it with a lightning conductor not duly connected to earth. There is now some little stir of missionary and educational effort; but a generation ago, Mr. E. Knight's impression of Skodra was one of "melancholy decay, still trying to keep up an appearance".

"The mosques and some of the better Turkish houses were rather gaudily ornamented with wooden carvings and bright paint; but now the carvings were broken and the paint half rubbed off. There was a tea-garden-in-liquidation look about the place. . . . Any repairing of public or private buildings had long been given up by Government and people. One rickety mosque was very funny; its steeple was tiled, if I may use the expression, with the sides of paraffin-boxes and Huntley and Palmer's biscuit-tins. The rough paintings on its walls were chipped and dim. The very mollah, in his turban and dirty blue robe, who stood at the door, had a dissipated and unkempt appearance, which harmonized with his surroundings.

Our first impressions of the inhabitants were no less unpleasing. There was a haggard, anxious, half-starved expression in the faces of all we met—a savage fierceness in their eyes, which we had not observed in Montenegro. No one besides ourselves was in European costume, but we attracted no attention; all stalked by us with the utmost indifference. Every man we met—kilted Mussulman or white-clad Arnaut—was armed to the teeth."

Some way down the coast is Skodra's port, the poor one of St. John de Medua, capable of being improved, but the Turkish Government had only begun to make a road to it. About a mile inland from it stands Alessio (Liess), another decayed Venetian town. Here the Drin at one time poured into the sea; but most of its water more than half a century ago broke loose into the outlet of Lake Skodra, to spread mischievous winter floods. Its proper mouth might be turned into a harbour, behind which a gap in the

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mountain barrier is coveted by the Serbs as a way of access to the Adriatic. In the background Kruja has to show a sturdy fragment of Scanderberg's stronghold; and a little farther south Tirana is a town with the unusual advantage of a good road to the coast. The next port southwards is Durazzo, the ancient Dyrrachium, fallen from its note as a Roman Calais with Brundisium as its Dover; but the Roman Via Egnatia joining this port with Salonica and Constantinople can still be taken hence to the inland town of Elbasan, a central one which would like to be the capital of Albania, and besides silk-weaving shows a promise of civilization in manufacturing soap out of the olive oil that is a chief product of the district. It has been restoring the Roman road to Ochrida, where on the edge of Macedonia lie the two great lakes Ochrida and Prespa, and the smaller Malik, all perhaps one day to be as renowned as those of Lucerne or Geneva, when this road is followed by a rail up the

Skumbi Valley. Prizren is another considerable town farther north on the Macedonian border, over which spreads the Albanian population.

Beyond the Skumbi comes South Albania, whose one harbour is naturally the best on this coast, the bay of Valona (Avlano), protected by an island where the Italians made a lodgment in their war with Turkey, and used it well as a point from which to repel the Austrian invasion. They now insist on keeping Valona as a naval station commanding the Strait of Otranto, less than fifty miles broad. The town is a poor, fever-stricken place, whose name should be known to us by its export of valonia, an acorn used in tanning; it also does a trade in hides and in the saddlery made at the inland town of Berat. Asphalt is worked in the neighbourhood. In its background, beyond the Viosa, lie Ali Pasha's strongholds, Tepelen and Janina, still a considerable town. Miss Durham noted this end of the



Market-day in an Albanian town (Tirana)

country as most completely fallen under Turkish rule; but since then it has passed to Greece, not without vehement local opposition, that may still blaze up into resistance. Somewhere hereabouts is believed to have been the ancient oracle of Dodona, for which sulphur and pitch emanations of a volcanic soil might well have furnished stage and properties; and there are some mountain ruins haunted by memories as old as the kingdom of Pyrrhus. All over Albania, indeed, may be found fragmentary monuments of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Norman, and Venetian civilization to shame the slothful neglect of the Turk, that has ruined both country and people.

A number of Wallachs are found living towards this south end, beside territory disputed between Greeks and Albanians, who beg the question at issue by respectively dubbing it Northern Epirus and Southern Albania. Some 225,000 or so of people are here almost equally divided between Greeks and Albanian Moslems; but the Greeks seem to be in a slight majority, and Koritza, one of the chief towns, towards the Serbian frontier, has been a focus of Greek education. After the war of 1913, Venizelos withdrew Greek forces from it at the mandate of the Powers; then the Greeks here rose in insurrection against the masters set over them, and formed a Provisional Government at Argyrocastro, claiming at least a right of autonomy if under a vague vassalage to the still inchoate State of Albania. Thus encouraged in his pretensions, King Constantine again occupied this country, using its coast for his clandestine communications with the Central Empires. Then, during the Great War, when Koritza tried to set up as an independent republic, Italian troops invaded the disputed area for a high-handed control of its towns, succeeded by a temporary French garrisoning. So once more the fate of this district came to foreign arbitration.

On the approaching break up of Turkey the Powers concerned had cast about for a ruler over this people so difficult to fit with any rule. One would-be candidate made a

claim as descendant of the great Skanderberg; but a foreigner seemed more likely to rise above sectional animosities. Austria got her way in nominating the German Prince William of Wied, who was reported as getting an enthusiastic reception at Durazzo, but found his princely crown so uneasy a one that he did well to choose a capital from which he could escape by sea. A rebellion against him was headed by Essad Pasha, who took our side in the war, when the Turks, hitherto concerned to stir up Moslem zeal against the Christian prince, were rather embarrassed by now having to count him among their allies; but before long that German nominee saw nothing for it but shipping himself out of the country. Essad Pasha in turn was driven into exile, to be murdered by a fellow-countryman at Paris.

Italy had long vied with Austria in posing as patron for a backward people, among whom both sought to spread their influence by setting up schools, consulates, and post offices. Austria being put *hors de combat*, Italy announced a protectorate of the Albanians, most of whom had little mind to be protected. This stubborn ancient stock, swamped as it had been under Roman and Moslem conquest, now evinced a sense of nationality fomented by its smattering of education through foreign schools and by books and newspapers printed in freer countries, whereas at home Albanian patriotism, if it could read at all, was much at the disadvantage of having nothing to read but in Turkish. Before the war, the Albanians had been stirred into spasmodic and partial risings against the Turkish pashas; after it, there was an attempt at fusing their inveterate feuds into a movement towards self-government. In 1920 they attacked their would-be deliverers so resolutely as to drive the Italian troops into the stronghold at Valona. Italy, crippled by a democratic agitation at home against further expense of blood and money, even by a mutiny among her soldiers shrinking from service across the Adriatic, was fain to come to terms with those vigorous assailants.

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The Albanians have shown more turn for fighting their enemies than for organizing themselves, but if they succeed in establishing an independent State, this will have on its hands further possible quarrels—with Serbia about the large Albanian

population, unwillingly taken in behind its new western frontier; with Montenegro over its pretensions to an opening on the sea about Skodra. So deliverance from the Turk may not mean peace for this corner of Europe.



Albania: a procession of tribesmen

GREECE

The "glory that was Greece" is more of a memory than "the grandeur that was Rome", whose laws and institutions still afford pillars for modern civilization. Yet the Greeks themselves never altogether ceased to remember the great stock from which they came, a sentiment that has been growing with the recovery of their independence. Truth to tell, their blood has been much watered down during centuries of such subjection as might have broken the proudest spirit; and their race is scattered, as was always its tendency, so that only a minority of the name live in their own country. In the north of this they have become admixed with the Slavs, among whom their orthodox Church has given them a certain influence. But these neighbours differ in one important respect: the Slavs are mainly agriculturists, fixed to the soil, while Greece's extent of deeply-indented coast-lines and its poverty in fertile plains have all along bred its sons as sailors, traders, and colonists.

It was in this little corner that favouring circumstances brought together the strength of the North and the wisdom of the East to make a core of modern development and to present what seems a miniature of European history. The islands of the Ægean made stepping-stones for the culture nursed on rich plains of the Nile and the Euphrates. From the north came successive swarms of hardy Aryan invaders to absorb the lessons adumbrated in legends like that of Cadmus. Thus was evolved a people whose origin is still much hidden in mists inviting controversy, but it must have been as mixed a one as our own. Long-headed and broad-headed, fair and dark, tall and short warriors

struggled over the homes and graves of the Pelasgians, taken to be *autochthones*, sprung from the soil, though they themselves may have immigrated from who knows where. Commerce, letters, and art flowed in over the sea. The Aryan conception of a male sky-god (Dyaus, the Greek Zeus) was wedded to the female earth spirit of a ruder mythology, their union engendering the religion of Olympus, with its Twelve Great Gods throned high above such a jungle of "gorgons and hydras and chimæras dire" as the savage mind creates for worship and propitiation. This religion, shaped apparently by poets rather than priests, appears almost full-grown in the poems of Homer and Hesiod. About a millennium before our era, the Greeks of Homer knew themselves as Achæans, a name later replaced by Hellenes; that of *Greeks* came by the accident of a small tribe of Graiae being brought into early contact with Rome, as in the Levant all Christians are or once were confused as Franks. By differences of dialect and manners the Hellenes were divided as three main branches, the Ionian seated chiefly in the north-east, the Dorian in the south, the ruder Æolian in the north-west beyond the Gulf of Corinth, these three roughly answering in little to the Latin, Teuton, and Slav stocks of modern Europe. The Ionians seem to have taken a lead in the maritime enterprise that, even earlier than Greece's noonday of fame, spread Hellenistic culture far around the Mediterranean; and the great thinkers and writers of Ionian Athens won for its speech the rank of a standard literary language, while the Dorians long remained most formidable warriors on land; but in the end



Part of the Site of ancient Delphi, which was the seat of the celebrated Oracle of Apollo

The actual spot associated with the world-famous Oracle is the Castalian Fountain, which lies a little to the left along the road in the middle distance; but the frequent earthquakes to which this region has always been subject have made the neighbourhood of the fountain unrecognizable. The Oracle was consulted on all important matters of public policy, and exerted a potent influence on the destiny of the nation as well as on the private affairs of individuals.

the Æolians broke in upon neighbours weakened by chronic feuds.

The geography of Greece suggests how it came to have a poor chance of political cohesion. Its edges are fretted into gulfs and islands, and its mainland surface is wrinkled by steep ridges enclosing small, broken plains or valleys, whose inhabitants were kept much apart from neighbour communities, unless in the way of attack from bands cherishing a rude independence in mountain fastnesses. Thus, in its palmy days, Greece was split up into scores of States, most of them showing a tendency to turbulent popular government that put them at a disadvantage with those that, like Sparta, let themselves be longer bound to obedience and discipline. Even in *Homer*, the "king of men" is no Oriental

despot, but limited by the opinion of his chief and councillors; and the swineherd Eumæus stands on terms of affectionate familiarity with his lord. The most advanced States early changed kingship for a republic, often torn by oligarchic and democratic factions, sometimes quieted for a time by some "tyrant", a title that had not yet its modern significance, denoting rather a Cromwell or Buonaparte who had arbitrarily quelled distractions for the public good. Ancient democracy, we must also remember, was always qualified by slavery, the large mass of helots having no right as citizens, themselves in most cases so small a body that its parliaments could take the form of a Trafalgar Square or Hyde Park meeting. The jealousies, rival interests, and encroachments of those tiny States kept

them at frequent quarrel; often again they united in leagues for defence or aggression. They were held together by a common language; by a national religion that all over the land set up such shrines as temples of Zeus, oracles of Apollo, and brotherhoods initiated into secret mysteries; as also by a national pride that looked down on as "barbarians" all peoples outside their imperfect union. Powerful centripetal forces were Amphictyonic Councils that sought to exercise regulating functions like those proposed for our League of Nations; and the meetings for friendly contests that, under the ægis of a religious truce, united the excitement of our Epsoms and Newmarkets, the bardic enthusiasm of an *Eisteddfod*, the edification of a Church Congress, and the shows of an International Exhibition. The principal of those meetings were the Olympic Games, so important that their regular four-yearly recurrence marked the dates of the national Calendar from 776 B.C., while their arena, like the leading oracle of Delphi, became museums of Greek history.

The ancient history of Greece is so familiarly famous, that a few summary headlines will suffice to recall its chief epochs after we get on firmer ground with the rule of Pisistratus at Athens. The first was the struggle with Persia, when Themistocles made Athens a great naval power; then Pericles brought it to its zenith of glory to be clouded by storms of faction. The second was the great Peloponnesian War, one mainly of democracy against aristocracy, with Athens and Sparta as its protagonists, when Athens, illustrious in art and philosophy, was humbled by that Hunnish rival, as in our day Paris was taken by the Germans and again threatened with the same fate. By this destructive struggle, classic Greece may be said to have committed suicide; and after brief gleams of new glory, as in the Thebes of Epaminondas, it fell under a kindred power, hitherto despised as a half barbarian borderland. This was the Æolian Macedonia, against whose crushing phalanx Demosthenes vainly spent his eloquent warnings. Philip and his gifted son estab-

lished so firm a mastery over Greece, that Alexander could securely turn his back on it for an amazing career of conquest in Asia. When that quickly-won empire was as quickly breaking up under his lieutenants, another Æolian king, Pyrrhus of Epirus, emulator of his exploits, came near to overwhelm the gathering might of Rome, by help of a troop of elephants on which he counted as vainly as Kaiser William on his Zeppelins. Towards the end of the same third century B.C., when Rome was locked in her mortal struggle with Carthage, another Philip of Macedon offered to interfere on the latter's side; and this presumption brought the triumphant republic upon Greece, which it conquered in arms, to be itself conquered by Grecian culture. Under the name of Macedonia, then of Achaia, Greece became a Roman dependency, whose people were content to call themselves *Roumaeoi*, when Cicero had extolled them as the source of civilization, to which his own country owed its enlightenment. After the Cæsars had stretched their power over the known world, this vassal province took new rank as seat of the Byzantine emperors who adopted its language; then, even before their fall, it was passing under the Ottoman Turks, when its already composite stock had for centuries been adulterated by the influx of Goths, Avars, Slavs, Wallachians, Albanians, Normans, Venetians, Crusaders, and other strangers. Their Albanian neighbours set one mark on them in the use of the plaited white *fustanella* for a national costume, as the "garb of old Gaul" has become for Scottish lowlanders, who once regarded it as the dress of a bandit.

Under the Turks, the degenerate Greeks were not so ill off as were less famous peoples of the peninsula. The Moslem faith having lost its first fiery fanaticism, the Orthodox Church was protected, which from its centre at Constantinople made a buttress for Turkish supremacy, and came even to exercise a galling authority over provincial fellow-Christians. The caste of Byzantine nobles called Phanariots, as living about the Phanar Church in Constantinople, were much used by the Turks as governors and officials, to

whom could be farmed out the profit of fleecing distant Roumanians or Serbs. In Greece itself, the Turks hardly occupied more than the towns; country districts were much left to the old inhabitants, allowed to elect local magistrates under their classic titles, *nomarchs*, *demarchs*, *demogeronts*, and the like. The priests, and still more the monks, kept a national sentiment feebly burning in their shrines. Bands of mountain brigands, proudly styled *klepts* (thieves), made cores for possible insurrection; and the militia raised by Palikar chiefs to suppress them showed the same undisciplined temper as the first companies of the Black Watch on Scotland's Highland line. About the rugged coasts and islands pirates were as bold as the mountain brigands, yet did not extinguish their countrymen's old turn for trading.

Meanwhile esurient Greeks had been seeking and finding fortune in other lands, where they are accused, like the Jews, of being over-keen in the hunt for gain; but, like the Jews also, they often prove themselves generous philanthropists. Certain of those enriched exiles used their wealth in patronizing a revival of Greek literature and promotion of education in their motherland. The victories of its co-believer Russia over Turkey had shown Greece where to look for help if no longer content with its long submission. The earthquake of the French Revolution sent its tremors into this farthest corner of Europe; but it was not till after Napoleon's fall that Greece broke out into an insurrection more favoured than the obscure struggles of Balkan rebels, as drawing from Christian countries warm sympathy, financial aid, enthusiastic recruits like Byron, and finally decisive interference on the part of Britain, France, and Russia.

The Greek struggle for independence, almost as long as the fabled siege of Troy, is marked by three phases. In the first, from 1821, a spasm of patriotic energy drove the Turks before it, leaving the country clear for the proclamation of an independent State with the Phanariot Mavrocordato as its first President, and Kanares as its naval hero, who lived on for half a century to be Prime

Minister of the Greek kingdom. In the second this success was wrecked by the dissensions and self-seekings of local leaders, so that the Turks regained ground and, with the aid of Mehemet Ali of Egypt, threatened to crush those jangling patriots. After the death of Byron, the Greeks took shame to themselves, electing Capo d'Istria as chief of a closer union, and putting its naval and military forces under the command of the Britons Cochrane and Church. In 1829 Britain, France, and Russia stepped in, and the naval battle of Navarino forced decrepit Turkey to recognize Greece as independent but for a tie of tribute to the Porte.

Humbling experience of its unripeness as a republic made the old-young country cast about Europe for a king. Its first choice was Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, but he declined the perilous task of ruling over less than a million poverty-stricken and quarrelsome people. When he had taken the safer throne of Belgium, his prudence seemed justified by a general welter of anarchy in distracted Greece after the murder of its President, replaced by a triumvirate no one would obey. The Powers again intervened to fit it with a sovereign in the person of the young Bavarian Prince Otho, who came with a regency of German tutors and a small army of German soldiers to police his kingdom.

Otho's reign lasted for a generation, but was hardly approved. His German staff made heavy-handed and unsympathetic pedagogues for an untrained nation. His court plunged the out-at-elbows country deeper into debt. When the jealousy of other Powers forced him to dismiss his Bavarian army, the nation demanded a more liberal constitution, that worked ill in an atmosphere of ignorance, intrigue, and political corruption. In 1862 Otho had to take himself off, replaced by a Danish prince assuming the name of George I, a wiser king, who was less unsuccessful in winning loyalty. Britain hanelled his kingdom by giving up to it the Ionian Islands. But he, too, was hampered by debt, by the pretensions of candidates for power, and by the insolence of the army, which yet, when Greece went to war with

Turkey in 1897, signally failed to make a new Thermopylae. Their quarrel, become a chronic one, was over the deliverance of Crete, as to which Europe tried a compromise by giving the mostly Christian Cretans a sort of restricted autonomy under one of the Greek princes. It was a Cretan insurgent and enlightened Greek patriot,

Rhodope range on the east side, and gave her most of the Ægean Islands.

George's son, Constantine, did not lack ability, but, as brother-in-law of the Kaiser, German influence drove him into tortuous and disloyal ways; nor were his people all of one mind in the great European War. Though bound by treaty to assist Serbia,



Volo, the chief seaport of Thessaly

Towering above the little modern town is the famous Mount Pelion, familiar in Greek mythology. It was the home of the Centaurs, and on its highest point (over 5000 feet) was an altar to Zeus Actæos.

Venizelos, who in 1910 came to the front at Athens as Prime Minister, greasing the wheels of a constitution so often stuck in the mud, reorganizing the army, and allying Greece with Serbia and Bulgaria for the war of 1912, its victory marred by the senseless assassination of King George after half a century's reign. The defeat of Turkey, followed by the curbing of Bulgarian ambition, extended the bounds of Greece over the south of Macedonia and Epirus, as far as the great lakes on the west and the

he kept his army inactive, and the Entente Allies in harassing doubt whether it might not attack them from the rear, so as to prolong their enemies' occupation of the Balkan peninsula, while their expeditionary forces had to lie pent up in a great entrenched camp about Salonica. From this inglorious attitude Greece was roused by the patriotic ardour of Venizelos, who set up an independent Government at Salonica, and by pressure brought to bear on Athens through the Allied fleets, till Constantine found him-

self forced to head a company of abdicating potentates, giving up the throne to his second son, readier to carry out the national sentiment. Greece having thus thrown in her lot with what proved the winning side, she could be rewarded by an extension of territory northward, bringing her area up to some 40,000 square miles and her population to between 4 and 5 millions, thus made nearly equal to that of Serbia and Bulgaria.

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!" sighed Byron, and in spite of all that has been done for it by its friends and protectors, as by its truest patriots, modern Greece has still much leeway to make up in its progress behind nations for which it once made a beacon of arts, science, and learning. Even the climate seems to have degenerated into ruder extremes, reckless destruction of forests having bared the mountain-sides that under cloudy skies give a forbidding aspect to many parts of the coast-line. There is a wet winter season, and an often parching summer, in which river-beds alternate between feeble trickles and destructive torrents, and a thin skin of soil is washed from those naked rocks. Mostly small cultivators do their best with plains and patches of fertile earth; but their best is not always the skilfullest of agriculture to redeem impoverished fields, too often degenerated into malarious swamps. Manufacturing industry, though fostered by Government, has not taken very deep root; but besides its scanty cereal crops this rugged land has wealth of wine, oil, and honey, quarries of the marble that once seemed almost to breathe in figures of gods and heroes, mines of other metals besides the silver for which the sons of patriots sold their birthright; and the mulberry, the shape of whose leaf suggested the name Morea, has been much cultivated in connection with silk culture, to which are added crops of tobacco and cotton. The figs, that went to brand Athenian *sycophants*, are still abundant, but the best-known export of modern Greece is the small dried grapes which from Corinth took our name "currants", along with the rather larger variety coming to us as sultana raisins. Oranges

also are now naturalized in Greece. The olive, wild woods of which make a frequent feature of the scenery, enters largely into the national fare. The wines of Greece are kept much out of foreign markets by a resinous twang that does not offend the native taste; nor is its *raki* brandy in demand outside the country. Half a century ago an English poet, who had a prosaic business as wine merchant, made an effort to introduce among us such vintages as Horace's Falernian and the wine of Hymettus; but unkind critics declared them akin to the cider of his own local orchards. Though some of his wines are strong, the Greek is usually sober, his luxuries being rather coffee, cigarettes, and such sweet stuff as a paste of sesame seed and honey, or another known to us under the name of "Turkish Delight".

The long, ragged coast-line with its fringe of islands offers natural harbourage that has made the Greeks better sailors than soldiers; and they take a large share in the fishery of the Levant, including its harvests of sponge and coral. Of late Greek shipping has shown a notable increase. On other shores of the Mediterranean, as farther afield, the Greek trader bears the name of vying with the Jew and the Armenian for skinflint sharpness. In his country Jews do not thrive as among the Slav peoples. At home, he strikes strangers as cheerful, vivacious, courteous, hospitable according to his ability, himself frugal in diet and not over exigent as to domestic comfort. Godliness comes above cleanliness; but Greek religion, as taught by village "popes", and adulterated by unsuspected dregs of paganism, seems not a very elevating influence. There are many monasteries, which, as usual in this part of the world, make inns for out-of-the-way districts, where travellers must not expect to find the hotel accommodation provided in well-visited cities, and have little comfort to hope for at the dirty *hans* or *khans* of small towns all over the Balkan region. The men, better than the women, preserve the gracefulness of figure and classic features renowned in ancient statues; but in towns at least they cease



Ruins of the Parthenon (east side), Athens: "the finest edifice on the finest site in the world"

This most perfect monument of ancient art stands on the highest point of the Acropolis (see p. 99). Few traces now remain of the brilliant colouring and plastic ornamentation which added to the splendour of the building in the days of its glory, but even in ruin it is impressively magnificent.

to set them off by picturesque costume. Young Greece takes so kindly to gratuitous education that public schools and the University of Athens have turned out more half-baked "intellectuals" than can find employment in scholarship or professions, so as to multiply a class put to shifts for a living and taking too readily to the factious politics that have been a drag on the country's progress. It is weighted with a national debt out of proportion to its revenue. Its coinage, on the Latin Union decimal model, is in *drachmas*, divided into 100 *lepta*, a few years back much depreciated from their nominal value, and represented by dirty notes.

The kingdom's Constitution provides for a single chamber of 184 Deputies elected by manhood suffrage, to which has been added the regulating influence of a Council of State.

Classical titles are retained for magistrates and officials; but Greece's inveterate democracy is evinced in the abolition of all hereditary rank but the exotic royalty. The language has been much modified by admixture, and has lost some features too familiar to some of us in our school-days, such as the dual number, the middle voice, and other elaborations; but in the last generation Greek patriotism has been harking back to its old vocabulary, weeding out foreign intruders, and to some extent restoring classic grammatical forms, so as to bring the literary language more on a level with Byzantine Greek and make a modern newspaper not unintelligible to one who can read the New Testament, while the vernacular speech still presents a confusion of dialects, amid which the old Greek liturgy supplies a standard. In towns, at

all events, the chief European tongues will not want interpreters. A formidable obstacle to travel has vanished in the last generation by the repression of the brigands, who once played a tragic part with the capture and murder of several tourists, and a comic one in About's well-known story *Le Roi des Montagnes*. The most dangerous beasts of the wilder parts seem to be the shepherds' huge dogs, whose cue is snarling suspicion of any stranger.

We need not concern ourselves with the *nomarchies*, administrative divisions of modern Greece, marked off by nature into three regions, the northern mainland, the peninsular Morea of Peloponnesus, and the numerous islands. The mainland half comprises the famous ancient States to the north of the Isthmus of Corinth, from eastern Attica to western Acarnania, and beyond them Epirus and Thessaly, the latter the richest basin, in which the Peneus, now known as the Salamvrias, flows to the eastern sea through the classic Vale of Tempe. The Aspropotamo, the ancient Achelous, is the chief river on the west of the central Pindus chain; and many smaller torrent beds, more or less dry in summer, are enclosed by straggling ranges in which stand out such renowned names as Helicon, Pelion, Parnassus, all overlooked from the eastern side by Olympus, that, rising to nearly 10,000 feet, might well be taken as home of the gods.

In the north, Greek territory had reached eastward along the jagged Macedonian coast to the edge of Thrace, since, after the War of Deliverance, 1912-13, that long oppressed region was shared out between Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria. The greatest city of this coast is Salonica at the head of its deep gulf, second only to Constantinople, and now constituted a free port for the Balkan countries. This is an ancient city, through which runs the old Egnatian Way, spanned here by a Roman arch. Thessalonica was its full name, as we know from St. Paul's epistle to its church. Its population of over 200,000 before the war, are largely Jews of the superior stock banished from Spain by the Inquisition, and from Smyrna had removed to Salonica the modern Jewish

sect named *Mamouni*. It houses also a medley of traders and artificers in its jumble of architecture, under an enceinte of mediæval walls showing Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Venetian remains as monuments of a chequered history in which churches long disguised as mosques are now turned back into churches. Its commercial and educational activity made it a focus of the revolution that dethroned Abdul Hamed, who was here kept a State prisoner. In 1912 the Greek and Bulgarian armies raced one another to capture it from the Turks; then, next year, when these late allies had turned enemies, their garrisons fell to fighting in the streets. Salonica's last renown was as the strongly-fortified base of an Allied expeditionary force, long pent up in this corner till its victorious advance at the end of the Great War. Soldiers of several nations swelled the babel of tongues, where the pupils of mission schools sometimes can speak half a dozen, including the old Spanish preserved by the Jews. Here the international troops had much to bear from cold in winter and malarious fever in summer, from a plague of flies and infecting mosquitoes, as from cheating natives; and Salonica itself, after repeated former conflagrations, now suffered sorely through a fire that, fanned by a high wind, destroyed half the maze of swarming alleys and the business quarter, throwing tens of thousands of homeless people on the hands of its temporary masters.

In the background of the city there is a mountain ridge that made part of the Allies' lines, including bold heights like one which our soldiers dubbed Gibraltar. But much of Macedonia, beyond the foothills of its bordering ranges, shows a monotony of shadeless, roadless plains, a sea of mud in winter trickling into marshes and lakes, the thinly-grassed flats here and there wrinkled into low ranges of scrub or cut up by abrupt ravines, and erosions brought about by reckless destruction on the slopes of woods that may spring afresh only to be nibbled at by goats. There are few gatherings of population better than miserable villages. On the way from Salonica to Monastir, a huge

fountain marks the scanty ruins of Pella, Philip of Macedon's capital; and when this unhappy country is brought into order, archæologists may hope here to reap an underground harvest of antiquity. In the same direction, near the cup-like Lake of Ostrovo, and under a snowy range in which Mt. Kaimakchalan rises to a height of several thousand feet, Vodena is centre of a rice cultivation that succeeds in some moist parts of Greece. This town is on the railway to Monastir, in part following the old Roman road. Along it there was hot fighting on our advance from Salonica, when the Serbs stormed that highest summit, giving no quarter to the Bulgarians who for two years had been ravaging their country. Northwards up the Vardar Valley goes the line into Serbia, at one point through a gorge so narrow that it has to hollow out a rocky way

in the cliffs above the river. Through extensions of the Rhodope range eastward winds another rail, crossing the Struma, then the Mesta, whose lower valleys bloom for a few weeks with beds of poppies rising up to a horse's withers, but too soon the wilderness of wild flowers is scorched into dusty ruin. All the hill-environed plains, indeed, here and there scratched for patches of harvest, have a few weeks of spring glory under a sudden show of wild flowers like the white asphodel famous in old Greece. Seres gives its name to a fertile district, where not the least showy while most profitable crop is the tobacco, chiefly shipped at Kavalla, the port vainly coveted by Bulgaria. The climate runs to extremes, hot drought in summer, while in winter the Vardar opening lets in bitter blasts from the snow-clad Balkans.



The Monastery of Meteora, in Thessaly

This is the largest and highest (1820 feet) of a curious group of buildings which owe their name—meaning “monasteries in the air”—to their elevated and isolated positions. Out of twenty-four similar establishments only four are now inhabited, by some fifty monks. Access is obtained by ladder (seen in the picture), or, more usually, in a net drawn up by means of a windlass.

Prominent in a circle of distant mountains, Olympus, seat of the gods against whom rebellious Titans piled Pelion on Ossa to storm the arsenal of thunderbolts, looks over the west side of the Salonica Gulf, that on the east is shut in by the triple promontory of Chalcidice with its bold tongues. On the easternmost of these, some three dozen miles long by half a dozen or so broad, Mt. Athos (over 6000 feet) was a holy mountain of old on which a temple of Zeus is replaced by a Chapel of the Transfiguration. Since the tenth century this promontory has been celebrated as a nest of ancient monasteries of St. Basil's order, some score in number housing thousands of monks, under a rule so strict that no woman or female animal is suffered to approach them, a prohibition difficult to enforce against flying and skipping creatures. The one small town, Karyae, has a population of men and boys only; yet it is whispered that women will intrude in disguise. Lady Blunt, wife of our Consul at Salonica, amusingly describes the scowling indignation shown by a monk, who threatened her with being turned into a pillar of salt, when she boldly landed on this sacred shore. The monks are of two orders, one living in cenobite community, the other more at ease on their own resources with the service of novices and hirelings, who in the case of one monastery are three times the number of their well-to-do masters. There are also hermits and anchorites living with greater austerity. The professed monks seem to spend most of their time in vain repetitions of church services, having lost their old zeal for the copying and accumulating of manuscripts. Their cloisters are all fortified; and the largest has such a strong garrison of Russian monks that not long ago it became suspected as an outpost of political designs. There are also Georgian, Roumanian, and other foreign communities. On the neck of the peninsula can be traced a canal dug by Xerxes to save his fleet a passage round its perilous point.

Between the Ægean coast and the central Pindus chain, walled in also by mountains

north and south, Thessaly, the largest plain of Greece, spreads its cornfields and pastures, famed of old for the horses and riders that to rude warriors suggested the notion of Centaurs, as Spanish cavaliers did to naked Indians. Most of its streams run into the ancient Peneus, flowing through the classic Vale of Tempe under Olympus and Ossa. "The full-flowing river," reports Miss Conway, "fills the gorge almost completely, and into the narrow belt of land beside it are squeezed great trees with branches spreading over the water's edge. The steep sides of limestone are almost completely veiled in green, and high up on inaccessible ledges grow the judas and the cherry. It is extremely beautiful, but its great reputation must be due in some measure to the rarity of real rivers in Greece."

On the rich banks of this river, Larissa, one generic name for the citadels elsewhere styled *acropolis*, is as of old Thessaly's chief town, which has less well preserved its classical remains than the minarets that marked long Turkish domination. This town was the birth-place of Hippocrates, as the once greater Phersala farther south has been suggested as the home of Achilles, where came to be fought the momentous battle in which Cæsar drove Pompey from Greece. The Thessalian coast opens deeply in a landlocked gulf, running up to Volo, from which port a railway to Larissa there joins the main line to Athens. Below the Gulf of Volo, the River Hellada, the ancient Sparcheius, flows into a long channel cutting off Eubœa from the mainland. At the head of this is the famous pass of Thermopylae, no such defensible one now that its narrow ledge has spread out in swampy deposits of the river mouth. These "Hot Gates" take their name from two warm sulphurous springs, such as are not infrequent in Greece.

Southwards from Thessaly, the country behind the long Gulf of Corinth is thick sown with classical shrines. Between Parnassus and Helicon, with its fountain of Hippocrene at which so many poets have drunk in their day-dreams, lie the ruins



The Acropolis, Athens, as it is to-day

of Delphi, amid impressive natural features torn by the volcanic force whose mephitic emanations may have inspired mystic utterances that in time became corrupted by political trickery; yet not till the fifth century of our era did this oracle fall finally silent. Farther east we come upon such dimmed names as Plataea, Thebes, Phyle, Marathon, the last bringing us to the channel of the Euripus, the ebb and flow of whose tides made a puzzle for Aristotle when he ended his life on the long Island of Negropont, now known as Eubœa. At the strait's narrowest bend Chalkis, its chief town, was once joined to the mainland by a bridge. Below this stretches out the south-eastern promontory on which Greece's glories were concentrated about Athens, city of the Violet Crown and special shrine of Minerva, which rose to world-wide fame, less in size as it was than an English county and with a population of no more than 50,000 free citizens in its greatest days.

Most of Greece's ancient cities are now little more than a name, a collection of ruins, or a squalid village, such as Athens itself was a century ago. But Athens, with the Piræus for its Leith on the Gulf of Ægina, flourishes anew as capital of modern Greece, in the main a city of modern aspect, while preserving the noble ruins of its Acropolis, and surrounded by sites of immortal fame. With the Piræus, which in our time has come to be a hive of industry as well as a thriving port of Levantine commerce, Athens has a population of some 170,000. James Russell Lowell rather decried it as a "shabby little modern town", while extolling the Parthenon as "noble in decay and in keeping with the general sadness of the landscape"; but another American diplomat, Eugene Schuyler, agrees with most travellers in taking a more enthusiastic tone. "It is impossible to give you an idea of the purity of the air, the loveliness of the landscape, and the charm of everything, from the Acro-

polis to the Public Garden, and from the peasant to the king. Coming here from Constantinople is like suddenly emerging into civilization."

All criticism falls silent among the shattered columns crowned by the Parthenon, "the finest edifice on the finest site in the world, hallowed by the noblest recollections that can stimulate the human heart". If thus impressive in its ruin, after suffering from time, Hunnish bombardment, and the explosion of a powder-magazine, for which the Turks turned it to base use, what must it have been in its virgin prime, fresh from the sculptor's hands, glittering with gold and culminating in a colossal statue of Athene, the city's patron saint! On this storied hill stand also such magnificent ruins as the Propylæa, the temple of Athene Nike, the Erechtheion, beside traces of others that once clustered here; and there is a collection of sculptural fragments no longer allowed to be carried off from Greece by any Lord Elgin, though it has welcomed French, British, and American scholars, as helpers in its own exploration of buried antiquity to stock the National Museum at Athens. Then among other sights of the city are the Areopagus, on which St. Paul is supposed to have preached, the Tower of the Winds at the head of Æolus Street, the Temple of Theseus, best preserved of these classical monuments, the Temple of Zeus, the Theatre of Dionysus, the Gate of Athene, the Arch of Hadrian, the Roman market-place, the Stadium now restored beside the dribbling bed of the Ilissus, old Byzantine churches, a fag-end of the Turkish bazaar, and here and there some other relic of a vicissitudinous history. Let us take leave of this city with Victor Cherbuliez's view of its unrivalled surroundings (*Un Cheval de Phidias*):

"Picture to yourself a long plain sloping insensibly at its sides to the mountains that edge it—Hymettus on the east, Hymettus loved by bees, with its undulating ridge and its flanks cut by narrow gorges; on the north, the jagged pyramid of Pentelicus and Parnes, with its pine-woods and the wildness of its proud outlines and its deep crevasses; on the west, the

long chain of Ægaleos running straight towards the sea and cut opposite Athens by the defile of Daphne, by which the Eleusis procession used to pass; to the south, the sea, its isles, and its frame of steep heights. At the foot of the mountains rise a multitude of hills most varied in aspect, some isolated, some joined to each other by more or less uneven rocks; in the direction of Pentelicus, Anchesmus, with its turf slopes piled up in steps; nearer Athens, to the north of the modern city, that strange miniature mountain Lycabettus, an enormous double-headed cone of rock, which, as you know, escaped from the hands of Minerva in her surprise when the crow informed her of Aglauros's fatal curiosity. Between Athens and the sea, the Acropolis with its noble rocks, bare and reddish, cut as if by a chisel, and its temple roofs and colonnades standing out against the sky above the walls of Themistocles and Cimon; while about this sublime fortress is strung a crescent of lower hills, turning towards it as if in adoration, like graces bent before the goddess whom they have chosen to serve; here the rounded mound of the Museum joining on to the Pnyx; farther to the right, the grotto of the Nymphs; in front, the Areopagus with its rugged rocks, its perpendicular walls, its disjointed flanks, and its black precipices, abysses consecrated to the Eumenides. In the intervals left by these eminences, even and regular soil is nowhere visible; everywhere broken ground, mounds, hillocks, and dells, depressions and prominences, rough castings and wrinkles, admirable graduations of level—all these varied shapes in keeping and harmony: nothing abrupt, nothing violent, no discordance. One would say a soil formerly torn by some volcanic convulsion that has thrown it up all over, but its disorder has since been transformed into beauty by the work of a protecting goddess who has taken pains to shape and join all these lines, to soften these contours, to finish off these surfaces, hiding the scars, disguising the joints and edges, and spreading a marvellous harmony, its secret hardly to be explained, over this infinite variety of forms that seem to escape all rule and symmetry. Yes, it is a divine hand that has hollowed, excavated, kneaded, modelled, shaped this sacred land, as the sculptor's thumb makes a mould of wax! . . . And then pour over such sculptresque landscape a heavenly light which brings out all its details, which shows its relief, which lovingly caresses the outlines, and with a diversity of



Shepherds bringing Lambs to Market, Nauplia

Underwood & Underwood

Nauplia, which has been commended for "the un-Grecian cleanness of its streets", was the first seat of Greek Government (1830). The town is a convenient centre from which to visit Tiryns, Argos, and Mycenæ.

tints according to the different distances, floods the nearest sites with brilliant splendour, and on the more distant throws bluish, pink, or violet vapours like a veil of gauze."

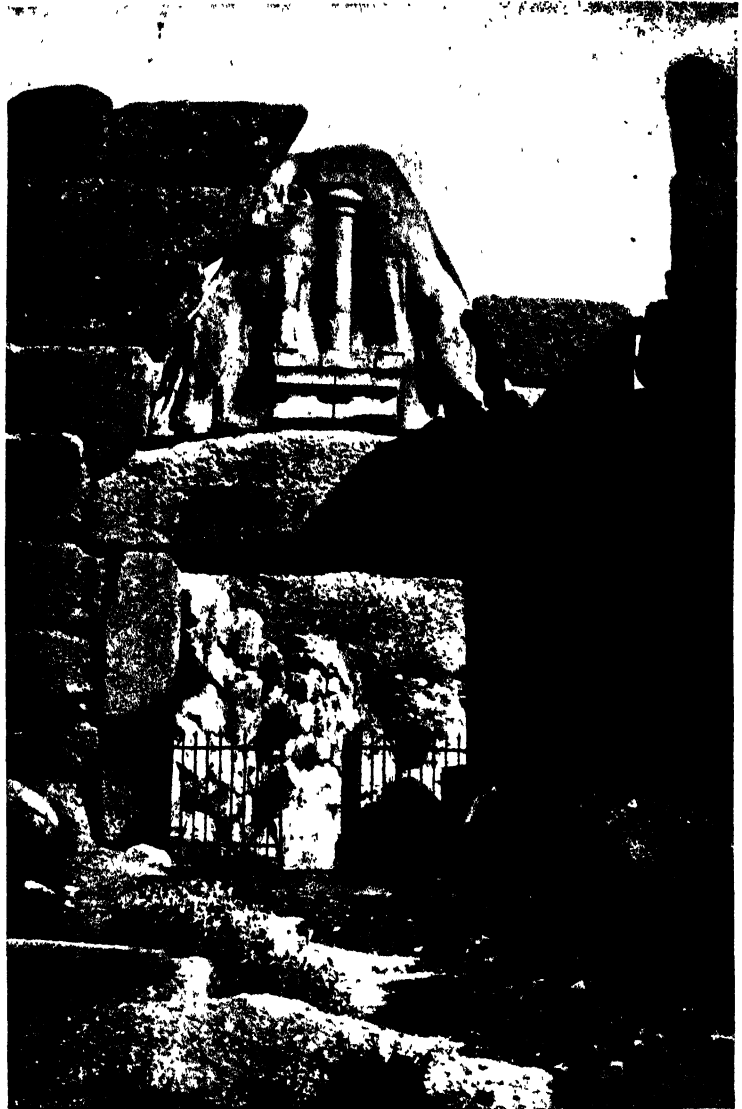
By these enchanting scenes a railway goes to Laurion, "the ugliest place we have yet seen in Greece", a centre of mines now worked for such prosaic metals as lead and zinc, but in old days they gave rich store of silver to finance the armaments of Athens. Hence it is a two hours' drive to the point of Sunium, rebaptized Cape Colonna from the white columns of its temple, crowning a sheer cliff, on which Mrs. Russell Barrington is moved to exclaim: "What colours float round this coast of Greece, all faint in the light, yet so pure and distinct—amethyst, emerald, opal, agate hues, all mingling in the wavelets and melting into the fields of

vast sapphire blue beyond! Across these plains of gently-swaying colour, in the great days of Greece, these stainless white columns of marble, quarried on the slopes of Hymettus of the honey, hailed a welcome home to the warriors returning in their galleys from foreign shores." But it was no joyful homecoming when Theseus, triumphant over the Minotaur, forgot to hoist the white sail in token of all being well, and his aged father Ægeus, giving him up as lost, threw himself over the steep into the sea that bears his name. So say the poets, but prosaic critics hint how so famous stories may have been invented to account for such names.

In the other direction, along the island-studded Gulf of Ægina, the old Sacred Way is replaced by a railroad past Eleusis of the vanished mysteries, by the "Gulf, the rock of Salamis", and through the decayed

Megara that from a would-be rival became an annexe of Athens, to the Isthmus of Corinth, a natural bridge of rock, now deeply cut by a canal whose 100 feet breadth is in turn bridged by the rails. Corinth itself, on the neck showing traces of a wall that once defended it and the hollowed arena of the Isthmian Games, is quite of recent building, its predecessor having been ruined in 1858 by an earthquake, that gave the *coup de grâce* after a series of destructions at the hands of successive assailants. The Acropolis that was the heart of ancient Corinth rises some miles off, bearing up solitary ruins, most notable among them one of the oldest Doric temples, above which once-mighty Venetian fortifications mount to the citadel at the top, from a height of 2000 feet overlooking half of Greece.

At the mouth of the Gulf of Corinth, Patras, with some 40,000 people, is now, thanks to our cakes and puddings, the one large town of the Peloponnesus. But this peninsula also is crowded with names of old renown, scenes of classic myth and history, remains of mighty cities, once thriving each about a hill-top citadel, its Acropolis or Larissa. Over a pass from the valley in which were held the Nemcan Games, the labours of Hercules are surpassed by modern science that has laid a railway to the head of the eastern Gulf of Argos, where Nauplia, long ago a "new town" like its namesake



The Lion Gate, Mycenae

The massive slab (10 feet high and 2 feet thick) from which this gateway takes its name is probably one of the most ancient examples of sculpture in Europe. The heads of the animals, which were made of separate pieces, and possibly different material, are missing.

Naples, is now a thriving little port that came near being chosen as capital for the Greek kingdom. Behind it rises higher than Arthur's Seat the citadel of Argos, still a cathedral city of some note, in Homer's eyes so great that Argive was then a title for the confederated tribes, not yet known as Greeks, over whom Agamemnon ruled

as king of men. Argos had overcome two older strongholds near it, Tiryns and Mycenæ, the excavation of whose ruins by Dr. Schliemann opened new vistas into the past. So massive are the blocks of their ruined walls that they were fabled to have been built by giant Cyclops, and the treasures of gold ornaments found in their rock-hewn tombs show how here ruled heroes before Agamemnon, whose relics illustrate a dim Mycenæan age of ancient history and the early essays of Grecian art. Here writers like Freeman are moved to awe-struck reverence, while Edmond About, disgusted by the horrible myth of Atreus accursed for his cannibal feast, was disposed rather to look on Mycenæ as "a den of dreadful reprobates. North and east it is commanded by two cliffs, bold, naked and forbidding, and of enormous height; beneath it the winter torrents have hollowed out an immense ravine; its walls, the work of robust and warlike toil, have a peculiarly villainous physiognomy. Yet if you look south and west you discover a horizon as smiling, fresh, and young as the image of Iphigenia." Even the witty Frenchman cannot but yield to sentiment as he recalls Iphigenia leaving her home for a tragic doom, and Agamemnon returning safe from Troy to be murdered by his wife and her paramour, then the meeting of Orestes with his sad sister and his just vengeance on the faithless pair, for which yet he was driven forth like Cain under the curse of the Furies. Before the day of those great names, looming through mists of legend, it is supposed that Pelasgians, or other older autochthones, were the builders and garrison of Mycenæ till it fell before the assault of those "well-greaved" Achæans, better armed than its barbaric defenders.

Another sight visited from Argos is the great Epidauros theatre, chief seat of the worship of Æsculapius. From this corner of moving memories, the railway turns inland to the central Tripolis (Tripolitza), Turkish capital of the Morea, whose modern growth spreads it upon the bounds of three ancient cities, Tegea, Mantinea, and Pallantion. To the south opens the valley of the

Eurotas, one of Greece's best rivers as never running dry amid fields and foliage watered from its enclosing mountain ranges. Here modern Sparta poorly represents the Doric city that might be called the Berlin, as Athens the Paris, of ancient Greece, the former once and again insolently triumphant, but in the end humbled by a coalition of allies, when it had fallen from the simplicity and hardness of life that steeled its sons; and in the long run the pen proved mightier than the sword. The scanty remains outline a city half a dozen miles in circuit, at one time not fortified, its ramparts being the mountain passes through which an enemy must assail a living wall of warriors. Helen, "the face that launched a thousand ships", could no longer recognize her deserted home in the scattered stones among which Châteaubriand was moved to exclaim *Leonidas!* when not even an echo answered him. Sparta's stones seem to have largely gone into the now more-imposing ruins of Mistra, a once flourishing city of mediæval culture, from which the last Byzantine emperor went to meet his doom at Constantinople, itself built on a slope of the Taygetus range to the west, which in the peak of St. Elias, farther south, rises to nearly 8000 feet. This name, which christens half a dozen mountains in Greece, is thought to be an adaptation of the classical *Helios*, not the only case of pagan divinity transfigured to Christian saintship.

The Taygetus range, bristling with pines and topped with snow, has the *alias* of the Pentedactylon, from the five fingers it stretches towards the sea. It runs out on the midmost of three bold promontories, by which the south of the Morea makes a miniature of Mediterranean Europe's peninsulas. This rugged central point, ending in Cape Matapan, the ancient Tænarus, is the home of the Mainots who, boasting themselves sons of hardy Laconia, longest kept the Hellenic spirit, religion, and name, whom the Turks never could subdue in their natural strongholds, and who still form a core of rough manhood for the country. On the east side the Eurotas falls into the Laconian Gulf between Cape

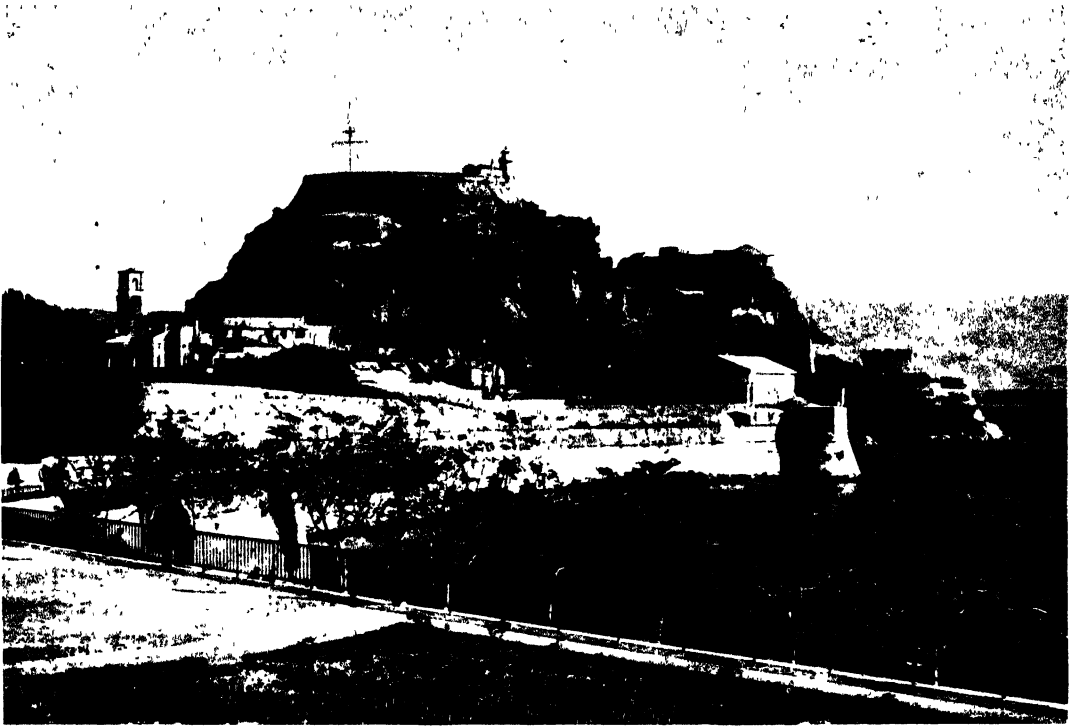
Matapan and Cape Malea. On the west opens the Messenian Gulf, behind which on its rich plain Nestor's Messene has left well-preserved remains about a citadel towering to a height of some Highland Ben. This inlet is now known as the Gulf of Kalamata, from the port at its head, terminus of a main line through the Peloponnesus. Round the corner of the western promontory lies Pylos, now known as Neocastro, but its bay is best noted in modern history as Navarino, where in 1827 Admiral Codrington, by destroying the Turkish fleet, consummated the liberation of Greece.

To the western coast-line flows the River Alpheus, on which opens the central plain of Olympia, whose games have been internationally revived in our time, but without the dignity and importance they had as rendezvous of old Greek life. A solemn truce was then proclaimed, allowing enemies to meet here in temporary peace. The ceremonies went on for a month, from the first full moon of the summer solstice, ending with processions, sacrifices, and other religious rites. Besides athletic contests of several kinds, it became customary for authors to read their works to the assembly; and the History of Herodotus is doubtfully said to have been published in this manner. The huge concourse lent itself also to commercial dealings, which gave those meetings the character of a fair. The temple of Zeus here was the chief seat of this god's worship, whose colossal gold and ivory statue by Phidias counted as one of the wonders of the ancient world. Another masterpiece, the Hermes of Praxiteles, came to light in our time, mutilated by the loss of its arms. Excavators, among whom Germans took a lead, have been diligently at work among the earthquake-shaken remains, fragments of which are collected in a notable museum; and hotels cater for hasty tourists who can easily reach them by rail from Patras. Near the mouth of the river is Pyrgos, a Peloponnesian town which, through its port, Katacolon, comes next to Patras in size.

The Morea's north-western corner is the Arcadia whose name bears for us some-

what misleading associations of idyllic scenes and peacefully-piping shepherds. It is rather a frowning highland region, fit haunt for Pan amid "steep mountains, deep ravines, rapid torrents, few plains". Over its rude scenery rose Orchomenos, the highest citadel of Greece (3000 feet). Nearly as high is the Lake of Pheneos, that more than once has dried up to be brought under cultivation; then again subterranean waters filled the hollow where Pluto dragged Proserpine down to his realm of darkness. From the cliffs of Chelmos dashes to its fall over a chaos of rocks the cold "Black Water", which as the ancient Styx seemed a stream of the infernal regions. About Erymanthus (over 7000 feet) may well have been the scene of Hercules slaying that redoubtable boar; and the marsh of Stymphalos and the den of the Lernean hydra were also among the wilds haunted by such gruesome imaginations. The Peneios, flowing by Elis, opens more bucolic prospects; and on the Ladon, draining those Arcadian hills into the Alpheus, even the belittling M. About came upon one tangle of sylvan beauty which filled him with admiration.

Across the Gulf of Corinth, near its mouth, lie Missolonghi and Naupactus with their memories of the War of Independence. It was at Missolonghi that Byron died of fever in 1824, breaking short a generous career that might have led him to victory over himself. Here we reach the ancient Epirus, separated from Thessaly by the Pindus range and its offshoots, below which the Aspropotamo flows to the Gulf of Patras from the Albanian highlands. At the northern end of Epirus is Janina, Ali Pasha's stronghold, taken by the Greek army in 1912. The coast is deeply broken by the Gulf of Arta, off which Mark Antony lost the world for love at the battle of Actium; and still may be seen brick ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus as monument of his victory. At the mouth the modern port of Prevesa, is, like Santi Quaranta higher up, best known to strangers as a port from which to gain Corfu; but when this part of Greece becomes more settled down, it will deserve to be visited for its own romantic



Corfu, the Fortezza Vecchia, from the Esplanade

The dilapidated buildings of the old Venetian fortress are now used as a barracks and military hospital.

mountain scenery. But at the north end of Epirus is the area disputed between Greece and Albania, which may yet call for intervention of the League of Nations.

The Isles of Greece, dear to Apollo, as famous as multitudinous, are, of course, broken fragments of the rugged mainland emerging from the sea. They can be ranged in three groups, the Ionian Islands off the west coast, the Cyclades on the east side with the Sporades scattered along the Asian coast, and Crete and Cythera off the southern end of Greece. Their richness, their beauty, and their havens of refuge from squally winds have in modern times brought upon them foreign masters, French, Italian, British and Turkish, who have mixed many strains of blood with the original stock. Bit by bit, they have nearly all been restored to Greece, unless for Rhodes and its Dodekanese (dozen) neighbours, which in Turkey's war with Italy were occupied by

the latter Power, showing a disposition to take example from the holder of Malta and Cyprus.

The Ionian Islands make a group of seven, five of them considerable in size, the largest Cephalonia (Kephallenia) measuring nearly 300 square miles and rising in Mt. Ainos (over 5000 feet) to their highest point. They were held for long by the Venetians, who did them little good morally or economically, then during Napoleon's time by the French, and afterwards by the British, under whom governors like Sir Thomas Maitland, nicknamed "King Tom", and Sir Frederick Adam concerned themselves about education, road-making, and other improvements, as well as fortifications. But the people found our rule less sympathetic than efficient, and in 1858 Gladstone came as Lord High Commissioner to inquire into their grievances. As result of his report, Britain gave up this ornament rather than bulwark of

her empire to Greece, thus gratifying national sentiment; but since then practical minds have sometimes seen cause to regret an administration that made for prosperity apart from patriotism; and in plain truth the islands have such a mixture of blood that they might as well have contented themselves with the lot of British citizens.

Corfu (Kerkyra), the northernmost, is the best known of the group, ever since as a colony of Corinth it made the *teterrima causa* of the Peloponnesian War; and it has an older title to fame if the late Samuel Butler would let us identify it with the realm of Alcinous, on whose shores Ulysses found a princess playing the laundrymaid. Not quite so large as Cephalonia, but more thickly populated with about 120,000 people, it attracts a good many strangers by the beauty of its scenery and the softness of its winter climate. These find quarters in villas and good hostels, contrasting with the old arcaded houses and semi-Oriental shops of the town of Corfu on the eastern side, of which Bishop Christopher Wordsworth could tell us before we gave up this Protectorate:

"It is, in its appearance, neither Greek nor Italian, but partakes of both characters. On entering its low gateway, from the interior of the island, we are reminded a little of the ancient dwellings of Pompeii by the uniform smallness of the houses, and the narrowness and regularity of the streets. It may be called a geographical mosaic, to which many countries of Europe have contributed a stone and a colour. Thus the streets are Italian, at least in their style and names; the arcades by which they are flanked might have come from Padua or Bologna; the winged lion of St. Mark may be seen marching, in stone, beneath the Venetian walls of its fortress; beneath them you find rusty pieces of cannon stamped with the words *Liberté* and *Egalité*, which carry you back to the time when the island was held under French rule; and if you walk to the other end of the Strada Reale, you will there hear in the market-place more than one Ionian vendor debating with an Irish or an English soldier."

Among its sights are the modern palace, the decayed Venetian fortress, and a richly-

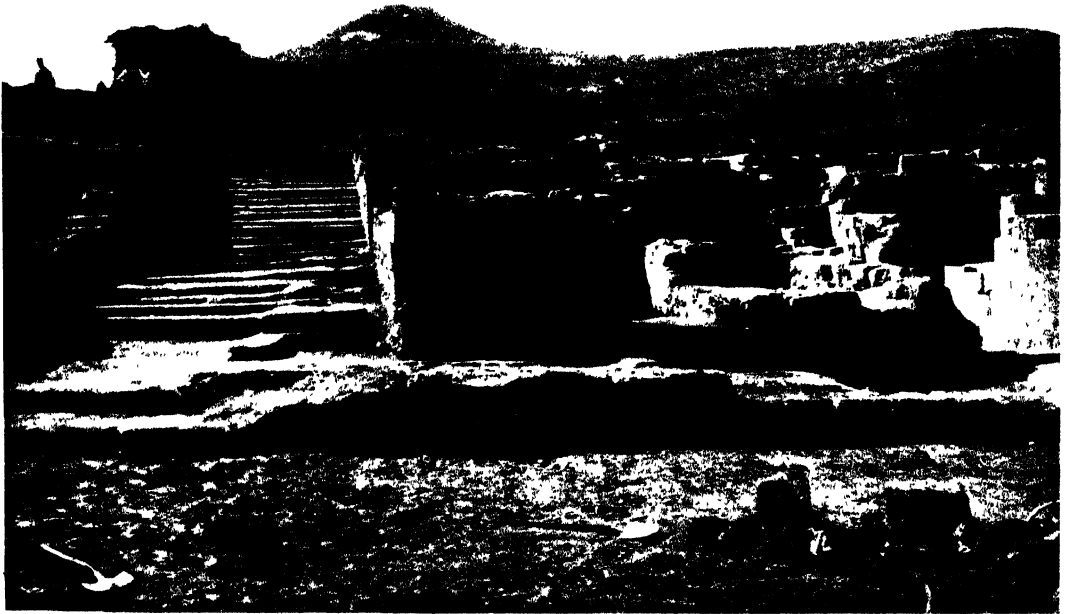
gardened royal villa, as well as the sumptuously adorned Achilleion in the vicinity, built for the Empress Elizabeth of Austria at a cost of three million pounds. This paradise was acquired by another ill-starred potentate, Kaiser Wilhelm, in the days of his unlucky flirtation with the East; and during the war it made a hospital for the Serbian victims of his ambition.

A good way to the south the stern cliffs of Acarnania are faced by Santa Maura (*Leukas*). This island has a lion of its own in the oldest of Lover's Leaps, that cliff from which Sappho is said to have hurled herself in the pangs of unrequited love; so it seems a pity that the German savant Dorpfeld should go about to claim it as the true home of Ulysses, rather than Ithaca, which lies between it and Cephalonia. These two, with the southernmost island Zante, enclose the Gulf of Patras, outside of which was fought the naval battle of Lepanto where Cervantes lost his hand. The author of *Don Quixote*, by the way, might make a safer authority on Homeric scenes than some more erudite critics, who credit the blind bard with the punctiliousness of a pedant and the certificate of a master-mariner.

Off the eastern coast lie the Cyclades, so many tops of a submerged extension of the mainland, inhabited of old by the Pelasgians or other primitive race, on whom have intruded Hellenes, Italians, and Turks to make another mosaic of strains. The Genoese and the Venetians left their marks here; but Greek is the common language. The largest of these islands, unless we count the long stretch of Eubœa, are Andros and Naxos, the former nearest to Attica, the latter so fertile as to be styled the Garden of the Cyclades, several of them modestly prosperous through olive, lemon, and orange groves. Naxos was famed in Greek legend as the scene of Bacchus's faithless love for Ariadne; and Delos was a venerated shrine of Apollo, as well as the treasury of a league headed by Athens. Tenos has inherited its sanctity as a place of modern pilgrimage to the church where an image of the Virgin was found on the site of an ancient temple. Paros is renowned for its

quarries of the finest of Greece's marbles; Santorin for the best of its wines. Syra is the chief port, that at one time made a centre of Levantine commerce; but of late its trade has been passing over to the Piræus. It had itself supplanted Chios, one of the Sporades, chief of the candidates for the honour of having given birth to Homer, which a

to another gleaning of slaughter among certain villages previously spared because their production of gum mastic yielded a considerable revenue; then of its hundred thousand people, not a twentieth part were left alive on the unhappy island, whose ruin was renewed for the two next generations by a frost that in 1851 killed its fruit crops,



Excavations in Crete: remains of the "Royal Villa", Aghia Triadha

Aghia Triadha is a little place about two miles from Phæstos, which along with Knossos was one of the chief towns of Crete. It is supposed that this "villa" was a country seat belonging to the lords of Phæstos. Many objects of remarkable artistic interest were discovered at this spot, notably three vases in black soapstone which are veritable triumphs of Minoan art.

century ago was the richest, most flourishing, and most enlightened spot in the Ægean till blighted by a fearsome doom. It had taken but slight part in the rising against Turkey, when on it were landed a horde of semi-savage troops to ravage the island for weeks, slaying 25,000 of the people and carrying off nearly twice as many into slavery. In retaliation for this massacre, a Greek fire-ship burned the Capitan-Pasha's vessel, which infuriated the Turks

and in 1881 by an earthquake causing 5000 deaths among the ruins of its homes.

The Cyclades almost mingle with the Sporades off the coast of Asia Minor, the whole forming such a numerous archipelago that one's safest schoolboy answer to a question in classical geography used to be "an island in the Ægean Sea". These ancient colonies belong rather to the field of another volume, along with Greece's pretensions on the Anatolian mainland.

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Off the southern end of Greece lies Cythera (Cerigo), the island home of Venus, which by its Venetian masters was counted among the Ionian Isles. Farther to the south comes Crete (Candia), the large island that, after a generation fitfully struggling under the Turkish yoke, has now secured its union with Greece. Famous in Greek myth and legend, Crete has in the last twenty years opened new ground for history through Sir Arthur Evans's researches at Knossos, discovering this island as the first home of European civilization. There are here traces of man in the Stone Age 10,000 years before our era. In the Bronze Age had arisen a State of Minoan kings whose palace, dating earlier than 2000 B.C., was replaced by a more elaborate one so vast that its countless halls and chambers may well have suggested the story of Theseus and the Minotaur. A bull, indeed, was the totem of this kingdom; and it was on the back of a milk-white steer that Zeus carried off

Europa to Crete to be godmother for a whole continent.

The heyday of the Minoan kings was about 1500 B.C., when their palace displayed tokens of wealth and art as well as a better system of drainage than is now found in most towns of the Levant; they had writings on clay tablets not yet deciphered, and wide-spread relations of commerce or colonization. So strong was their sea-power that they did not think necessary to fortify their capital; but it looks as if careless security had cut down the naval estimates, for a century later the city came to be destroyed by fire, probably borne on the wings of conquest; then its power and glory passed to Tiryns and Mycenæ on the mainland, where the Mycenæan grew to overshadow the Minoan epoch. The decline of Athens also, let us heedfully note, dates from its losing command of the sea, bridge between those early civilizations whose empire has passed to the west.



In the ruined Palace of Knossos, Crete: the throne of Minos

CONSTANTINOPLE

We have seen how, before the rise of those Christian States, Turkey in Europe had been shrinking like Balzac's *Peau de Chagrin*, till now it has come to be little more than the precincts of Constantinople—the *Polis*, as it is called *par excellence* all over the Levant—a corner of the Balkan Peninsula which, in addition to its political upheavals, is liable to destructive earthquakes, as shown in that of 1912, said to have cost a thousand lives about the Sea of Marmora and in the country between Constantinople and Adrianople. European Turkey, as reduced by the Balkan War in 1913, having half the population concentrated in or about the capital, its own famous name may serve as a title for a State that seems destined to extinction sooner or later. From the precarious remnant of his conquests the degenerate Turk should have been expelled “bag and baggage” a generation ago, but for the jealous ambition of would-be heirs to his misused heritage; questions of “scrip and scrippage” also went to lengthen out the last days of a “Sick Man” so heavily indebted to foreign creditors. It was Russia that most keenly looked forward to administering this bankrupt estate, as she might now have done had she not at the critical moment chosen to commit political suicide. So, indeed, did Turkey by allowing herself to be galvanized into action on behalf of the Central Empires.

The great city, the older Byzantium to which Constantine transferred the majesty of Rome, is still packed with about a million of people, perhaps not so many as when for a thousand years its massive fortifications kept barbarism and fanaticism from overwhelming the refuge of classic civilization.

Not less famous than in history is it for beauty of site and aspect on an estuary-like arm of the sea. “Who”, writes Mr. Frederick Harrison, “could paint to the mind's eye those endless vistas of bays, creeks, hill-sides, crowned in the far distance, across the water, with the snows of Olympus, whilst on the land side rise terraces, gardens, towers, palaces, mosques, and minarets, tier after tier, climbing up the seven hills—and these are strewn with beech, vine, acacia, cypress; and in front the Golden Horn is alive with every shape of ship and boat? The miracle of its charm is this union of superb landscape—sea coast, wooded river, and mountain range—with the inimitable confusion of picturesque architecture of every age and style.” The pity of it is that this magnificent panorama proves so far theatrical as best seen from a little distance under dazzling light, but beside the scenes revealing daubs and gaps not disfiguringly apparent from in front of the proscenium.

The Turk was in a minority even within the bounds of his crumbling power when it stretched far beyond the Bosphorus and the ancient Byzantium. The Eastern Roman Empire, making such a bewilderingly gorgeous show in the pages of Gibbon, extended over more than a thousand years, during which it passed into the hands of many usurpers and invaders; and not till the epoch of our Wars of the Roses was it finally overcome by Mohammed II. He has had some thirty successors, few of them reigning at ease, their life and power, as the Roman emperors' among their Prætorian Guards, being usually held at the will of the Janissaries, till this turbulent



Constantinople: Sancta Sophia, Justinian's great church (built 532-548)

The exterior of Sancta Sophia is plain and unattractive, as buildings of every sort have been piled around it which hide and disfigure its form. The magnificence is within: upon no other Christian church has ever such priceless material been lavished—every species of marble, gold, silver, and precious stones were employed with prodigal hand in its construction and adornment. Alone of all churches which fell to Islam it retains its Christian name, and in its capacity as a Moslem mosque Sancta Sophia is regarded by the Ottomans with the utmost reverence.

corps was exterminated by Mahmud II in 1826. From Stamboul, as is the Turkish name, its Sultan, "*un sanglier qui est devenu cochon*", imposed on the Moslem world in virtue of a pretension to be the Caliph, or successor of the Prophet; but his supremacy sat somewhat lightly on even the faithful of Asia and Africa, and in Europe his despotism was so tempered by dread of Christian interference that for long past he hardly seemed master of the foreign merchants, who, with Greeks, Armenians, and other Christians, are the most active and prosperous part of his capital's population. The *Effendis*, the educated class of Turkish society, were so slow and sleepy as to form a school of patience as well as of courtesy

for Europeans who did business with them; and Christians have often supplied the best officials of a democratically absolute State in which a slave might any day rise to be Grand Vizier by capricious favour of the Sultan.

Within the battered walls still stand monuments of Constantinople's greatness, foremost among them Justinian's St. Sophia, once greatest of Christian churches, mutilated by Crusader as well as Moslem, and now defaced by the tawdry bedizenments of a Turkish mosque, but ever impressive in its hugeness. "Everything is enormous," exclaims M. Reinach here, "the cupola pouring down a flood of white light, the arches, the pillars, the columns, the

capitals, the green scrolls inscribed in gold, the mosaic wings decking the bodies of Greek archangels disappeared under Moslem plastering! It is not a temple, it is a world. Flocks of pigeons flutter under the vault as if it were the sky. At the foot of the *member* (pulpit), tall as a Luxor obelisk, certain black dots are the faithful at prayer." This illustrious sanctuary the Greeks have been eager to reclaim from its desecration, at the risk of spreading scandalous shock through the Mohammedan world. Among the sights of the city are also remains of its Hippodrome, that vast circus in which raged the contests of Blue and Green factions; ruins of the palace of Belisarius, and fragments of the imperial State of Constantine, Justinian, and Heraclius; some hint of the Golden Gate, by which emperors rode into their capital in triumph, and the tottering mass of the Seven Towers, "themselves a history", now broken into for the passage of the Orient express that lets light from the West upon this scene of squalid and dusty dry-rot,¹ whose most hopeful modern institutions seemed to be the American Robert College and a Girls' College, making wholesome efforts at education among a backward people, with more en-

lightening influence than spreads from the modest Vatican of the Greek Patriarchate. Unless for Levantine *lingua franca*, French has been the foreign tongue oftenest heard here; and French literature of the baser sort was most in evidence. Foreign post offices were better trusted than the Turkish officials, whose native sluggishness might indeed be puzzled by a multiplicity of unfamiliar alphabets. Newspapers were printed, under a stupidly strict censorship, in French, English, Greek, and other languages. Of late years, German came to intrude, when the tightly-buckled figures of German officers, hardly disguised under a fez, added a new feature to the medley of skins and costumes exhibited in this cosmopolitan city.

As already hinted, travellers see Constantinople to best advantage from the sea, before exploring its steep, dirty, ill-paved streets, till lately infested by bands of scavenger dogs, the arched galleries of its bazaars and its hundreds of mosques housing flocks of pigeons, for which, as for other birds, the Turk has a soft spot in his heart. But the Young Turk Government exhibited its enlightenment by a massacre of the celebrated Constantinople dog-packs, shipped off to die of mad hunger and thirst on an uninhabited island. With the exception of the mosques and the many baths, the houses have been built chiefly of wood; now frequent ravaging fires are bringing about the use of stone. The main Turkish city is on the southern promontory at the corner of the Bosphorus, running out to a point occupied by the Seraglio, whose great gate gave the *alias* of "Sublime Porte" to the Sultan's power. On the north the harbour inlet of the Golden Horn separates Stamboul from Galata, the seat of Frankish commerce since the days when Genoese merchants established themselves in a city where still there are more banks and warehouses than workshops. The upper part of this promontory is Pera, another European quarter, in which are the residences of the ambassadors and well-to-do foreigners, as also the most showy shops; but the best thoroughfares are neigh-

¹ "There is a raw unfinished air about everything—neither characteristic of the East nor of the West—to be in part attributed to the ravages of constant fires. The city is a jumble of huge unexpected places left bare, isolated houses, or rather villas with gardens in the centre of the city, blocks of dirty narrow streets with gutters in the middle, and lordly mosques. . . . Seen from a distance the effect of domes and minarets standing out on the sky-line is magnificent, but on near inspection a mosque is essentially monotonous, and all are more or less clumsy parodies of St. Sophia. Always square, always with domes—a large one in the centre, and a conglomeration of smaller ones and half-domes at the corners. . . . There are enormous iron hoops of candelabra hanging low down under the dome, furnished with innumerable small glass burners like night-lights. The hoops are such as are used for a public hall, only that no hall would be lighted so miserably, and are decorated with roc's eggs, horses' tails, and coloured tassels suspended by cords, like toys to amuse children. The eye is also attracted by the hideous coloured discs given by various sultans, which are fixed on the angles of the domes, as at St. Sophia, with sprawling Turkish letters running round, and by the name of God and texts of the Koran encircling arches, entrances, pillars, and empty spaces."—Mrs. Elliot's *Diary of an Idle Woman in Constantinople*.

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boured by foul and tortuous slums. The decayed Phanar quarter was the Faubourg St. Germain of the old Byzantine aristocracy. The beautiful islets of the Sea of Marmora make holiday resorts, as do the baths of Yalova and a stream-mouth known as the "Fresh Waters of Asia", near the narrowest part of the channel guarded by two ancient fortresses. On the Asian bank of the Bosphorus, alive with ships, steamers, and *caïques*, appear the white houses and dark cemeteries of Scutari, where the Turk prefers to be buried on the native soil of his race; but all the suburbs spreading along both shores are shut in by forests of cypress trees marking the neglected graves that give such a gloomy air to the environs of this moribund city. Even the climate is apt to be disappointing. Under a hot sun lighting up the close-packed mass of domes and towers, with its fringe of garden villas, the waters glow in magic tints that vanish beneath cloudy skies, when a wind from the

Balkan snows tries even Turkish patience, or heavy rain turns the roofs into water-spouts, and the ill-paved, ill-drained streets into gutters. A stir of modern life is most visible in the European quarters, which do not much differ from any Mediterranean town.

In spite of Osmanli conservatism, civilizing influences make themselves felt among the polyglot population of Stamboul. The Turk's sluggish fatalism has long ago given in to the introduction of inefficient fire-engines in his inflammable city. Trams jingle through its streets, and the railroad has made a clearance among its ruins. The forbidden "fire-water" of the Frank is drunk in secret or openly by many a believer, who in his dress copies the frock-coats and trousers, hardly yet the head-gear, of the West; while the veils of bedaubed faces grow slighter as the Turk gets used to the scandalous sight of Christian women, who hide their legs yet unblushingly expose the



Constantinople: the bridge over the Golden Horn between Stamboul and Galata

features of Eastern modesty. At home Turkish women are confined to a separate part of the house, but their status is practically a higher one than might be supposed. Polygamy is exceptional in family life; and the slaves who perform domestic service have often a better lot than some "slaveys" of the West. The Sultan, it seems, still received tribute of Circassian slaves, but rather as a traditional matter of form; his harem drove out in broughams, with the customary eunuchs, disguised as footmen, on the box. The regular army wore a Europeanized uniform, except for the green turbans of irregular Bashi-Bazouks and the white kilts and other showy finery of the Albanians. Bright local colour, indeed, is supplied by the rainbow hues of the caftans and scarves worn by the lower classes, and by the almost universal red fez that still marks the Oriental in his European garb.

The torpor and neglect of the Sultan's capital typified the state of the country over which his reign intruded Asia into Europe. It had come down to a tongue of the ancient Thracia, afterwards known as Roumelia, "Roman Land", now a stretch of bare steppes and rolling downs, scorched by the hot summer and blighted by a winter surprisingly severe so far south, yet with fertile oases that could be extended under a good Government. The chief inland city is Adrianople, also founded by a Roman emperor, which was the original capital of the invading Turks, and still preserves a noble mosque and other relics of their magnificence, amid the same squalid and insanitary streets as mark the Turkish quarters of Constantinople. With a mixed population, shrunk to 50,000 or so, it stands pleasantly elevated above the confluence of the Tundja and the Maritza, hence navigable downwards, and on the main line from Belgrade to the Bosphorus, so that Bulgaria might well covet it as an advanced point of attack on the Sultan's authority, as well as centre of a naturally rich district, the ownership of which is no longer to go with Constantinople.

Westward came Macedonia, fitfully struggling for a freedom it seemed hardly in

case to benefit by, coveted by neighbouring princes, and distracted by the feuds of unkindly strains of population hating each other as they all hate the haughty Turk. Europe made efforts at interfering for the better government of Macedonia, ill seconded by the slothful inefficiency of its lord the Turk, not an unpleasant acquaintance, but an execrable master. He consented to good laws, slothfully and corruptly administered; he proclaimed a toleration marred by the inveterate hatreds of his heterogeneous subjects; but the duty of government which he performed with least ineptness was the wringing of taxes from the impoverished peasantry, and the shackling of commerce as far as his patrons would allow. All he could levy or borrow did not save Turkey from a state of chronic bankruptcy, in which, while the Porte let its once formidable fleet go to ruin, it kept up a large army, that might be increased to a million of men whose martial qualities, when well trained and led, could make that Sick Man's dying struggle a violent one, if his power did not lack the sinews of war.

Even Turkey has felt the spirit of the age, stirring a burst of political development. In our time she was long ruled by the Sultan Abdul Hamed, who lived secluded in the park of Yildiz, venturing forth between a hedge of soldiers only on Fridays to perform his devotions at an adjacent mosque. Cunning and morose, cowardly as well as cruel, this despot held down the "Young Turk" party seeking to regenerate the State on Western models, till in 1908 a band of these patriots, with the help of liberal-minded soldiery at Salonica, were able to bring about a sudden revolution.

The Sultan, making virtue of necessity, proclaimed a constitution and called a parliament, which met amid popular enthusiasm. But next year, not without suspicion of an attempt at counter-revolution on the Sultan's part, the troops at the capital broke into mutiny, murdering many of their officers. The Salonica army marched upon Constantinople, which was captured after a short but sharp struggle. Abdul Hamed was deposed and taken to Salonica, his

brother Rechad being raised to the throne as Mohammed V, pledged to rule in a constitutional manner. But he and his successor were puppets in the hands of reckless intriguers; and soon it proved that the "Young Turks", too confidently hailed in Europe as reformers, were but the "Old Turks" writ large with an acute accent of conceit and selfishness. It was indeed not easy to adapt the rusty machinery of Turkish government to the efforts of a "Committee of Union and Progress" that latterly made the real Government, with the German-trained Enver Pasha as its sword. We cannot well blame these intending patriots if, in the year of the war's outbreak, they took courage to abolish the "capitulations" under which foreigners lived at Constantinople immune from the Sultan's jurisdiction.

In 1912, for the first time, the Christian States banded themselves together to rescue Macedonia from Turkish oppression. The Sultan's armies, ill-trained, ill-equipped and ill-supplied, were quickly driven back behind a line of fortifications some two dozen miles in front of Constantinople. Adrianople was taken after a stout resistance to a Bulgarian army, in the end reinforced by a Serbian contingent; but this city could be regained when its captors fell out into brief war with each other. The shame and smart of those defeats drove Turkey into the open arms of Germany, that had long been pushing intrigues in this quarter. We know what came of that. In the Great War, Turkey and her German tutors had the triumph of seeing the Dardanelles barred by imposing fortifications against its old allies, and, for the last time, let us hope, the satisfaction of cruelly massacring a million or so of its helpless subjects; but in the end it fell, never to rise again, surely, on this side of the Bosphorus.

Talaat and Enver, the minister and the general who had let their country be dragged at Germany's heels, took to flight, sentenced to death in their absence; and the new Government made an attempt at placating Europe by delivering some of the worst atrocity-mongers to justice. The war waged

so disastrously is understood to have been as unpopular with the best class of Turks as with the ignorant masses, haled to slaughter at the bidding of a gang of unscrupulous adventurers. The heat of conflict stirred up Moslem fanaticism; but the Young Turks, who persecuted Christians out of policy, appear to be often indifferent to any religion. Turkish rule being powerless for good, if not for evil, it had been hoped that America, as an impartial trustee, would undertake the guardianship of the decrepit State, and the charge of keeping the straits freely open; but Uncle Sam showed himself shy of accepting such an office, nor was John Bull for adding to his commitments at this end of Europe. Partly for fear of offending Moslem sentiment, the Peace Council was disposed to let the Caliph remain seated at Stamboul, where an eye might be closely kept on him; but renewed massacres by his myrmidons raised a fresh cry for the rooting out of Turkish authority in Europe. As a strong hint for better behaviour, Constantinople was in 1920 occupied by Allied troops; and there was some talk of a permanent superintendence of the Sultan confined to his palace, like the Pope at the Vatican, so long as his State shows so little sign of repentance for crimes against humanity.

After prolonged delay in the spring of 1920, the terms of Turkey's humiliation were announced. The Sultan might remain at Constantinople, a decision cried out against by those who had desired his final expulsion from the corner of Europe so mismanaged for nearly five centuries. But his territory here was to be cut down to an appendage reaching as far as the defensive lines of Chatalja, two dozen miles behind the capital. The rest of Thrace should go to Greece, that would fain have had Constantinople and all. Pecuniary indemnities were expected no more than in the case of squeezing blood out of a stone. The fortifications of the Dardanelles were to be dismantled. The Turkish army was to be reduced to 50,000 men, now enlisted without compulsion. The navy and air force must be scrapped. Besides parts of



The beautiful Turkish Cemetery at Scutari

Scutari lies on the Asian side of the Bosphorus, and here, on the native soil of his race, the Moslem prefers to be buried, because he believes that one day the Turkish power will be expelled from Europe. There are perhaps twenty times the living population of the city interred, each in a separate grave, amid the far-stretching cypress groves at Scutari

the Asia Minor coast given up to foreign control, Turkey had to lose Syria, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and the Hedjaz, already claiming an independence, disappointed by mandates of protectorate granted to France and Britain. Armenia, too, was to be resigned to the remnant of its butchered people. The crushed authority of the Porte had to submit to these hard terms, threatened as it was not only by the Allied occupation, but by "Nationalist" insurrection of sullen patriotism on both sides of the Bosphorus, while the Bulgarians raged and blustered to see Greece awarded the prize of Thracian territory that had for a moment seemed to be within their own grasp. Whether or no any modifications of these arrangements be made, one point on which the victorious Allies are clearly and definitely agreed is that henceforth no sel-

fish Power shall be able to keep closed this great highway of international commerce, its guardianship now confided to a European Commission.

The Sea of Marmora, guarded by the Turks in a dog-in-the-manger spirit, is some 170 miles long, enclosing several islands and deeply indented on the Asian side. Its outlet into the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, on which stands Constantinople, is a narrow channel for a score of miles. Its western strait, the Dardanelles, or Hellespont, is twice as long, at more than one point about a mile wide, so that here, between the ancient Sestos and Abydos, its strong current could be crossed by adventurous swimmers like Leander and Lord Byron. On the European side it is edged by the long hilly promontory of Gallipoli, named from a considerable port

that was the chief station of the Turkish fleet.

Early in the Great War an Allied fleet attempted to force the passage, but it proved too strongly defended by forts, mines, and submarines, so that this navy, after serious losses, had to confine itself to backing a land attack with the outlying Island of Lemnos as its base. In the spring of 1915 a landing was made on several beaches of the hilly, rocky, and sandy point ending as Cape Helles, and there, with extraordinary exertions and losses, the Allied troops lodged themselves in positions from which they pressed struggling advances, every yard costing dear in blood. For the rest of the year an army of 100,000 men was kept fighting in this narrow space, exposed to ceaseless fire in the shallow trenches, scorched by dusty heat in summer, then frozen by winter storms. Twice that number were cut down by death and disease; but command of the sea enabled us to fill up the wasted ranks. With all their dauntless courage, progress was so slow and costly that the attempt had to be given up, having at least served to hold engaged a larger force of the enemy with heavier losses than our own. At the end of the year, the army was withdrawn, leaving the promontory scarred by its entrenchments, which Mr. John Masfield can describe as an eyewitness.

"These lines were the homes of thousands of our soldiers for half a year and more. There they lived and did their cooking and washing, made their jokes and sang their songs. There they sweated under their burdens, and slept, and fell in to die. There they marched up the burning hill, where the sand-devils flung by the shells were blackening heaven; there they lay in their dirty rags awaiting death; and there, by thousands up and down, they lie buried, in little lonely graves where they fell, or in the pits of the great engagements. Those lines at Cape Helles, Anzac, and Suvla, were once busy towns, thronged by thousands of citizens, whose going and coming and daily labour were cheerful with singing, as though those places

were mining-camps during a gold rush, instead of a perilous front where the fire never ceased and the risk of death was constant. But for the noise of war, coming in an irregular rattle, with solitary big explosions, the screams of shells, or the wild whistling crying of ricochets, they seemed busy but very peaceful places. At night, from the sea, the lamps of the dug-outs on the cliffs were like the lights of sea-coast towns in summer, and the places seemingly as peaceful, but for the pop and rattle of fire and the streaks of glare from the shells. There was always singing, sometimes very good and always beautiful, coming in the crash of war; and always one heard the noises of the work of men—the beat of pile-drivers, wheels going over stones, and the little solid pobbing noises from bullets dropping in the sea."

The months long battle of Gallipoli may well be styled a "glorious failure". It was fought for the most part by half-trained troops, the largest and keenest contingent being the "Anzacs" who here had such a fierce baptism of fire. Yet no victory of our arms deserves to be remembered with more pride than this unavailing struggle against death, disease, and hardship. The heroes of Thermopylæ and of Salamis might have quailed before the perils which our soldiers and sailors faced so unflinchingly on the Dardanelles.

Unless the Allied arbitrators see cause here to revise their decision, the rest of Thrace, on either side of the Constantinople enclave, has been given to Greece, that here is reaping what she did not much to sow. At the moment of writing, her troops have advanced to wrest the Adrianople region from Turkish "Nationalist" bands, with whom, for once, disappointed Bulgarians are willing to make common cause. Had Greece played a nobler part in the war, she might have pressed a claim to greater spoil, and in any case is not yet contented with the share grudged her by envious neighbours. She looks on the capital of this Eastern empire as her due, and refuses to be happy till she gets it as metropolis of her restored dominion.

BULGARIA

As their Roumanian neighbours compliment themselves on being the French of the Balkans, the Bulgarians are rather inclined to swagger in a Prussian character. On the atrocities that gained for them such indignant sympathy, they have certainly turned the tables by waging war in a spirit to delight the heroes of Louvain and Aerschot, while in peace they have shown old German qualities of industry and frugality, to which their enemies add coarseness and boorishness, and their friends the praise of being honest and practical. It seems their misfortune rather than their fault that among the Balkan peoples this one, under the near thumb of Stamboul, remained longest submissive to its tyrants, and let its independence be won mainly by hands not its own.

There is some question as to the origin of the Bulgarians, the general view being that it represents a union of Mongol and Slav blood. The Swiss anthropologist Pittard pronounces them an amalgamation of all the Balkan races, after their earliest forbears are thought to have pushed south from the Volga's Tartar reaches. One explanation of their name is as *Volgarians*, given them by a sixteenth-century writer passing through their country. In any case they are now a fairly-homogeneous people, but for a dwindling remnant of Turks, legacy from their former subjection. They came to use a Slav dialect, but their manners had a touch of the Tartar that, as in the case of the Huns of old, made them bogeys for their neighbours.

Their first chief known to history was one Krum the Terrible, who made head against Constantinople in the days of Charlemagne. Later in the ninth century

Boris won a milder fame by receiving the missionaries Cyril and Methodius, and ending as a cloistered saint a life of dubious sanctity. His son Simeon, styled the Great, spread a Bulgarian empire over most of the peninsula, but this greatness did not endure. In the tenth century a priest named Bogomil had the name of preaching up here the Manichean heresy; and his doctrine can still be traced among the religious quarrels of the Balkans. About A.D. 1000 Bulgarian sway spread afresh under a Czar Samuel; but the story goes that he died of grief when the Emperor Basil II sent him back 15,000 of his captured warriors all blinded, except one man in a hundred, to whom was left one eye that he might be guide to his comrades. Bulgaria still struggled fitfully against the empire, for a time under the Roumanian dynasty of Asen; then Serbian heroes rather came to the front as champions who would before long have to face the Crescent. For four centuries, indeed, Serbia and Bulgaria alternately took the dominating part in a rivalry revived of late years. The Crusaders had been intruding as unwelcome allies for Constantinople; and strife between Greeks and Latins struck a new note in the Balkan discords. When the Turks gave back tit for tat to the Christian invasion of Asia, at the end of the fourteenth century what may be called the last of the Crusades ended in the rout on a Danube plain of the flower of Christian chivalry, 100,000 strong, led by John the Fearless of Burgundy, who fell captive to the Sultan Bajazet. About the same time the momentous battle of Kossovo made the Turk master of all the Balkan region but its mountain citadels and the long-defended capital, that fell into his hands (A.D. 1453).

As nearest of the Christian people to Constantinople, it was the lot of the Bulgarians to be most thoroughly overcome by the Ottoman Sultans, to whom for centuries they remained in abject submission, but for bands of mountain brigands. The flower of their youth were turned into janisseries; many of the rest took the turban; and those remaining faithful to the cross fell under the sway of the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, who fleeced rather than fed those rough sheep, forced upon them the use of Greek in their liturgy, and by destroying their nascent Slav literature helped to repress such a growth of national consciousness as in Serbia gave more trouble to the conquerors.

Thus on the open Danube plains most of this people sank into the state of oppressed *raias*, without leaders but such as their masters chose to impose on them, Phanariot pashas and Greek bishops who speculated in buying such offices from the Sultan's Government. At the end of the eighteenth century, one robber chief did manage to snatch a few years of independence for a northern district; then the Serbian and the Greek revolts spread ripples of agitation into Bulgaria. What awoke it to opener discontent was a beginning of literature in the Bulgarians' own language, from which they learned to magnify the exploits of their bygone heroes, historical or mythical, and began to hope for deliverance at the hands of Russia. Their first general revolt was not against the Turkish pashas but the Greek bishops set over them, spiritual tyrants so greedy and so insolent that the Bulgarian Christians were for turning to the Uniat compromise between the Latin and Greek creeds; some even would have gone over wholly to Rome. But such flirting with the Pope did not please either Russia or Turkey; and Russia interfered to get established for Bulgaria a national Orthodox Church of her own, its head an Exarch seated at Constantinople under the scowl of the Greek patriarch. This Church made a core of national feeling, expressing itself in efforts at insurrection which drew down the appalling chastisement of

massacres of more than 25,000 Bulgarians by savage Circassians and Bashi-Bazouks, and called the attention of Europe to a people tying another knot in the Balkan tangle, now so great a concern to statesmen who before the Crimean War hardly knew the name of Bulgaria. There still held out *comitadjis*, bands of outlaws so named, as fostered by committees formed across the borders to plot for Bulgaria's liberation. Then in Russia's 1877-8 war the help of a corps of Bulgarians won for their country a new status as a principality, still paying tribute to the Porte, but free to elect a Christian prince as its ruler.

The first prince chosen was the Czarina's nephew, Alexander of Battenberg, who had served both in the Russian and the Prussian armies, a brave and honest young man, but without the qualities for controlling a State that at one bound had been raised from serfdom into turbulent democracy. As in Serbia, the Turks had cut off the indigenous heads of this people, reducing it to an equality of subjection; and its first constitution found material for only a single house of parliament, the *Sobranje*, elected by universal suffrage; the members, it was significantly provided, must be able to read and write. Leadership fell much into the hands of "intellectual" Bulgarians, educated in Russia or elsewhere abroad, now flocking home to play schoolmasters for a country in great need of instruction. But these unpractised politicians fell by the ears, and Bulgarian liberty became so like anarchy, that with the countenance of Russia Alexander carried out a *coup d'état* which gave more power to his government as also to Russian influences. This united all factions in opposition to a Russian domination threatening to replace that of Turkey. The prince himself grew restive in his Russian leading-strings. Russia was concerned not to let this contumacious protégé grow stronger, as it seemed like to do by taking in the province of Roumelia to the south, which had been granted a quasi-autonomy under a Turkish governor. The Roumelians used their measure of liberty to seek an extension of it by union with Bulgaria,

and they were backed by Britain against the opposition of Russia and Turkey, for once united in policy. A rebellion in Roumelia called in Alexander as its champion, who thereby definitely shook off the patronage of Russia, and was drawn also into a war with Serbia, in which King Milan got the worst of it. Austria interfered to bring Alexander's prowess to a stand; but the Powers were so afraid of kindling a general European war that he was allowed to become governor of Roumelia, thus practically united to Bulgaria.

But he could not unite the rival parties of his own State, and one of them, instigated by Russia, conspired to overthrow him. In 1886, surprised at night in his palace by mutinous soldiers, he got off better than his murdered namesake of Serbia, but was forced to abdicate and carried secretly across the frontier, an incident that made a nine days' wonder for European newspapers. Demonstrations of the other party showed that those conspirators did not represent the national feeling, and a few days later the prince was brought back in triumph. Yet under the displeasure of the Czar, he felt his position no longer tenable, so quitted the country for good, leaving it in the hands of a regency headed by Stamboulof, who, after beginning life as a tailor, had in the clash of parties been making his way to play the dictator. All through those domestic troubles, Bulgaria, creature of Russia as it was in its rebirth, quickly developed a very good conceit of itself, along with ambitious views of new expansion over its mediæval conquests.

For the next seven years, till he was murdered in 1894, Stamboulof held power by brutal energy that did not stick at terrorizing elections and torturing or executing his political rivals. It was a year before a new figure-head could be imported, the available princes of Europe being rather shy of such a rickety throne. When Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg was fixed on, he put himself at first in the hands of that arbitrary minister, who has been complimented by the title of a Balkan Richelieu, and his rule of terror did a good deal

towards reducing the country to order. But before Stamboulof's death Ferdinand had shaken off his rude mastery, and presently showed himself unscrupulously ambitious on his own account. He succeeded in keeping under the quarrelsome factions, and so promoting education and progress as to win the confidence of Europe for his country, while he so craftily advanced his own interest by dealings with Russia and Austria that in 1908 no objection was made to his flouting the Treaty of Berlin by a proclamation of Bulgaria's absolute independence, with the promotion of himself to the title of its Czar. His dynasty had already been strengthened by the Crown Prince, Boris, adopting the national religion.

Having formed a strong army, Ferdinand seemed to aim at winning an empire of the Balkans, uniting its Christian peoples against the moribund Turks. His own people, also, their heads swollen by rapid progress in nationality, began to think of themselves as destined to play the leading part in the peninsula. Bulgaria proper, between the Danube and the Balkans, had been increased to about the size of Portugal, with a population of 4,000,000, by the addition of Eastern Roumelia, the upper basin of the Maritza, the ancient Hebrus, lying between the Balkans and the Rhodope mountains of Thrace. The grasping kingdom now hoped to snatch further acquisitions from the troubles of Macedonia, its oppressed population largely of Slav blood but contradictorily claimed as of Serbian or Bulgarian origin, a knotty question as to which much has been said on both sides. The Bulgarians pushed their pretensions with a high hand, bands of brigandish *comitadjis* now and then carrying fire and sword into the distracted country; and the Exarchate Independent Church made a rallying point for some allegiance of sentiment among the Macedonian Slavs, no more in love with their Greek neighbours than their Turkish tyrants, less able to defend than to oppress them. Greece was another pretender to predominance where its bygone glories had preceded those of the rival Slav kingdoms. But, while Bulgarian writers

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fondly recalled the past empire of Simeon and Samuel, some of them swelled patriotic conceit to the point of claiming not only the Emperor Constantine but Alexander and Aristotle as fellow-countrymen!

All efforts from outside having failed to plaster this running sore of misgovernment, Bulgaria took a lead in attacking Turkey for Macedonia's deliverance, joined by Greece and Serbia in an alliance very likely to break up when it came to dividing the spoil. In 1912 the Bulgarian army got the best of it with the Turks, but the worst of a subsequent short struggle with her recent allies, which defeat gave over to the latter at the settlement most of that disputed region of Macedonia, while Roumania had also stepped in to annex a corner of Bulgarian territory. Put off with a southern extension to the Ægean Sea that gave her the unsatisfactory port Dedeagatch, Bulgaria was thus left in a mood of sullen disappointment, ready to intrigue with the Central Empires for revenge on her successful neighbour Serbia. For a time she kept out of the Great War, till it seemed to be going in favour of the Powers with which, and with her late enemy Turkey, she cast her lot in 1915, contributing an army more than half a million strong, now that her population numbered nearly 5,000,000. It has been already told how Serbia was overrun by invasion from three sides while the Entente forces, hampered by various difficulties, had to stand on guard behind the improvised fortifications of Salonica. For two years and more an international army, under General Sarraïl, made difficult progress against a line of almost impregnable positions; but at last the Bulgarian resistance suddenly collapsed, and the angry exhaustion of his subjects drove Ferdinand to an abdication that now became much the fashion among princes.

He left his kingdom fairly consolidated, with a beginning of manufactures and a good measure of education, according to Balkan standards, the land well divided but not well cultivated by its peasant farmers. The crops and industries, flora and fauna, are much the same as Serbia's; but Bulgaria,

on its southern side, has one special product in an intensive cultivation of roses to be distilled into the essence known as attar. She has the same minerals to exploit; and coal was being actively worked in the Balkans by a German company. A lack of rock-salt was supplied by sea-coast "salt gardens", in which the Black Sea waters were evaporated. The flag was a white, green, and red tricolour, and the national crest a lion, that, as in Roumania, lent its name to the standard decimal coin. But lions are not now known in Bulgaria, as are buffaloes and jackals, and a diminishing beasthood of prey in wolves, bears, wild cats, foxes, and so forth, that still find lairs in its thick forests. The Danube and its tributaries breed many kinds of fish, chief of them the sturgeon, sometimes weighing several hundreds of pounds, to furnish excellent caviare and isinglass.

The Bulgarian people, in whom flat faces and narrow eyes sometimes suggest a Mongolian strain, are hardy and laborious, in adjacent countries noted for undertaking rough jobs like railway making and for enterprise in colonization. Many of them live to a great old age, which has been attributed to their use of sour milk, that was some time ago brought into medical fashion all over Europe by the Russian chemist Metchnikoff's recommendation; but it did not give himself such longevity as he promised from it. While most of them are Christians of their own Church, there remain many groups of Turks, the villages of the two faiths mixed up together, to be distinguished on approach by a church tower or a minaret; and the Turkish homes have a way of masking themselves behind high walls. In passing over great hedgeless, houseless plains, covered with crops or pastures, one is sometimes at a loss to guess where the people live, the fact being that till not so long ago they had reason for hiding their villages in hollows or ravines to escape observation from robbers or perhaps less welcome Government officials. Among the population is a proportion of bronzed gipsies whom a warm admirer describes as little better than animals, but "most



Young Bulgarian Peasants

Frileyi

beautiful of animals", some nominally Moslem, some more superficially Christian, in part settled but more often vagabond, picking up a living by such arts as making spoons and horn combs, or leading about muzzled bears, not to speak of poaching on the farmer's live stock; they are also noted in the Balkans as blacksmiths. As in other Balkan countries, the showy local costumes, slowly going out, are too various to describe, a common feature being the sheepskin jacket so much worn all over the peninsula, where the Bulgarian is often marked by his headgear, a round cap of dark cloth in shape like what we once knew as a "pork pie" hat. Among all the groups of population, the Turks are marked by their sober and courteous manners, so that some hasty observers incline to regret their fallen mastery, forgetting that if the individual Turk has many good qualities, there is nothing but ill to be

said of him as a corrupt and inefficient ruler. There is little or no fusion between the two communions, and the Turks appear to be gradually moving off to more congenial neighbourhoods.

Roads are not a strong point of the country, for if a Turkish pasha in some fit of activity made a good one, it seemed nobody's business to repair it, and the peasants often preferred to leave it for their own rough tracks, on which they are inured to jolting and upsetting in their clumsy carts. The Government, however, has been providing better communications about the chief towns; and a great part of Bulgaria's small debt has gone to making State railways, which through it connect Belgrade with Adrianople and Constantinople, and Sofia with the Lower Danube and the Black Sea.

The Danube, the Balkan and the Rhodope ranges, which marked off the ancient Dacia,

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Moesia, and Thrace, divide Bulgaria into three zones. The first is Bulgaria proper, on the right of the Danube, separating it from Roumania by a volume of yellow water often spreading so widely about islands as to seem an arm of the sea.¹ While the Wallachian side is low and marshy, the Bulgarian banks stand up more boldly, soon rising into downs, undulating tablelands, and valleyed hills, till they merge with the great Balkan wrinkle of land. In the north-east corner is an old forest region, once the refuge of Bulgarian Robin Hoods, still much inhabited by Turks, kept back from prosperity by a want of surface water; but the woods are giving place to fields, for which a water-supply can be tapped from subterranean channels below, as has been done in villages which it was a work of Turkish piety to endow with fountains. Most of the rivers drain the northern side of the mountains into small deltas swelling the Danube's giant stream. Exceptional is the Isker at the west end, whose sources are to the south of the Balkans, through which it has cut picturesque gorges opening a way for the main rail between the capital and the chief commercial centres. A lively river trade goes on along the Danube, its banks dotted with Roumanian and Bulgarian towns, often

facing each other, many as old as the Romans or perhaps older. The principal one on the Bulgarian side is Rustchuk, now much modernized as a seat of business, where among a variety of inhabitants Jews are a good deal in evidence, as not elsewhere over most of this country. Farther down the river the more decayed Silistria, city of historic sieges, belonged to Bulgaria till 1913, when it was resigned to Roumania, from the Danube near it a straight frontier line being drawn to the sea, so as to add the more fertile end of the Dobrudja to the Roumanian part.

On the east side, the Bulgarian waters fall to flat coastlands of the Black Sea. At the mouth of a lake-like estuary stands the chief port Varna, remembered by us as camp of the Allied army at the opening of the Crimean War, when it suffered sadly from cholera before firing a shot. Since then Varna has been much improved, so as now to be a Brighton for Bulgaria as well as its Liverpool, reached in a day's railway journey from the west side of the country. On a point to the north of it stands the palace and grounds of Euxinograd, built as a royal seaside residence; and the country behind offers notable points for excursions, such as a long line of round stone pillars, in which nature simulates the columns of some imperial ruin, and a chain of lakelets fed by natural artesian wells springing up to offer water-power for local industries. A recent visitor tells us how Varna itself is "unblushingly modern", with its park and public buildings. "Good highways seem to lead in various directions; there are isolated villas and farmhouses, trees, fences, and even factory chimneys." But on rising by a succession of terraces to the plateau behind, one soon comes upon spacious featureless prospects of a country half-tilled by rude ploughs of agriculturists evidently a long way behind what is here spoken of as Europe.

The Balkan range, which does not reach the sea, makes, for all its height of 6000 feet or so, no very formidable barrier; when Kinglake rode across it on his eastward journey he was aware only of a path rather

¹ M. de Launay in his excellent book on Bulgaria gives us this picture of a thunder-storm seen from its heights spreading over the wide horizon of the Danube plain. "The storm overhung us in a sky black as ink; and heavy clouds, like confused bales, could be seen heaping themselves in confused masses; from west to east they rolled down over the river whose waters themselves a livid brown, shot with violet tints, seemed to sleep motionless round islets strangely green. The tempest burst with a brief discharge of hailstones as large as nuts, which, showing white against the black sky, dark upon the brighter road, chequered by sunbeams filtering through the clouds, fell on it in bucketfuls, forcibly rebounding. The very violence of the whirlwind ensured its rapid passing. Soon we were again scorched by a burning sun, while in front of us, on the Roumanian plain to which the clouds had carried themselves, were heaped and crowded thicknesses of shadow more and more amazing. All Roumania was turned black, studded with the metal roofs of Giourgevo, shining like steel nails. The Danube, gloomed on one side and now sunlit on the other, seemed to ripple under the moving cloud shadows; and on its low islets, flooded by long spring rains, amid fields of ripening corn could be seen pools of water multiplying the network of the river's natural arms."



General View of Tirnovo, the mediaeval capital of Bulgaria

rougher than usual. Its slopes, much covered with forests, seldom rising in jagged peaks, are pierced by several openings, of which the easiest, at all events the best known, is the Shipka Pass taken by the Russians in 1877. Another place that figured in the newspapers of that day was Plevna, to the north of the mountains, where the Turks held out stoutly in an entrenched camp, whose fall brought the end of the war.

The most famous town of old Bulgaria is Tirnovo, its mediaeval capital, picturesquely built over a northern valley in which several Balkan gaps converge. Von Moltke declared that he had never seen a more romantic site for a town, whose varicoloured houses and patches of greenery hang as if a touch would hurl them into the river rushing below. "Imagine a narrow gorge in which the Jantra has torn for itself a deep rocky bed between sheer sandstone cliffs, and flows like a snake in the most strangely-wilful windings. The one side is all covered with wood, the other bears up

the town. In the middle of the valley rises a knobbed hill, whose steep rock walls make it a natural fortress. The river encloses it like an island, connected with the town only by a ridge of rock 200 feet long and 40 feet high, just broad enough for a road and a water-conduit." The effect is heightened by the painted fronts of the Turkish houses, blue predominating, chequered by red roof-tiles and the darker tints of decayed woodwork. Tirnovo has now sunk to homes of 20,000 or so; and the Bulgarian capital, that in bygone times had been repeatedly shifted across the peninsula from Preslav, behind the Black Sea, to as far west as the edge of Albania, was in modern days fixed at Sofia in the upper basin of the Isker, about which converge its two main mountain ranges.

Sofia, the Serdica of Trajan, a great Byzantine city which had nearly become the capital of the empire, is thus of ancient renown, belied by its present aspect. It has been almost entirely reconstructed with broad main streets, open gardens, and showy

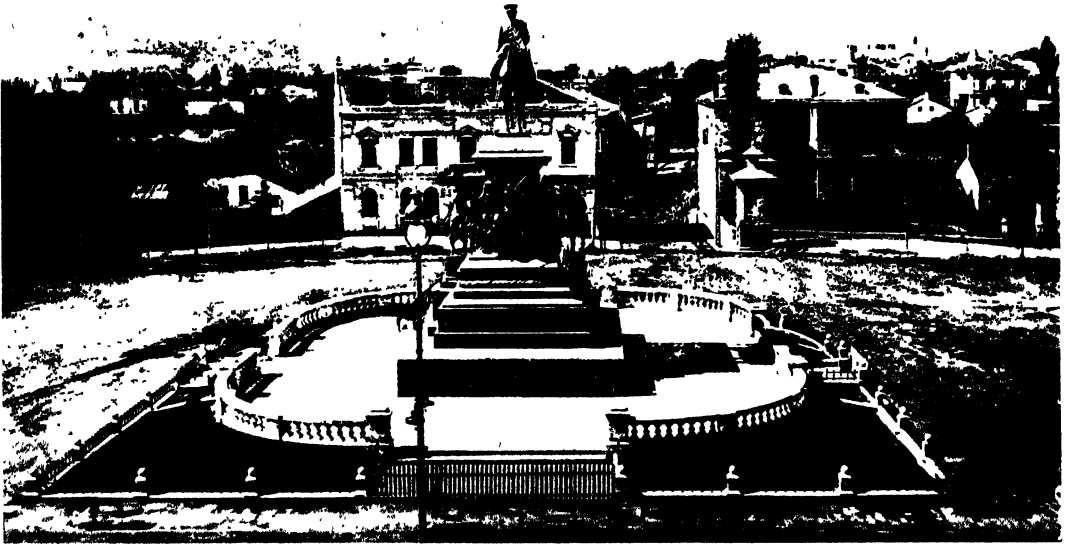
public buildings, the most conspicuous of them a cathedral recently built by national subscription as centre of the Bulgarian Church. There still remains an old Byzantine church dedicated to the Divine Wisdom (*Sophia*) which gave the city its name; but the chief Turkish mosque has been turned into a national museum. With everything smart about it, Sofia is not so fine as Belgrade, and its inhabitants, over 100,000, are content with the title for it of a Balkan Brussels. As in all Balkan towns, its stuccoed streets and tramway avenues are alive with a medley of races, usually distinguished by their dress, among them the *Schope* peasantry of the neighbourhood, who seem an island of some alien settlement, clinging obstinately as they do to old customs and costumes, elsewhere readiest to disappear about large towns.

There are many mineral springs in the vicinity, used by the Turks for their luxurious bathing, also mines of lignite coal which supplies an inferior fuel. The mountain background invites to excursions, especially southwards among the bristling summits of the Rhodope range, more Swiss-like or Pyrenæan than the tamer Balkans. At Samako the Isker's headwaters dash down by the Bulgarian Simla or Balmoral from the Rilo knot of these mountains, where Mt. Alla, standing nearly 9000 feet above the sea, makes the most grandly-highland region of Bulgaria, its slopes dotted with old convents, the chief of them a venerated shrine for a people not indeed over devout. In a lake here rises the Maritza, the largest river of Bulgaria, flowing through its central zone, that opens out between the Balkans and the Rhodope ranges, the latter trending south-eastwards towards the Ægean shores. From the same mountain region the Struma takes its straighter way southwards through the Rhodope gorges to reach the Ægean in the Gulf of Orfani, beside Mt. Athos. Thus the Rilo Dagħ boss of Bulgaria is the cradle of its principal streams. Hence the highlands fall in successive slopes to the Ægean coast, enclosing fertile plains along the basins of the Struma and the Mesta, where

Greeks on the west and Turks on the east are much mixed in a medley of races, whom Bulgaria sought to include in her bounds.

By a gap, known as the Gate of Trajan, is entered the Maritza's upper course, broadening in a deep depression as the plain of Eastern Roumelia, that enjoys a warmer climate, sheltered from the north. This, the natural course for a railway to Constantinople, as it was for the Crusaders' eastward marches, is the part of Bulgaria best known to Europe, a different idea of it being caught by travellers according as they see the great plain blooming greenly in spring or bare and brown after its hot summer. On the north side are valuable coal-mines, differing from our grimy shafts in opening high up among Balkan forests. On this side, between the main range and a parallel ridge known as the Anti-Balkans, lies the upper basin of the Tundja, which takes an independent course eastward under these mountains before crooking south by the town of Jamboli into the Maritza. Here is the celebrated Valley of Roses, where rose-bushes in huge beds, red and white, scent the air for leagues around, the flowers plucked early in the morning before the sun is hot, to have their aroma distilled into attar of roses. A luxury of the local mineral baths is perfuming them with a score or so pounds of rose leaves, as the Roman soldiers are said not to have disdained. Kesanlik, at the foot of the Shipka Pass, makes a centre of the rose-growing in a district noted also for huge nut-trees, its rich valleys overlooked on the north by the bare Stara Planina ridge, an ill-accessible wilderness that gave refuge to patriot outlaws from Turkish oppression.

On the south side of the Maritza valley, Philippopoli, the capital of Eastern Roumelia, and second city of Bulgaria, named as it is from Alexander the Great's father, shows more charm of antiquity and local colour than does Sofia. Lying on and beneath steep grey crags beside the Maritza, its low, gaily-painted houses give it still an Oriental air, borne out by the cupolas of the chief mosque shining over its central piazza, and the booths of its bazaar, thronged on market days with



Sofia, the modern capital of Bulgaria, viewed from the Sobranje or Parliament House

In the foreground is the monument to Alexander II, known in Bulgaria as the "Czar Liberator"

motley faces and costumes. It is, however, rapidly being in part modernized by a European quarter, and by such inharmonious innovations as electric tramways, that would have made its old lords stare and gasp. As hint of how in mediæval days these Balkan countries were ill distinct from each other is that close to it Marko, the Serbian hero, found a legendary tomb. All around are grand views, southwards on the snows of the Rhodope, northwards on the green river plain, dotted with ancient tumuli, often found to hide archæological relics. At one place, not long ago were unearched treasures of silver plate and Byzantine gold coinage, that may have been buried by some flying emperor. There may be some hint of greater antiquity in the Moslem Pomak, like the Schopes of Sophia, a peculiar people living to the south of Philippopoli, who speak a language of their own and have been supposed descendants of the Thracians

among whom Orpheus loved and sang. Most of those gigantic mole-hills swelling up all over the peninsula, as far as explored, yield the ashes or bones of long-forgotten warriors, by whose tombs have passed the "drums and tramlings" of so many conquests.

The Maritza, flowing eastward as if for the Black Sea, finds its course blocked by another mass of mountains, between which and the end of the Rhodope range it crooks southward to the Ægean coast. On the inland side of these blocking heights runs the rail by Adrianople to Constantinople. Round the north of them, an end of the Roumelian plain stretches on to the Black Sea. A shorter Balkan stream flows from Slivno, a town thriving on cloth factories, down to the port of Bourgas, one much inferior to Varna, in an unhealthy situation, better off for thermal springs than for fresh water; but coal- and copper-mines

near this part of the coast may one day increase its trade. Bourgas became of less importance to Bulgaria when, by the war of 1912, it got the port of Dedeagatch on the Ægean, near the mouth of its chief river Maritza, where in a few years the advent of a railway turned this fishing village into a town.

The third zone of territory then added to Bulgaria south of the Rhodope range is part of the ancient Thrace, with the lower Maritza valley and a great stretch of high-land country. She had hoped to get a further extension westward, with the better port Kavalla, centre of the tobacco trade, and a considerable share of Macedonia; but when the quarrel over this with Serbia went against her, she had to resign herself to a restricted boundary touching the sea opposite the island of Thasos. It was the bitterness of this disappointment that, after a year's haggling with both sides, at length drove her into the arms of Germany and Turkey, an adventure she must now lament still more bitterly, though for a time it turned out triumphant. Her case seems certainly a hard one. She had borne the brunt of the war with Turkey in 1913, but by her rash attack on her allies had then lost the advantages which she hoped to regain by overrunning Macedonia and Serbia at the heel of the Central Empires. Her punishment for this latter mistake is to

see the Greeks and the Serbians more firmly seated in the Macedonia to which she had, at least, as much right as they, and some reason for believing in her own claim as predominant.

Stripped of her recent conquests, whose ruthlessness has left rankling memories, forced to give up to Serbia a bordering strip of her own territory from which she had been able too readily to strike at this neighbour, Bulgaria yet hopes to be left her southern extension to the Ægean, where her claim of access to some port may be acknowledged. Thus she would lose little more territorially than in 1913. Her army is to be pared down to 20,000 men, enlisted by voluntary service; and besides making good her plunder of Serbia and delivering for trial officers there guilty of cruelties against the laws of civilized war, she is condemned to pay a heavy indemnity spread over the lifetime of the next generation. No wonder that she showed reluctance to sign the Peace Treaty, and that some of her more fiery spirits proposed to continue the struggle *à outrance* rather than submit to such a curb on her cherished ambitions. Through the delay of the Allies in settling finally with Greece and Turkey, these pages must leave undefined the precise boundaries of a country whose disappointed ambition gives but poor promise of peace in the Balkan region.

ROUMANIA

This name bespeaks a boasted descent from the colony Trajan led across the Danube into Dacia; and the modern Roumanians put a strong accent on their language as a corrupt branch of Latin. Though they make the most of this claim, their strain of Roman blood must have been much watered down among the hordes of Goths, Huns, Avars, Slavs, and Tartars that in turn invaded the country and the Turks, Magyars, Poles, Russians that for centuries made it a battlefield, not to speak of the arbitrary way in which masses of population were shifted about by despotic conquerors. Outside their hitherto boundaries, they are known rather as Wallachs or Vlachs, long looked down on as Gibeonites by the proud Magyars and practically-minded Germans, among whom they are now able to take another attitude. But the Roumanians of Roumania proper have latterly been apt to respect themselves as the cream of the Balkan peoples, formed indeed by a union of two countries, the plain of Wallachia stretching along the Danube and the more hilly Moldavia running northwards outside of the Eastern Carpathians, to which area was since added the stony and marshy Dobrudja about the Danube deltas.

For many centuries these lands lay in deep historical shadow, after Alexander the Great's subdual of those Getae styled by Herodotus "noblest of the Thracians", and again after the Roman Empire's withdrawal from Dacia that had become one of its most flourishing provinces. Not till the Renaissance light was breaking over Western Europe do we catch misty glimpses of heroes like the Moldavian Stephen the Great, and later the Wallachian Michael the Brave, who could not save their fellow

Christians from an imperfect subjugation to the Turk, after so many invasions and repulsions that one town on the Danube records more than a dozen convertings of its churches into mosques. The Ottoman power at last was established as a sort of protectorate under which the native princes became tributary vassals. After beating back Peter the Great, Turkey tightened its yoke, putting the two provinces under foreign hospodars, Phanariot Greeks or other adventurers, who bought their offices from the corrupt Divan and repaid themselves by fleecing the people. In the next century Russia interfered to procure the right of electing native princes; but its patronage was self-interested, and led to a military occupation that seemed no boon to the Principalities, as they began to be styled.

French *émigres* from the Revolution had brought some civilizing stir into this stagnant country, whose chief families took to sending their sons to France as in older days to Poland or Hungary for educational enlightenment. The cultivation of Roumanian literature fostered such a national consciousness that, after the Crimean War, Wallachia and Moldavia, under the wing of the Powers, agreed to select a prince as their joint ruler. The choice fell on Colonel Alexander Couza, a Moldavian noble partly educated in France, who managed in a few years to unite the Principalities and to secure for them a virtually independent national existence as Roumania, still looked on as a vassal to the Porte, but freed from its vexatious interference. Couza's too high-handed rule, however, did not give satisfaction to the new country; he quarrelled with the rich nobles and clergy by favouring

the landless peasantry at their expense; nor was the liberal party pleased with a government carried out by *coups d'état*; so in 1866 a rising at Bucharest forced him to abdication and exile.

As no personality stood out among the Roumanian magnates, jealous of each other, it was judged well to seek for hereditary lord some foreign prince *en disponibilité*, the plaster that has usually been applied to Balkan disorders. An acceptable candidate was found in Carol of Hohenzollern, nephew of the king of Prussia, and of kin to the Beauharnais and Murat families, who, with a formal investiture from the Porte, took the throne which he held till his death in 1914. By his help in the Russo-Turkish war he had been able to promote Roumania to the rank of a kingdom, though it paid a high price for Russian patronage by being forced to give up Bessarabia across the Pruth, in exchange for the mainly sterile and unwholesome Dobrudja plain.

At Carol's accession to power, Roumania drew up a Constitution, which, with some modifications, served her to the present day; the executive power limited by a senate of magnates, bishops, and appointed members, with a house of representatives elected on a liberal franchise; personal freedom and religious toleration secured, but the Greek Church recognized as national, to which belong nearly all this people except the Jews. Later on, this Church was declared independent of the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople, and put under its own primates at Bucharest and Jassy. The prince himself refused to change his creed; but it was provided that all sons born to his dynasty after the adoption of the Constitution should be brought up in the national religion, the curious result being that the king and his heir were Catholics, the queen a Lutheran, the crown princess Anglican, but their children brought up in the Greek Orthodoxy imposed on them by law. Carol had married the German princess who made herself known in literature under the pseudonym of Carmen Sylva; but when she failed to give him an heir, he was allowed to adopt his nephew Ferdinand, who suc-

ceeded to the throne in 1914, at a most critical period. The royal authoress, who died before her husband, proved a valuable asset to the dynasty by the sympathetic feeling with which she threw herself into Roumania's life, celebrating the beauties of its scenery and its folklore in verse as well as prose, and doing her best to foster art and letters in a country already not without native literature, when she brought its mountain background to the ken of Europe. Ferdinand's wife was daughter of our Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh and Saxe-Coburg, who married a Russian princess. This king's eldest son Carol ran away with a lady of inferior station, and it is stated that he chose to renounce his right of succession rather than his marriage for love; so the second son, Nicholas, then a schoolboy at Eton, would become heir to the throne. But this arrangement seems to rest on questionable authority, and a reconciliation in the royal family is again said to have obviated an excuse for future civil war.

Carol I did well by his adopted country, except in latterly letting himself be too much a tool of German ambition, whereas his people look for special sympathy to France; all along he could not but be influenced by his ties of kindred and position as a holder of estates in Austria. He paid particular attention to the army, which at full strength numbered 600,000; while he did not neglect education, economic development, and other means of bringing Roumania into line with civilization. He had a small navy, chiefly of river craft that played a part in the war. The national flag is blue, yellow, and red. Its standard coin, the *leu* (lion), as the Serbian *dinar* and the Montenegrin *peper*, should be equal to a franc; and like most other European nations, it has adopted the metric system. Its population, rapidly increasing in spite of a high infantile death-rate, at the outbreak of the war was counted as 7,500,000 for a country as large as England. In the previous year it had gained an extension of territory by canny diplomacy. Keeping out of the war of 1912 that delivered its neighbours from the yoke of Constantinople, when these allies fell by



Sinaia: a general view of the favourite summer resort of Bucharest society

Sinaia lies scattered among the pine forests of the lower Carpathians, and was "discovered" by Carmen Sylva, the poet queen. Since the building of a huge chalet as the summer Royal residence, Sinaia has become fashionable, and has been developed on "model village" lines.

the ears over their spoil, Roumania threatened to throw her sword into the scale, unless rewarded for her neutrality, as she was by an adjoining corner of Bulgaria, including the historic town of Silistria on the Danube and the southern end of the Dobrudja below its delta.

In its social organization, Roumania differs widely from its neighbours, democratic Serbia and Bulgaria. Here the Turks had not exterminated the native chiefs, *boyards*, and inferior nobles, who, as in Poland, formed, with the superior clergy, an aristocratic body holding the masses in serfdom. The boyards and the bishops between them owned most of the land by favour of their corrupt governors, while commerce had mainly depended on such foreign parasites as Jews and Armenians; and the peasants lived in chronic misery, bursting into violent spasmodic revolts down

to our own day. Not till the middle of the nineteenth century had reforming hospodars ventured to provoke the boyards by raising the condition of their serfs, who were not fully emancipated till 1864; universal suffrage came in only after the disasters of the great war. In the stormy sea of domestic politics, through which King Carol steered his early course with fair success, though at one time he had almost thrown up the task, two perilous waves were the questions of giving the Jews rights of citizenship and ameliorating the lot of the peasantry, in both cases at the expense of the nobles' wealth and influence. Still about half the land belonged to rich proprietors, to the crown, or to corporations; but, when the Constitution was revised in 1914, further measures were brought forward to expropriate land in favour of the peasants, impoverished by their rapid increase, so that now the greater

part of the arable ground should be transferred to small-holders. This wider distribution of property could be to a large extent carved out of the enormous properties held by the Church. A plethora of rich monasteries and convents was suppressed, their possessions being secularized, their buildings turned into prisons, asylums, schools, or other purposes more useful than serving as snug retreats for the idle sons and daughters of the nobility. Monastic life in Roumania seems not to have been very austere; and the cloisters left intact are in the way of turning an honest penny by taking in paying guests for a summer vacation.

The best known of them is Sinaia, charmingly situated upon wooded spurs of the Carpathians, which so took Carmen Sylva's poetic fancy that, having quartered herself for a time on its remnant of monks, she had built above it a gigantic chalet to be the royal family's summer refuge from the trying heat of Bucharest, to which it became joined by rail. After the queen had thus set the fashion, her highland Versailles grew into a favourite resort, its woods now broken by hotels, villas, and bath establishments, somewhat spoiling the romantic seclusion that endeared it to that royal poet, who here attired herself and her suite in the peasant costume, and took kind interest in the hardy mountain shepherds introduced into her tales, idealizing them as sons of a Carpathian Arcadia, with its Pelesch torrent personified as a tricky Pan, like the Ilse of whom Heine made a fairy princess in the Harz. She might well delight in these woodlands, their most beautiful season the autumn when they are lit up by a rich glory of decay, and by a profusion of many-tinted fungi that, as in Russia, make a favourite dainty for the countryfolk.

The king, for his part, was concerned to develop the industries for which Roumania offers raw material. Her chief wealth is agricultural, the best crop being maize, which, with a seasoning of onions or pimento makes the countryfolk's daily mess, like the Italian polenta. Wheat is grown principally in Wallachia, rye in Moldavia,



A Typical Petroleum Bore in the Roumanian Oil-fields

and barley on the poorer soil of the Dobrudja. The climate being one of extremes, a severe winter rapidly followed by a hot summer, the harvests of arable soil still half unploughed are often imperilled by droughts, a serious affliction for small-holders; but in good seasons grain makes two-thirds of Roumania's exports. Beans are much grown, also beet-root, tobacco, vines, and in Moldavia potatoes, largely used up in the manufacture of alcohol. Flax and hemp go to feed textile industries which the government seeks to encourage. It has also been trying to improve a rather poor breed of cattle pastured on dry plains, in turn liable to be swamped under the overflow of swollen rivers.

After cereals, the asset next in value is

petrol, actively worked in the last generation, chiefly by German and other foreign capital. The pits extend in long lines chiefly between Bucharest and the Carpathians, whose waterfalls can supply electric power for their machinery; but in other parts oil-fields have been or may be tapped. The product is apt to be intermittent, no such gigantic fountain gushing up as at Baku; but the region exhibits similar phenomena on a smaller scale, jets of subterranean fire, spurts of oily mud or sand, and now and then may escape columns of kindled oil burning so fiercely as to darken the sky above and keep efforts to extinguish them at a distance. In some parts lignite coal mixed with petrol can be used as fuel. The great war gave the oil-pits as booty for the Germans, on whose approach the Allies hastily destroyed the works as far as possible, mischief that with the loss from hostile occupation cost dear to an international body of shareholders, who have sought compensation from our government, a British officer having been the chief agent in this wreck.

Roumania also exports timber and stone; but she has done little to exploit veins of iron and copper in her mountains, or to follow up gold-washing in the river beds. After oil, her chief mineral is salt, which at one place rises in a dazzling hill; and she has no lack of salt lakes and mineral springs. Her neighbours, Bulgaria and Serbia, want the salt, which Roumania has of remarkably pure quality, fit to be cut in large blocks used by mountain herdsmen as rallying points for their salt-thirsty flocks. The principal salt-mines are in the same region as the petrol-pits, furnishing another important export, as do the productive fisheries of the Danube delta, in the hands of the State, which claims a monopoly of salt, powder, tobacco, matches, playing-cards and so forth, and also ekes out its revenue from direct and indirect taxes, by what on a smaller scale would be styled municipal trading. In return for these wares, the country has still to supply itself mainly from abroad with cotton and woollen fabrics, machinery, rails, and the luxuries of town life. Germany

has been its chief provider with these wares; while the bulk of its cargoes of grain have been distributed to Europe through Antwerp. The rail from Hungary and Germany crosses the Carpathians near Sinaia, descending into the Wallachian plain by the Prahova, whose rushing waters have started many factory wheels in its picturesque valley. Roumania seems the most commercially prosperous of all those states rescued from the Turk; and a large part of its trade has hitherto gone to Britain.

The first notable Roumanian town reached in descending the Danube is Turnu-Severin, near which are traces of a bridge that carried over Trajan. Thence a railway runs to Bucharest by Craiova, which with 50,000 inhabitants seems the largest of Wallachian provincial towns, such as make a well-built contrast to poverty-stricken villages, where, in the Danube region, houses are often dug out in the ground as if to escape

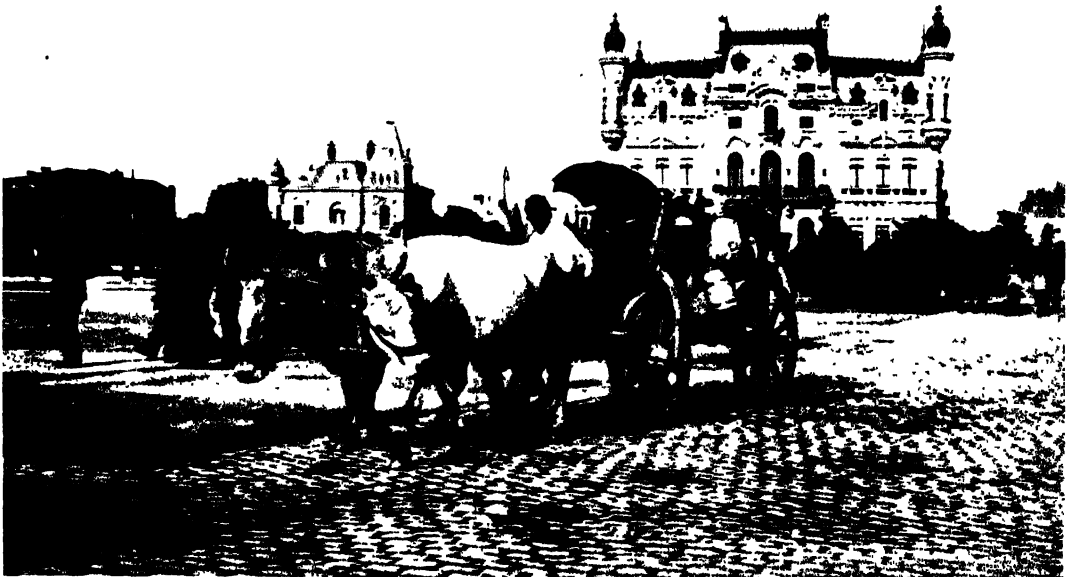


A Roumanian Peasant in a Sheep-skin Coat

the notice of Turkish raiders. Intersecting lines go off north and south, one branch being to Courtea de Arges, noted for the finest Roumanian cathedral, pure Byzantine in style, recently well restored by a French architect. On the Danube there are several old towns, with names not easy to spell, which have tales to tell of sieges and "battles long ago", and now flourish more or less on the lively river trade. Unlike those on the other bank, the Roumanian towns usually stand back from the river on heights rising behind a low edge of *lunca*, periodically flooded into swamps and lagoons. Hence, an open stretch of cornfields slopes upwards to a northern hill country by which the Carpathians fall to this plain, watered by several large tributaries of the Danube.

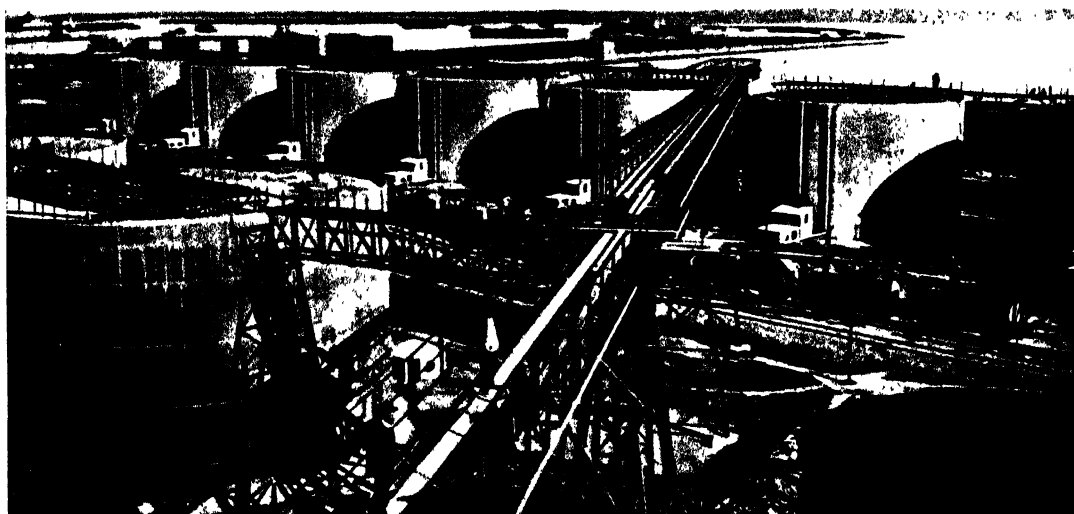
On a central vein of Wallachia's waters running south to its Danube boundary stands the capital Bucharest, with 300,000 people, the largest Christian city of the Balkans. It is to a great extent new, opened out in wide places and boulevards, where grand government offices and blocks of

spick-and-span modernity hide such older features as the gardened palaces of boyards showing quainter features of Turkish or Byzantine architecture. There are said to be almost as many churches as days in the year, over their cupolas presiding a white cathedral; but their somewhat barbaric decoration does not appeal to Western tastes, more taken by fine sculptures and delicate tints in the small church of Stavropolis. Among the scientific and historical collections becoming a capital, the grounds of the university exhibit friezes and other sculptures originally adorning a high mound which is believed to have been the work of Trajan, whose frequent statues in this country seem to claim him as a national hero. The city is up to date in hotels and shops, the wares they show chiefly foreign, unless for specimens of the fine embroideries and wood-carvings of the countryfolk. Thickly set with gardens, it covers a wide area, straggling out among leafy environs in fragments of the great forest that once enclosed it; but its gaily smiling air has



A Typical Country Ox-wagon in Bucharest, the Roumanian capital

In the background is the Strudza Palace, in which is housed the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.



Constanza, Roumania's Chief Port on the Black Sea

In the foreground are the great petroleum tanks, and in the distance oil-ships in the petroleum docks.

been ill borne out by a bad bill of health.

From Bucharest the rail eastward runs straight across the flat treeless Baragan, the largest plain of Roumania, swept by alternately scorching and freezing winds that have strewn it with a bed of *loess* dust to make a sea of rich corn, through which the River Jalomnitza bears Carpathian timber-rafts to the Danube. This line reaches the Black Sea at Constanza, after crossing a northern bend of the Danube on one of the longest of European railway bridges, spanning the stream at a width of 700 to 800 yards and prolonged by viaducts for a dozen miles over the swampy flats; but this costly structure had to be blown up in the war. The coast line here is the Dobrudja plain, once seamed by Trajan's Roman wall, still showing a huge monument that marks a station of the legions, everywhere dotted with ancient mounds that swell up by thousands all over this country, and pitted into lakes and pools

fringed with thickets of reeds turned to account in a manufacture of cellulose fabric.

This coast was the remote, dreary Pontus, where Ovid had to bewail his exile from the palaces and circuses of Rome. Constanza, as ice free, is the chief Roumanian Black Sea port, a cosmopolitan one where the Austrian flag has been most often seen, but Britain sent the largest bulk of tonnage. Below Constanza lies the southern end of the Dobrudja; and the bit of it taken from Bulgaria in 1913, which, rising above the water-logged flats, is rather more fertile. At the northern end, where the Danube, joined by the Pruth from Galicia, crooks finally eastward to trickle through its delta marshes, freedom from winter ice cannot be counted on by the river ports Galatz and Braila, the former the station of Roumania's small navy, both of them a good deal given up to foreigners. Toulcha, farther down, is largely Turkish, and the fisheries that make the wealth of this region

are much worked by Russian dissenters escaped from persecution across the Bessarabian border. The lagoons and lakes make natural preserves of fish—fat carp, huge sturgeon, a kind of silurus sometimes weighing hundreds of pounds, bream, sterlet, pike, and others, which are pent up in stagnant pools to be netted out, packed in ice, or kept alive in tanks, so that they can be sent up the Danube as far as into Bavaria. The Roumanian streams are said to hold at least thirty kinds of fresh-water fish, which the government does not allow to be thinned out by such unsportsmanlike methods as dynamite explosions. It has also prohibited the killing of egrets to minister to female vanity. The marshes, of course, swarm with wild fowl, also with quails, hares, and lean wolves and wild boars; and there is no lack of fiercer game in the mountains.

The Dobrudja is a very singular region, peopled by an extraordinary mixture of racial odds and ends among its Roumanian masters, Turks and Tartars, Russians, Georgians, Circassians, a strong immigration of Bulgarians, many gipsies, and here and there a neat German village, holding itself much unspotted by neighbours sometimes of doubtful origin. Its wild edges are said to have been haunted by brigands up to the present century. The north part is broken into hills, and the south rises in steppe lands, fertile where water can be had, but for want of it often given up to such dry vegetation as thistles in man-high thickets. But the characteristic aspect of the Danube delta is the flats on which the Swiss Professor Pittard describes how this great river goes on pushing its silt into the sea from banks fringed by marshy plants. "They interlace their roots, hold back the petty rubbish carried down by the waves, heap up their dead stalks, form mattings and islets which keep growing and running into one another. Clouds of *loess* dust, blown from inland, are caught in these vegetable nets and help to build up patches of land gained over the sea. The tiny islets join in banks, that, in turn, get gradually stuck on to the shore. The channels which they edged become lakes of brackish

waters whose evaporation, then their invasion by terrestrial plants, is only a matter of time." Where open to the sea, lakes may remain salt, but most of the hollows come to be filled with fresh water bordered by marshy vegetation. The Dobrudja plain has thus been laid down by the Danube, whose mouth in the days of Herodotus appears to have been at Toulcha, whereabouts the central Sulina channel now parts from the Kilia and St. George branches, the main north and south outlets.

Passing northwards into Moldavia, the basin of the Moldava *alias* Sireth river, one notes a change in the roughened scenery and the showy costumes which the peasants are now giving up for cheaper garments supplied by Jewish traders more numerous here. Much of this country is a tableland backed by steeper slopes of the Carpathians than fall into the Wallachian plain. It also is divided between fields and forests, with not many important towns. The capital Jassy, nine or ten hours by rail from Bucharest, is more of an old city, richer in picturesque relics and aspects, and also in the dirt apt to make a defect of this quality. It is much in the hands of Armenians and Jews, a meaner breed of them overlaying the dignified Spanish or Portuguese Hebrews who at one time found their way to the Danube. Jassy has a university and two noble churches; but it wears a look of having seen better days, and is inclined to complain of Bucharest as having, like Paris, made itself the heart of national life. Other towns of northern Moldavia are visited for the great cloister shrines of Aglaia and Neamtsu, spared by the sacrilegious state; but this end of the country, though from it there is a railway into the Bukowina, lies more off frequented routes than the plains of the Danube, and comes less into the eye of Europe. Yet Moldavia seems once to have been the more important of this kingdom's two lobes, when, indeed, it claimed to include Bessarabia on the east, and the Bukowina province on the north.

It was to Jassy that the Roumanian court fled when Bucharest was captured by the Germans, after a ruthless aerial bombard-



A Czech Homestead in the Dobrudja

ment repeated day after day by the policy of "frightfulness". King Carol, who had not outlived his German sympathies, was loth to take the side of the Allies, favoured by the majority of his people; and when he died early in the war, his successor Ferdinand also hung back till driven into action by his ministers Bratiano and Take-Jonescu. Roumania's belated appearance in the field was not so fortunate as had been expected. At first her army drove the foe over the Carpathian passes; then, betrayed and deserted by Russia, threatened in rear by the Turks and Bulgarians, it had to retreat in confusion, spending a miserable winter on the Pruth, while the Germans pressed on to master the richest parts of the kingdom, driven to humiliating submission and painful sufferings from famine and loss of trade.

Roumania, that came into the war at the eleventh hour, and did not contribute much

to its success except by keeping employed a large block of German troops, seems to have got more profit out of it than any other power, by accessions doubling her territory and population. From Hungary she has successfully claimed Transylvania, and a large slice of the rich Banat corn-lands, between the Theiss and the Danube, where she was like to come to blows with the Serbians also seeking a share of this booty; there was a war of statistics as to the relative proportion of Slav and Wallach settlers in this region. Roumania backed her demands on Hungary by marching an army as far as Buda-Pest, with the excuse of being concerned there to restore orderly government; and the Allied Entente had much ado to restrain this invader in her masterful attitude towards a humbled neighbour.

On the other side Roumania seized the opportunity of the Russian collapse to take possession of Bessarabia, which Russia in

the day of Czardom had annexed in exchange for the Dobrudja. This province lying between the Pruth and the Dniester, more than twice as big as Wales, has a population of over two millions, very heterogeneously mixed, like that of the Dobrudja, and including a strong Bulgarian, German, and Ukrainian immigration, but Moldavians, more or less Russified, appear to be the chief element. The southern end continues the Dobrudja in a delta land of marshes, pools, and sand-banked lagoons called *limans* that yield a harvest of salt; but behind them Bessarabia rises into drier steppes of pasture-ground; and in the north it has fertile stretches among spurs of the Carpathian range. Its chief city is Kishinev, with more than 100,000 inhabitants; and another of its towns is

¹ "The Swedish hero's residence of more than three years here, in what was then a Turkish province, makes one of the strangest episodes of history. Encamping at Bender after the crushing defeat of Poltava, he claimed the Sultan's countenance and assistance in a tone rather becoming a victor. For such aid he had to depend on harem intrigues and the bribing of a vacillating sovereign's ministers and vassals. A large Turkish army was sent against Peter, who found himself in imminent danger when he had advanced into Moldavia. But the Czar was better able to bribe than the self-exiled king; and the Grand-Vizier allowed the Russians to retreat from Jassy, where Charles, having galloped all the way from Bender and swum the Pruth, arrived only in time to vent his rage on that treacherous ally. According to Voltaire, in whose hands the story would lose no dramatic interest, all through what was practically a captivity, this arrogant guest bore himself in a way to make new enemies. Returning to Bender, at Varnitza, a little way off, he built himself a house enclosed in a fortified camp, from which he treated with Constantinople as if not dependent on it for food and money. The Sultan tried to get rid of him by cutting off his supplies; and offered to send him into Poland with an escort, which Charles haughtily refused as not strong enough to provide for his safety. He demanded to be put at the head of a large army, and to be furnished with means to pay off the debts he had incurred. On being served with more peremptory notice to quit, he announced an intention of defending himself with the three hundred or so of Swedish soldiers still remaining to him. In vain his councillors and officers represented the madness of resisting such overwhelming odds as the Turks now assembled about his camp. So great was still his *prestige* as a warrior, that the janissaries hesitated to attack this

Bender,¹ known as the refuge of Charles XII after his defeat by Peter the Great, when this region was still under the Turks. It has a promising port in Akkerman in the inlet-like estuary of the Dniester. Ismail (50,000) and Kilia (20,000) are on the northern arm of the Danube delta, behind which the young town of Bolgrad (20,000) is said to be mainly a Bulgarian settlement. Bessarabia had proposed to set up for itself as a republic; and it remains to be seen if the bordering kingdom will succeed in absorbing it after several changes of ownership and boundaries.

Roumania's principal and most coveted acquisition is a country that has cut such a figure in history as to deserve a separate heading, now that it has ceased to be a Hungarian dependency.

'iron-head', as they dubbed him; but his entrenchment being stormed by force of numbers, the handful of Swedish soldiers gave themselves up. Then the king, with his household, some threescore in number, fell back upon the house he had built, which he found already beset by pillaging Tartars. These being driven out by hand-to-hand fighting, he barricaded himself for resistance to the last. The setting on fire of this wooden building drove him out, to be overwhelmed in a crowd of assailants. Taken prisoner, the insolent fire-eater found himself treated with all respect by his captors, while he had the mortification of seeing his officers and soldiers chained for slavery. He was carried as a state-prisoner to a fortress near Adrianople, where he took to his bed for a year, during which so little was heard of him that Europe began to believe in his death. From this lethargy, real or feigned, he let himself be roused by hearing that the Swedish Senate proposed to administer his kingdom, as if he were dead. More than five years had passed since his defeat at Poltava, when at last he consented to leave the country to which his long captivity had been an expensive embarrassment. Honourably escorted by Turkish troops, on reaching the Transylvanian frontier, he galloped off with a single attendant, and rode in disguise by a roundabout route through Germany, taking more than a fortnight to reach Stralsund. Not till he was driven out of this fortress by assault did he return to Sweden after fifteen years' absence; and then declined to enter Stockholm till he could regild his tarnished glory. He thought of interfering in Britain on the side of the Old Pretender; but turned his arms against Norway, where in 1718 a random cannonball ended the meteoric career of one who—

Left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral and adorn a tale."



Market Day in Banffy Hunyad, Transylvania

Erdelyi

TRANSYLVANIA AND THE BUKOWINA

This land of forests has indeed had a stirring history as breakwater against the waves of Turkish invasion that again and again submerged it. Among the warriors who here struggled against the 'Turk' were ancestors of our Queen's house of Teck, and that doughty hero John Smith of Virginia, who in his youth served the Christian Prince of Transylvania so well as, he boasts, to be rewarded with a coat of arms bearing three Turks' heads and with a pension of three hundred ducats; but his skill in "fire-works" and tilting against the foe did not save him from being captured and sold as a slave to Constantinople, where, according to the precedents of old romance, he met his usual luck in winning the favour of a paynim princess, as in the case of his more celebrated adventure with Pocahontas. Many adventurers of his stamp must have

turned up in Transylvania as fresh elements for a miscellany of population collected here since Trajan's time, when Dacia was settled by colonists from all over the Roman world. But Roumania insists that both people and princes were all along mainly akin to her own.

For centuries this old principality has been treated as an appendix to Hungary, though not joined to it formally till 1867. It is a rough elevated basin of over 20,000 square miles, enfolded within loops of the Carpathians, and drained into the Theiss by the Maros as its central river. Nearly half its surface is covered by forests, harbouring bears, wolves, lynxes, and wild cats; and not less formidable to strangers may seem the herds of buffaloes that are included in its live stock. The mountains, rising to over 8000 feet, have chamois and deer also for

sportsmen, as well as minerals not yet fully exploited; but Transylvania has not kept an old fame for gold-finding among its timber rafts, iron foundries, marble quarries, and salt mines. Its highest Carpathian peak, a little over 8000 feet, is Negoï on the ex-Roumanian border.

This enclosed arena for many a battle between Roman and barbarian, Christian and Moslem, Hungarian and Russian, has some two and a half millions of people, even more mixed than in Hungary proper. The upper stratum has been Magyar, including in the south-east a compact mass of the Szekels who may be an older deposit of the same blood and have fondly boasted themselves descendants from Attila's warriors, but seem rather to represent a frontier guard against the Turks. The majority are Wallachs, a name akin to Welsh (foreigner), who claim to be, like the Roumanians, sprung from the Roman legionaries, and speak a sort of bastard Latin; but this lineage must have been much adulterated under many vicissitudes of subjection. It is on account of these kinsmen that Roumania claims the country, many of whose soldiers, forced to fight for Austria, took the first chance of deserting across the Carpathians. Despised gipsies, hated Jews, and a considerable settlement of Armenians stand out apart among a hotch-potch of Slav elements; and a thriving part of the population has been supplied by old colonies of German emigrants here known as Saxons, who make about a tenth of the whole in number. There is the same diversity of religions, between Latin Catholicism, Greek Orthodoxy, and more than one shade of Protestantism, all more or less adulterated by survivals of paganism.

The novelist, "E. D. Gerard", who had close acquaintance with Transylvania as wife of an Austrian officer stationed there, describes its three chief races as men of the past, the present, and the future: the Wallachs not yet grown to what they may become, the Magyars full of virile force, the Saxons showing signs of decadence. They came into the country centuries ago, and

their practical, canny, hard, rather dour character ill accords with the pretty legend that makes them descended from the children led underground by that Pied Piper at Hamelin, to regain the light of day from a Transylvanian cavern. By means of schools they retained their German and their adopted Protestantism, where indeed each of the three main stocks has clung to its own speech, faith, and customs. Hitherto the Saxons have been apt to keep much to themselves in certain towns, and in clustered villages built about the churches whose fortified enclosure on some defensible eminence often hints at a troubled past; but now their settlements may take on a tail of less prosperous-looking homes.

Those industrious folk will be found chiefly settled in towns, where they are often in the majority. The capital Klausenberg (Kolozsavar), a place of 60,000 people, was founded by them, but it became much Magyarized and made seat of one of the Hungarian universities, having also a theatre notable as a training school for actors and singers. Hermannstadt, an older capital in the south, is a German town, and Kronstadt a mixed one. Here one of the Saxon towns is the hill-perched Schassburg, where the poet Petöfi fell when the Hungarian patriots were crushed by an overpowering Russian army. Salzburg is noted for its salt-mines and brine-baths. Other Transylvanian towns look to be more picturesque than prosperously progressive; and the opener plains display polyglot villages like that described by Mr. Palmer:

"All along the broad, white road, skirting the vine-covered hills, stand the Saxon peasants' solidly-built houses, most of them with well-grown, heavily-laden fruit trees within the high stone-wall enclosure. It is the vintage season, and there is an air of unwonted animation in every quarter of the village. Even the solid faces of the Saxons are lit up with something approaching an expression of gaiety, and some may even so far forget their dignity as to break into catches of song. Teams of huge, white oxen are slowly wending their way along the road, led by Wallach peasants, whose white linen costume glistens in the sunlight, except where here and there it is deeply stained with



A Wallachian Family, Transylvania

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the juice of the grape. In the ox-wagon are huge casks of wine, and upon them are other Wallach peasants, gay with ribbons and wreaths of vine-leaves upon their hats, or slung over their shoulders. Some are playing upon the *Tilinka*, a kind of flageolet, while others are singing Bacchanalian songs that may perchance date back to the distant times of their Roman ancestors. Turning aside into one of the vineyards, we should find a crowd of graceful Wallach women gathering grapes, or bearing heavy overflowing baskets to the huge casks upon the wagons waiting in the road. The pressing of the grapes is still done in the primitive fashion that has existed for thousands of years. A white-robed Wallach, his linen trousers rolled up high above his knees, is trampling the grapes, beating time with his feet to the rhythmic measure of an air that a gipsy band is playing. Looking over the Saxon village from the hillside, we see the Wallach settlement, the low huts, built of timber or with

walls of mud and wattle, all standing in picturesque disorder beside the ill-kept, deeply-rutted by-road that leads to their quarter of the village. Farther off still, and at a respectful distance from both the solid, grim, stone-built mansions of the Patrician Saxons and the flower-bedecked cottages of the Wallachs, are what look at first like brown mounds of earth. On nearer approach we should find that they were gipsy dwellings, generally half excavated in the ground, so that little except the brown thatched roof rises above the surface. The gipsy is, before all things else, a lover of Nature. When forced to settle down, he is content if his dwelling be, after all, but a burrow in the earth, with a rudely-thatched roof above his head, instead of the canvas of a tent; but almost invariably the most picturesque spot that can be found, that neither the Saxon nor the Wallach would have thought of selecting, will be his choice. The shade of leafy trees, soft moss-grown banks, waving ferns, and a

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profusion of wild flowers will always prove an irresistible attraction to the gipsy: when fate, in the form of the police authorities, compels him to settle down."

To the north of Transylvania, at the south-eastern end of Galicia's curving area, cut off by an almost impassable mountain wall, comes the small province of the BUKOWINA, finally taken by Austria from the Turks in 1775, and ruled by it as a separate crownland, as Alsace was under the Kaiser. The iron hand of Austria was gloved in velvet more soft than that of the Magyars, so that there has been less soreness here under an alien domination, which yet aimed at gradually Germanizing this dependency. A picturesque strip of forests and Carpathian mountain spurs, drained into the basin of the Pruth, it measures some 4000 square miles, with a population of less than a million who, as already mentioned, make an extraordinary jumble of races, shaken together by recurrent waves of conquest; but Roumania claims nearly half of them as kindred. The late Mr. J. Baker, believing

himself to be one of the few British travellers in a position to speak of the Bukowina, gives a tempting account of this secluded corner of Europe. The capital is Czer-nowitz on the Pruth, a much modernized town of nearly ninety thousand people, with a recently founded German university, that is not likely to remain German, and the seat of a Greek Orthodox Archbishop. A feature of the city has been the German, Polish, Roumanian, Ruthenian, and Jewish club-houses, nursing the animosities of rival races that made no happy family here. It is hard to say which of them may now gain an ascendancy; but the Greek Church seems to be the largest owner of the soil. Jews are much at home here, as in all this part of Eastern Europe. At Sadagora, across the Pruth, is a synagogue and a "palace", celebrated through a "wonder rabbi", who, by the fame of miraculous gifts, attracted Jewish veneration and tribute. This long-disputed "Beech-land", for want of a claimant with clearer title, has also been demanded by Roumania, that will now rule some seventeen million people in all.



In the Bukowina: on the banks of the River Pruth

Three generations of fishermen photographed on the verandah of their cabin.

POLAND

Poetic souls have been moved to lament the fate of Poland, fallen from a promising start in the race of European kingdoms, assailed, plundered, and trampled on by unscrupulous neighbours till its name seemed to be blotted out of the list of nations, yet through all those misfortunes obstinately holding to its national consciousness and hoping for a restoration that now turns out no idle dream. Prosaic judges have taken a less sympathetic view, pointing out how Sarmatia fell by no means unwept, nor yet without a crime, its crime being the one unpardonable in politics, that of internal dissensions that did not let it stand together for resistance to attacks from outside. Its various rebellions also came to nought not so much from want of courage as of concord among the leaders. The truth is that Poland's long eclipse as an autonomous state was mainly the fault of its not being able to rule itself; and the question for its future is whether a sore experience of foreign masters has now schooled it to fitness for thriving independence.

The Poles are a branch of the great Slav stock that during the dark ages was loosely rooting itself on the east side of Europe. The derivation of our word *slave* hints how this was a submissive rather than an aggressive race; and it is supposed that they did not so much push on to new homes, as let themselves be shoved about by Asiatic invasions from the east and Gothic migrations from the north, which left them stranded here and there, as we have seen in Hungary. When we consider how they must have mixed their blood with one or more of the feebler peoples they overlaid, then with the intruders who masterfully overran them, we see how vain, in this as

in other cases, is any boast of racial purity; but their speech, even if breaking up into divers dialects and languages, made for them a stretching bond of unity. The largest mass was the Russians and the Poles, who might have stuck together better but for a difference in religion, the Russians Christianized from Constantinople, the Poles, like the Magyars, from Rome, and the majority of them still belonging to the Latin Catholic Church, as their neighbours on the east to the Greek Orthodoxy.

It is about A.D. 1000 that Poland appears in history as a Christian kingdom, loosely attached to the Holy Roman Empire. It remained for three centuries under a dynasty of native Piast sovereigns, waxing and waning between the Carpathians and the Baltic according to the chances of warfare with its neighbours, Russians, Magyars, Czechs, and the order of Teutonic knights that undertook to push Christian civilization across the forests and sand wastes held by heathen Prussians. On the north a new power grew up among the Lithuanians, a stock of doubtful origin that seemed to have lagged behind in emerging from barbarism, but was drawn into alliance with Poland against the encroachment of the Teutonic knights. The reign of Casimir the Great (1333-70) is looked back on as famous and fruitful for Poland's development. He got the Diet to elect as successor his nephew, Louis of Anjou, who thus joined the crown of Poland with that of Hungary. Dying also without a male heir, Louis married his daughter Jadwiga to Jagello, prince of Lithuania, a loose dominion at one time extending over the east side of Russia. This prince, then converted to Christianity, became king of Poland, and though the

union of the two countries proved no stable one, for two centuries a Jagellon dynasty ruled the Polish nation so strongly as to give it a high place among European kingdoms. It had a literature considerable for that period; it listened to the teachings of the Reformation; it bred men of fame like Copernicus, whose overthrowal of the Ptolemaic astronomy may well be called epoch-making. As in Hungary, the language of the upper class was Latin; and they had much intercourse with foreigners. The second half of the Reformation century is remembered as Poland's golden age, when, more definitely united with Lithuania, its dominion extended from the Baltic to the Black Sea and far across the south side of Russia, so that the "sledded" Polack cut a considerable figure before Shakespeare's Europe. In those days it was Russia that groaned under Polish oppression, once provoking an insurrection punished with several thousand executions. In the next century set in a dry rot of Poland's power, its wealth having already fallen off through the intrusion of the Turks that closed it as a road of Eastern commerce. From first to last, the central position in Europe of its flat plains had opened at once routes for trade and for war; but it was the latter influence that stamped itself most deeply on the nation's character.

Poland prided itself on its freedom as a republican kingdom, submitting only of its own will to a crowned head; but there was a very weak side to this organization. All the freedom was monopolized by a noble caste, the mass of the people being held down as serfs, bound to the soil of their lords, without political rights, and not emancipated till the nineteenth century. The oppression of these masses is witnessed to by peasant revolts, which history and poetry have much ignored. As Emerson says: "If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own". Over twenty times their number stood some half-million of nobles, who, even when they fell into poverty, did not lose their pride as dependents or henchmen of some rich magnate. The feudal system, with its

gradation of rank and dovetailing of authority, hardly extended to Poland, and whereas in other parts of Europe it became overlaid by the growing power of monarchs, here it was the monarchy that declined before a turbulent oligarchy. The king originally had been a war chief, elected by his peers; and though in early days more than one family was able to hold the crown for generations, its power became much limited by the haughty spirit of subjects disdaining to be vassals. Kings could appoint to offices like that of palatine, and other local lieutenantcies, but might not revoke those appointments, once made. The holders of them, with the bishops, formed a Senate claiming legislative authority, which might be overridden by the Diet of nobles assembled from time to time. The freemen, great and small, were more often concerned for their own jealous rivalries than for the common good; and the meetings of the Diet, at which every member claimed a right to block any proposal by his simple *veto*, were apt to become scenes of quarrel and bloodshed. After the end of the Jagellon line, the crown of Poland was offered for open bidding, French, German, and native princes coming forward among sometimes numerous candidates, whose intrigues and bribes went to corrupt the body politic, while the royal prerogatives were frittered away by the promises and yieldings in which a candidate had to outdo his competitors. The worthless prince who became Henri III of France had taken the bait of Poland's crown, but after reigning a year or so far from home, the death of his brother Charles IX set him running away from his angry subjects to secure the richer prize.

Another demoralizing influence was that of the Jesuits, brought in by Sigismund II to oppose a rising tide of Protestantism and free thought. Hitherto, Poland had been notably free from the persecuting spirit that drenched half Europe with blood. Protestants of more than one sect were unmolested; and in earlier days a refuge from crusading ferocity had here been given to Jews who came to monopolize the trade of

the country. But counter-Reformation zeal gained over the ruling caste to bigotry, moving it to force Catholicism on its serfs, many of whom had inherited the Greek Orthodoxy. As a compromise between the two was set up the Uniat Church, in which the peasants were permitted to keep their Greek forms of worship under the spiritual

of bidders, was not so fortunate in leading the country into a long struggle with Charles XII of Sweden, from which Peter the Great's dogged policy carried off all the advantage, while Poland was left sore and exhausted. Against the Saxon line there was a rival king in the field, Stanislas Leszczyński, a Polish prince, whose daughter



Donald M'Leish

A House in the old quarter of Warsaw, decorated with Medallion Portraits of the ancient Kings of Poland

headship of Rome; and this mongrel communion still works for division among the Slav peoples.

The period of Polish decadence was chequered by brilliant episodes, as that of John Sobieski, who at the end of the seventeenth century led an army to the rescue of Vienna when about to fall into the hands of the Turks, against whose invasions the Poles all along did their part. Sobieski's successor, Augustus of Saxony, after practically buying the crown over nearly a score

had the luck to marry Louis XV of France, whereby the father, after fighting more than once for his crown, secured a comfortable retreat as Duke of Lorraine, that on his death became French territory. The civil wars of this time may be taken as read. The Polish nobles never wanted for courage; like the Magyars, they fought best on horseback, and the lancer equipment of modern armies was copied from their national costume, as that of hussars from Hungary. But they were always too ready to turn their arms

against each other; so disputed elections to the throne tore the nation's strength when the consultations of its Diet had been heated into combats. Some of the wiser magnates saw the need of reforming their unpractical constitution, and some went so far as to seek the aid of Russia in bringing about a more stable rule than that of a king obeyed only as far as pleased his nobility. At that time the bounds of Poland, though shrunk since the rule of the Jagellons, extended over part of Lithuania, taking in Courland on the north and a corner of the Ukraine on the south, on the east side reaching almost to the Russian cities of Smolensk and Kieff.

The last Polish king was Stanislas Poniatowski, elected by the influence of Catherine the Great, whose favour was enough to raise a faction against him. By this time the bear-garden anarchy of Poland appeared a danger to its neighbours; and after the Seven Years' War, Frederick and Catherine persuaded Maria Theresa to join them in armed interference. In 1773 a Constitution promising more orderly government was forced upon Poland by those allies, who paid themselves for their services by each taking a slice of its territory, the central part being for a time garrisoned by Russian troops to secure the new order.

But the Poles were discontented, as well might be, with this arrangement; and dissensions among their interfering patrons gave them hope of regaining their independence. Their chronic factiousness took shape mainly as two parties, one desirous to strengthen the crown, the other favouring the oligarchy of turbulent nobles. The excitement of the French Revolution fanning their contentions, they at last agreed upon a new Constitution under an hereditary monarchy to be inherited by the Electors of Saxony after the death of Stanislas. This so little pleased their powerful neighbours, that Russia and Prussia again invaded Poland, carrying out a second partition which took away two-thirds of its territory and population. The king contented himself with protests and died a pensioner on Russia; but the brave Kosciusko put himself at the head of a patriotic rising. This Polish

nobleman, who had served under Washington in the American War of Independence, won some victories against heavy odds of number and discipline; but in 1794—

Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.

That well-known outburst of rhetorical indignation is somewhat heightened by poetic license. Kosciusko, wounded and taken prisoner, was allowed to end his days abroad. He was not Poland's "last champion", since, after his fall, a final sanguinary struggle had its scene in the Warsaw suburb of Praga. The cause for which he fought was the privileges of his lordly caste, freedom not yet having learned to shriek very loudly over the oppression of servile masses, that now and then had broken out in angry insurrection on their own account. Some of the Polish serfs showed touching devotion to their masters in adversity; but some welcomed the conquerors in hopes of deliverance from their own downtrodden lot. Resistance being smothered for the moment, the three confederated powers blotted out the kingdom of Poland from the map, Russia taking the lion's share in this third partition of her territory.

When too late, the Polish factions became aware of the folly that had brought their country to such a pass, and, still wrangling, united in the aim of recovering its independence. Their eyes turned to France, and to the rising sun of Napoleon, who fooled them with illusory hopes so far as to win their support in his ambitious designs. He erected a Grand Duchy of Warsaw under the house of Saxony, promoted by him to royalty; and from Poland he drew a considerable contingent for his armies to be wasted on the disastrous Russian campaign that undermined his throne. Yet henceforth the Poles looked for special sympathy to the French, with whom in former days they had had closer relations than might have been expected from the position of those distant nations.

Their service in French armies scattered the Poles more widely over the Continent.



A Typical Polish Farmstead, near Posen

Donald M. Leish

In the middle of the century, the Liberal outbreak of Germany was worth a welcome there for insurgent refugees; then the age of steam took them by hundreds of thousands yearly across the Atlantic. In old as well as recent times the proudly poor Polish gentry were much in the way of seeking fortune abroad. Theodore Bulgarin tells us how a cadet of gentle blood, not wanted at home, would be sent on his travels after being laid on a carpet and treated to a hundred blows with the flat of a sword by way of teaching him to keep a sharp eye for any chance of opening the world as his oyster. On the other hand, foreigners often found their way into Poland in its palmy days, notably esurient Scots, whose names have been sometimes naturalized there. Gordon, for instance, is now a Polish patronymic, borne by a patriot sufferer under Russian oppression, as by a notorious Jewish money-lender who flourished in the London of last generation; and other

Scottish names are said to be disguised in more corrupt forms.

The Congress of Vienna that undertook to resettle Europe after Napoleon's upheaval did not, like the Paris Conference of our day, much concern itself with national sentiments or rights of self-determination, but rather with the interest of princes, neatness of boundaries, and the balance of power. The Grand Duchy of Warsaw was turned into a constitutional kingdom with the Czar for its king, who appointed his eldest son Constantine as Viceroy. Constantine was so well pleased with this position that he renounced the throne of Russia in favour of his brother Nicholas. This lawful heir must have been a whimsical character, who loved the game of kings so far as drilling and dressing went, and is reported as hating war because it spoilt armies. All the same, he used his spick-and-span army to repress Polish patriotism with autocratic severity. For the Poles

were not so satisfied with a ruler who paid more regard to his playing with soldiers than to constitutional limitations of his power; and the French Revolution of 1830 stirred them to revolt. A gallant struggle, with varying fortunes, was prolonged by the invasion of Asiatic cholera, carrying off the leaders on both sides; but when the Poles could get no support more solid than sympathy from France and Britain, they were crushed by the weight of Russian arms; and the main part of their country was tacked on to Russia with some illusory promises of local government that came to little under Nicholas's autocratic rule.

Polish patriotism, driven into exile or secret conspiracy, was kept alive by the growth of the Pan Slavonian spirit, which brought it into touch with nascent Russian Liberalism; but this movement, as well as spasmodic risings, only availed to tighten the yoke of the Czar. In the European revolutionary earthquake of 1848, it was the Austrian and Prussian Poles who rose against the Germanizing efforts of their rulers, at first with some success that vanished in the debacle of German Liberalism, while Russia had her vassals so well in hand that she could help Austria to stifle the Hungarian rebellion. Held back by dissension between aristocratic and democratic factions, the discontented Russian Poles did not take advantage of the opportunity given them by the Crimean War; but their resentment against Czardom went on growing hot till, in 1863, it burst into flame, in spite of attempts at conciliation set afoot by the more liberal-minded Alexander II. But this insurrection was mainly a guerilla warfare of cruelties on both sides, that after a year's devastation availed only to put the country at the Czar's mercy, and invite further Russification. In the daring and suffering of those futile struggles the part taken by women is notable. Dr. G. Brandes, in his study of Polish society, endorses the opinion of an Italian writer to this effect: -

"While as a rule among the Germanic races the man is more gifted than the woman, and while among the Latin races man and woman on an average stand on the same level as to

intellectual qualities, among the Poles, the most characteristic Slav race, woman is decidedly superior to man. If we set aside the power of invention or production, we must be struck with the truth of these words. The men of Poland are certainly not wanting in passion, in courage and in energy, in wit, and in love of freedom; but it seems as if the women have more of these qualities. In Poland's great uprisings they have been known to enter into conspiracies, to do military duty, and frequently enough of their own free will to accompany their loved ones to Siberia. . . . During the rebellion of 1830-31 there was not a battalion nor a squadron of the Polish army in which there were not female combatants; after a battle or a march, the soldiers always arranged a bivouac for the women, just as they took care that no word was spoken which could offend their ears."

Less friendly judges put it that the Slav character shows a strong dash of the feminine—*varium et mutabile*—to set the two sexes more on a level. In any case, Brandes' impression is that in the last generation the influence of women, as that of the Church, had decreased under the conditions of Polish life. Two romances of Cherbuliez, *Ladislav Bolski* and *Samuel Brohl et Cie.*, contain interesting views of the national character as observed in exile, not without sympathy, which with German authors is apt to give place to a tone of contemptuous antipathy. Another shrewdly severe critic was Napoleon, who blamed the Poles as always acting on impulse rather than system.

Though there are still over one hundred thousand Polish families claiming noble descent, in recent times the country's old aristocratic organization was breaking up. Their share in patriotic movements had ruined or driven into exile many of the great noble houses. The more numerous class of *szlachta* gentry, besides suffering in the same way, were letting their caste-pride be touched by the spirit of the age, and began to crumble into a middle class. The emancipation of the peasants, the splitting up of large estates, the growth of industries and manufacturing towns had been raising the masses from their former political insignificance; and Polish patriotism, becoming



A Typical Jewish Crowd in Lodz, the Manchester of Poland

Donald M'F. ish

In the old days of Russian domination Jews were compelled by law to wear the long coat and peculiar peaked cap as a distinguishing mark of their race. The habit is still retained, particularly by the older men.

strongly democratic, with active elements of Socialist and Jewish agitation, drew closer to Russian Liberalism, encouraged by the disastrous Japanese war, then repressed by the Czar's fatuous distrust of free institutions. When the great war of 1914 broke out, he made a bid for Polish loyalty by promising to restore the old kingdom as an autonomous State, still under the wing of Russia. As usual, the Poles were not of one mind, some looking rather for deliverance to Austria, that had of late been more indulgent to her Slavonic subjects, while German intrigues, fomented by prosperous German settlers, had long been at work in this country as in other discontented sections of the Russian empire. The brutalities of the German soldiery, however, in their invasion of Poland, soon ruined what chance the Kaiser had of posing as its champion.

Poor Poland's expanse of open plains was the ground over which the tide of war ebbed and flowed seven times in waves of misery and havoc, till Russia's shameful withdrawal to turn her broken armies upon her own factions.

As soon as Poland was free to choose, she proclaimed herself an independent republic with the pianist Paderewski as its first leader. For the liberty thus suddenly regained, after so many struggles, a career of welfare is to be hoped, yet not without fears, since in the past the Poles have so much proved themselves their own worst enemies; and it remains to be seen if their misfortunes have steeled them to a more efficient temper. The new conductor of the national orchestra had to resolve so many discords that before long he proposed to resign because, though he had pledged his people to keep the peace

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while the bounds of their country were being marked off at Paris, the belligerent Diet could not be restrained from taking the matter into its own hands by hostile movements against the Ruthenians of Galicia. Poland, indeed, ominously inaugurated its rebirth with faction fights in which three of its neighbours were concerned. "Unstable as water", has been the verdict of past history; and, for the future, there are apprehensions expressed in Mr. Ralph Butler's *New Eastern Europe*, with the assent of not a few who will be best pleased to see their sinister auguries unfulfilled.

"In all Europe there is no people, with the possible exception of the French, which is naturally so gifted. No one can study Eastern Europe without feeling that they are infinitely the most attractive of the peoples with which he has to do. They are the only one in whose composition there is included that subtle *differentia* which marks off the 'big' nation from the small. Their culture is not borrowed; it is original and creative, the true expression of their national genius and their historical tradition. Yet in the political sphere their genius is strangely unfruitful. They are of those artists who produce nothing. Their conceptions are brilliant, but they have no technique, and do not see the need of it; and they never finish their work. Their political capacity is, as it were, negative. Their resistance to outside pressure is amazing, but they seem unable to develop their own strength. Lack of positive qualities, of discipline on the one hand and of moderation on the other, brought them to their fate in the eighteenth century. In the nineteenth century their negative qualities found their scope; and they may fairly claim that by a hundred years of successful resistance alike to Russian and to Teuton penetration they have proved to the world that they can be neither absorbed nor crushed. To-day their captivity is over, and they are free to rebuild their fallen State. Yet they are rent by internecine quarrels: all their old imperialism has revived; and instead of betaking themselves to trowel and mortar, and with prayer and fasting each man labouring night and day at the foundations, they sit disputing amid the ruins whether they shall ally themselves with Babylon or the Medes, while their trumpeters and shawm-players march in procession to all the cities of Philistia to proclaim, when their great-

ness is re-established, how great that greatness will be."

Polish genius has, in the last generation or two, been attested by poets like Slowacki, Krasimski, and Mickiewicz, by historians like Lelewel, by the novelists Kraszewski, Franzos, and Sienkiewicz, by such musicians as Chopin and Paderewski, some of these renowned abroad as in their own country. It is to be remembered that some Polish celebrities, Mickiewicz and Sienkiewicz for example, as also Kosciuszko, belonged to Lithuania, a neighbour land originally different in population, but long united to Poland in rule and latterly in community of suffering.

The country now reunited under its own name and government extends from the Carpathians to the Baltic, with a population predominantly Polish in blood, that on the east fringes off loosely among Lithuanians and Little Russians. But more than a century of division under three Empires has set such marks upon its southern, central, and northern regions, that we shall do well to examine these apart, as cut off from each other up till the war. This country, covering the basin of the Vistula, and on the west side drained by the Warta to the Oder, mainly makes part of the great North European plain, where, 300 or 400 feet above the sea, little but low undulations break a monotonous level of forests, sand wastes and morasses, chequered by fertile stretches on which rye is the leading crop, while owners of poorer ground must depend rather on cattle-rearing or timber for export by the rivers wandering sluggishly over these flats to the Baltic. Even the patriotic Sienkiewicz has to confess of a Polish view, that it is apt to be what the Germans call "ten miles of nothing", a broad level with a belt of wood for background. The climate, little tempered by the sea, is one of continental extremes, more severely so on the east side, where the ground is less cleared, and thicker forests still harbour wolves. The Vistula, with its score of important tributaries, is the chief artery of all three divisions of Poland. As already mentioned,

some of the Polish towns have grown in recent times as hives of manufacturing industry; but in some parts at least this is much in the hands of foreigners and Jews, the latter most numerous in Russian and least so in Prussian Poland. Of the world's dozen millions of this stubborn race without a country, half live in Poland and the adjacent districts of Russia, whence popular hatred let loose in recent years of political disturbance has been driving them out by

tens of thousands to seek asylum in Western Europe and America. The Poles themselves have for a generation been emigrating in such numbers that to the new country's population of at least twenty-one millions must be added three or four millions of them living chiefly in North and South America, from which the prosperity of some of those self-exiles has not failed to stimulate the patriotic aspirations of their fellow-countrymen.

GALICIA

Austrian Poland was the province of Galicia, to the north of the Carpathian chain; but only a bare majority of its eight millions were Poles, those chiefly grouped at the western end, while the eastern part is inhabited rather by Ruthenes, close akin to the Little Russians of the Ukraine, with an upper class largely Polish. The Carpathians harbour also a mongrel stock of Huzul mountaineers, believed to be of Asian origin; then among all are scattered colonies of industrious Germans, here known as Suabians. No love is lost between these ill-assorted neighbours, divided as they are in religion; but the Poles have been the dominant influence, favoured in the last half century by Austrian policy, granting a so indulgent measure of home rule that this part of Poland came to be the least discontented with its foreign yoke, padded also here by a common Catholicism, as not under Orthodox Russia and Protestant Prussia. Till recently Galicia has at least enjoyed peace and order in our time, if the gloomy tales of its novelist, Sachser-Masoch, show how not so long ago its mountains and forests were lairs for brigands as well as for bears and wolves.

The mountains spread some way into the province, falling in terraces to the basins of the Vistula and the Dniester that drain it north and southwards. At the west end rises the line of Tatra peaks, parting the Slovak side of Hungary from Galicia, that shares their grand features. Zakopane,

terminus of a rail from Cracow, besides being a school of the local wood-carving and lace-making crafts, hopes to rival the health resorts on the other side, when tourists and pleasure-seekers can be brought to trust themselves in Poland to cross the pass leading to the Zipp towns, and to seek out such beauty spots as the Great Fisch Lake, chief of those "eyes of the sea" so frequent among the Carpathians.

Farther east, the mountains fall away a little on the Ruthenian border, where Miss Dowie (*A Girl in the Carpathians*) gives a sympathetic sketch of a corner of Galicia projecting into Hungary with a mixed population of Ruthenes, Huzuls, and Jews. She good humouredly put up with the coarse looks of these mountaineers, their unashamed drunkenness and their dirty villages infested by fleas or worse vermin, in consideration of their rough friendly manners and the innate taste that made a Sunday gathering glow like beds of red and white poppies. Each district could be distinguished by slight variations of pattern in a costume of which the most sturdy parts were long cowhide boots or sandals and thick sheep-skin jackets, worn in all weathers, turned outside in under rain. To the wonder of these simple folk, not at all scandalized by her masculine garb, she wandered fearlessly among mountains rising a few thousand feet, and dark pine-woods shading a carpet of ferns and wild strawberries on which bears steal out to browse, as on rasp-

berry bushes and ground berries in the grassy and flowery clearings. This, she owns, is not a "show end" of the Carpathians, like the Tatra range; but she was the better pleased that "scenery in all its rough disregard of the canons of beauty elected by the tourist swelled round me in a sea of grey-green mountain waves; and away in front one could detect the black patches of creeping fir and the lighter ones of the little rose-flowered rhododendron—two shrubs that have accepted an exclusive contract for the clothing of the farthest hills."

This lively young lady's most exciting experience in a virgin tourist field seems to have been taking passage on one of the timber rafts which, as in the Alps, the rushing and twisting Carpathian streams hurl down as grist for saw-mills on the plains below.

"There are ten or twelve trees lopped, stripped, and tied together with withes of their own bark; the slimmer ends of the trees naturally make the bow, the thicker the stern, and there is fastened what may for clearness sake be called a rudder. It is a stake of pine wood that catches eternally in the river's bottom, and, save in the bigger streams, is no use at all. . . . The rush, the bang, the excitement, the shouting, the yellow foam—churned, curdled, lashing and bubbling, snatching at obstacles and bearing them away impotent, resistless; the continuous rumbling of displaced rocks, the rattle of chased gravel, pebbles, and sand! Then, indeed, you may hear 'the boulders talking together in the bed of the river'. Suddenly there is a snap and a shock, and you fall promptly upon your face, humbled before an unknown power; arisen, you will see one goodly tree torn from your flotilla, and you wring ruefully the water from your clothing. If not upon the first raft, you may be stuck for hours across the stream, the water washing over you, for it is the first volley of the water that works the best miracle of speed and safety. In the changes and chances of this mode of transit, your ship may strike upon a rock and fly in pieces; then, indeed, you will be in the river, and death, in the shape of other ships, may wait upon your heels, but with the fortune that attends the unsollicitous, you may arrive, wet, shaken, hot, laughing, amused, and conscious of having had a thorough 'lark'."

The chief city of Western Galicia is Cracow, the Moscow of Poland, as its ancient capital, where the kings came still to be crowned when their seat was transferred to Warsaw. After 1815, it was allowed a sort of spectral independence as a tiny republic till absorbed into Austria in 1846. On one side of the Vistula lies a Germanized suburb, from which, by an island making the Jews' quarter, a bridge leads over to old Cracow, likened to Edinburgh for the sake of its Vavel Castle Rock. But, unlike our "grey metropolis" of the north, Cracow is mainly built of mellowed brick on which sunshine seems to cast a smile of melancholy recollection of its past. The Vavel lifts up a mass of building that unites a citadel, a palace, and a cathedral, the secular part now restored after desecration as an Austrian barrack. The Cathedral is Poland's Westminster Abbey, showing monuments of kings crowned here, and in the crypt their coffins along with those of Kosciusko, of the Prince Poniatowski drowned at the battle of Leipsic, and of the poet Mickiewicz. In the Rynak, central market square, which has been compared to the Piazza of St. Mark at Venice, stands the largest and most richly adorned of Cracow's many churches, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, its two tall towers, built according to tradition by two brothers, one of whom grew so jealous of the other's quicker progress that he stabbed him, then, in remorse, killed himself with the same knife, and his tower remains unfinished to this day. The interior, reports an admiring visitor, "from floor to roof is an amazing glow of colour, every inch of surface gilt or painted blue, crimson, terra-cotta, or warm brown". The fourteenth century Cloth Hall across the square is now in part used as a museum and art gallery. There are other such collections in the modern buildings of the Cracow University, founded so far back as 1384, also in the museum of the local magnate Prince Czartoryski, near the Florian Gate where may be seen a fragment of Cracow's once formidable walls.

When all this city's ancient shrines and

memorials have been duly venerated, the stranger is bound to visit outside the gate three mounds, two of them taken to be the barrows of a somewhat mythical founder Krakus and his Amazon daughter Vanda; but the third was piled up about a century ago by the population of Cracow, ladies and all, from basketfuls of soil brought out of every corner of Poland to raise this monument to its most unstained hero Kosciusko. Though not a hundred feet high, the Kosciusko Mound stands on an eminence giving fine views of the city, of the course of the Vistula, and of the distant Tatra Mountains. In the vicinity also are grand ruins, such as those of Casimir the Great's castle at Lobzow, and the rock-built cloisters of Bielany and Tyniec.

Another lion within easy reach of Cracow is the renowned salt-mine of Wieliczka, the most extensive of such workings in the ex-Austrian domain, a labyrinth of halls and passages extending for two and a half miles, here and there opening upon lakes and vaulted caverns, illuminated to show colossal statues and other devices hewn out of rock-salt. There are other salt-mines in this region, and many mineral springs that some day advertisement may coin into gold. Galicia has one of the richest oil-fields of Europe, as well as coal, iron-ore, and quarries of fine marble. Some towns have manufactures of cloth, paper, soap, cement, &c.; but the great majority of the people live on agriculture or forestry, so poorly for want of capital, perhaps of enterprise, and through



Cracow: the Marienkirche, showing the two towers to which reference is made in the text (p. 150)

debt to Jewish usurers, that they have in the last generation or two emigrated in such numbers as to give Canada the name of Galician for all her recruits from this side of Europe. The right Galicians should feel at home in Canada, since their native land also has a severe climate of winter cold and summer heat.

The other towns of Western Galicia come a long way after Cracow's 150,000 population; but like it they show signs of having seen better days. Teschen, the centre of a

rich coal-field, stood at the Polish end of Austrian Silesia, and came to be hotly disputed between restored Poland and the new Czecho-Slovak state, so that its ownership was referred to a plebiscite by the Allied Council. The Biala affluent of the Vistula divided the two provinces, on the Silesian bank of which stood Bielitz, with a transpontine annexe named Biala on the Galician side. Lower down on the same river, east of Cracow lies Tarnow, a place of thirty or forty thousand people; then farther east the rail to Lemberg goes by the larger Przemyśl, that fortress whose orthography so much exercised newspaper readers during the war. The reader will bear in mind that those figures of population were estimated some years back, before Poland suffered the ravaging of two armies. Within the last quarter of a century or so, there has been a considerable development of industrial life, mining and metallurgy at the Silesian border, oil, salt, and other minerals along the Carpathians, and textile or other factories at the east end.

Eastern Galicia, basin of the Dneister, with its mainly Ruthene stock of inhabitants, has larger towns, half their population like to be Jews, their buildings showing a touch of the East, and the country-folk about them more Tartar in type than the Poles. Halicz, the ancient place that was godfather to Galicia, is of small importance now, while Stanislaw and Tarnopol have grown as trading centres. By far the largest city in this region is Lemberg, as the Germans called it, in the vernacular Lwow, also Leopold, the "Lion hill", which counted over two hundred thousand inhabitants before 1914. This is an historical as well as a commercial city, the chief one of Austrian Poland, of old its bulwark against Tartar and Turkish invasion, rebuilt by Casimir the Great, and by John Sobieski surrounded with fortifications which have now been turned into gardens and promenades, throwing it open to Russian, then to German occupation in the war, since which it has suffered in the quarrels between Poles and



Ruthenian Peasant Women in National Costume

Ruthenians, the latter claiming to be united with the Ukraine as their motherland. A destructive conflagration in the sixteenth century having swept away most of its original features, its broad streets and spacious openings give it a more modern air than that of most Polish cities, and it is a nineteenth century Rathhaus whose high tower overlooks the Renaissance buildings of its central square; but it has preserved some monuments of a stirring past. Among several fine churches are three cathedrals, seats of Archbishops of the Latin Catholic, the Greek Uniat, and the Armenian Communion, the last representing a very old colony of Armenians that appears to be dying out, but may have accounted for Lemberg not containing the usual proportion of Jews. Its culture is attested by several good collections of art, natural history, and antiquities, including a treasure of Scythian gold ornaments unearthed in the

bed of a stream in this district. With a university that has fostered the Ruthenian language and thousands of students, Lemberg was noted as a focus of modern free-thinking spirit, while Cracow lay more under clerical and conservative influences.

All the east side of Galicia has been so hotly claimed by the Ukrainians, coming to the aid of their Ruthenian kinsmen, that the peacemakers of Paris were moved to hesitate on their first intention of giving the Austrian province entire to Poland. While their deliberations dragged along, the disputed territory has been a scene of massacring and plundering of Jews at many points, and of hot fighting between Poles and Ukrainians, whose strains of blood are mixed together, not only in Galicia but in the bordering Russian provinces. But Polish troops overran the disputed area; and the Allied council saw cause for allotting it, at least temporarily, to Poland.

RUSSIAN POLAND

The central and largest part of Poland was that held down by Russia, which in vain laboured by all the arts of despotism to overlay its obstinate nationality; the Russian yoke has had alternations of tightening and loosening, but could never be easily fitted on the mass of this people. Every outbreak of discontent or insurrection would be followed by renewed severities, in which suspected patriots were imprisoned, sent into the ranks of the army, or banished to the wilds of Siberia, among other cruelties of which the story has been told in many an exile's memoirs, as in romances like Dostoevsky's. The spasmodic rising of 1863 cost Poland some two hundred thousand of its bravest sons, slain or exiled. Then again, the Czar's government might seek in vain to coax those stiff-necked subjects into resignation. In the last generation, the growth of pan-Slavic sentiment and the struggling Liberalism of educated Russia had turned Polish eyes with some hopefulness to masters a little more than kin and

less than kind; but it was hard to forget the lash and the chain; and when at the opening of the war the Russian government made a bid for loyalty in promising a reunited and autonomous Poland under the sceptre of the Czar, it met with a somewhat *Timeo Danaos* reception. An Austrian offer to set up Poland under a Catholic prince of the Hapsburg family was listened to with more attention; but before the end of a struggle in which they were to suffer sorely, the Poles had made up their minds to provide for their own independence.

The German hosts broke into the country with professions of coming as its deliverers, but unhappy Poland was soon to learn what sort of deliverance could be expected from that quarter. Its holiest spot is the pilgrim chapel of Czenstochowa in the south-western corner of Russian Poland, where a dingy, battered picture of the Virgin and Child, set in a richly jewelled frame, drew crowds to bend before it in tearful adoration, and to purchase pious souvenirs that brought no

small gain to the local Jews. The Germans gave out that their Kaiser, whose intimate relations with heaven are well known, had been favoured by a vision of the Virgin - charging him to rescue this treasure from the Russians. As the Poles evinced no gratitude for his championship, the sacred relic was torn from its shrine and sent as a trophy to Berlin, in its place being put a picture of the All Highest War-lord, before which the worshippers were called on to bow down. We have few details of what went on over Poland during those fiery years; but it is stated on good authority that the sufferings of Belgium, that found fuller notice and relief, were far outdone by the brutal atrocities inflicted here by the "grey devils", at whose approach the peasantry would set their villages on fire; and in some cases are stated to have let themselves be burned with their homes rather than fall into the hands of those apostles of Kultur, whose advance found the country already laid waste by the retreating Russians. Thousands of Polish towns and villages were ruined. Their houses broken down, their fields devastated, their cattle slaughtered, the people in several districts were left to die by hundreds of thousands of sheer famine and disease; even their native air was tainted, many it is said being suffocated, miles behind the fighting line, by the fumes of poison-gas, which was much used by the Germans on this front. Taxes and contributions scraped bare the impoverished land, whose sons were vainly invited to serve in the Kaiser's army. Before the war was over, Poland had had so much of her rival "Liberators", and they so neutralized each other's domination, that she took the first opportunity to shake herself loose in a not unnatural mood of wrath that would hardly let itself be controlled by the victorious Allies.

The Russian "kingdom" of Poland's southern frontier came within a few hours' walk of Cracow; and on exchanging the black and yellow ensigns of Austria for the white and black of Russia - now replaced by the Polish red and white - one might at first note little other difference than that the

Jews here were shorn of their corkscrew curls by Russian ordinance. But before long it would become apparent that one had entered a more wide-awake country, which in its extent of some fifty thousand square miles supports ten or a dozen millions of people, a fifth of them Jews, who have still most of the trade in their hands and in some towns make a large majority, as at Brody, on the Russian border. But in recent times, the Polish gentry much pocketed their pride to undertake industrial enterprises which have raised a considerable middle class, while half the population find work at increasing factories, both in their own country and across the frontier of what was Prussian Silesia or even as far off as the Westphalian Black Country, an emigration permanent or temporary, which they speak of as "going to Europe". Germans have also emigrated into the heart of Poland, giving an impetus to its home industries. Agriculture is much taken up with the growth of potatoes for distilling spirit, or of beet-root for sugar; and timber is rafted down the Vistula. This river, connected with the Dnieper by canal, makes the main vein of Poland, not of full value as a waterway, since only small vessels can come up as far as Warsaw, grown great as the official and commercial capital. The Russian government had provided a rather stinted measure of railway communication, mainly with an eye to military movements, and there are some good high-roads, one described as over 100 yards wide; but off the main routes travellers are liable to back-breaking and overturning experiences.

Warsaw, before the war throwing half of them destitute, counted seven hundred thousand or more inhabitants, a smart and growing city, opened out in modern streets round the old town that became Poland's capital in the sixteenth century. The core of the city, standing on high ground overlooking the Vistula, has fine mediæval features which a society undertook to restore so as to show it one of the most dignified squares of Europe; but the old mansions of magnates and wealthy citizens have been much degraded into dirty tenements swarming with Jews, and the

royal castle was in part turned into barracks. In the streets leading hence are to be visited many churches, palaces, museums, and other institutions, whose art treasures in some cases were carried off to Petersburg, as was the unrivalled library of the University, closed for a generation as a focus of Polish patriotism, then reopened for lectures in Russian only. Near the spacious "Saxon Garden", a new Russian Cathedral raises its gilt domes and white towers over a square interior lavishly decorated with paintings of Scriptural scenes, in contrast to the colder and darker features of the old Catholic Cathedral. The city is much beautified with parks and public gardens, that seemed to dissemble its hidden woes. In the environs are some fine palaces and pleasure-grounds, such as Lazienki, the Versailles of the last Polish kings, and the Castle of Villanow built by John Sobieski. Visitors are not so likely to seek out the crowded

and unsavoury Jewish quarter, or the district occupied by such industries as iron-works, breweries, factories for machinery, chemicals, and carpet making. A bridge over the Vistula leads to the mean suburb of Praga with its horse and cattle market. Said to take its name as founded by a colony from Prague, this was formerly a fortified position which more than once played a part in Polish history. Here, in 1794, Suwarrow made a ruthless massacre of both defenders and in-



Donald M'Leish

A Vegetable Market in the Jewish District of Warsaw

habitants; and the rebellion of 1830 likewise ended with another desperate defence of Praga, when one Polish officer, as recorded by the poet Mickiewicz, blew up the bastion he would not surrender, perishing along with its assailants. Such memories are still fresh in Warsaw, where they kept Russian and Polish society coldly apart; and now one may expect to find a revolution in the statues and other memorials with which the city was adorned by its late

masters, when, in spite of all improvements, on some visitors it made a mournful impression by "its decayed grandeur and the painful memories it calls up at every turn".

The place next in size is now Lodz, grown rapidly to a population of 300,000 as centre of a thriving cotton manufacture and other industries, which are much in Jewish hands, and a good deal of German capital was employed here, to make it more a German than a Polish town. Lodz has no historical interest, as have Lublin, once among the chief Polish cities, and still flourishing through its cloth-mills and trade in corn; and Brest-Litovsk, inhabited mainly by Jews, a strong fortress beside the Bug on the Russian frontier, that came into newspaper note through the shameful treaty made here with Germany by the "red" usurpers of Russian government. These places, as well as the sacred Czenstochowa, have about fifty thousand inhabitants; and there are thirty or so smaller towns, with the hard names of which the reader will not care to burden his memory, though we may expect to hear of some of them as developed or revived by the industrial movement now set free from Russian regulation.

The villages, often hidden away in undulations of the rolling plain, are like to show reason for modest retirement in their mean, dirty, and untidy aspect, too much in harmony with such setting as the "grey rainy sky, the intense dark green of the high ground, the vast sullen-looking duck-pond, shadowed over by tall willows and poplars". But whereas most observers, even patriotic ones, are apt to dwell on the dull monotony of a typical Polish prospect, let us quote the Right Honourable W. F. Bailey for a more brightly coloured picture of a summer scene, that suggests the *Evenings at Home* story of "Eyes and No Eyes". Perhaps as an Irishman this writer brings kindly eyes to bear on Poland, so often compared to Ireland in more than one respect; and he admits that here he is looking at a neighbourhood less poor and squalid than are some of the Polish districts.

"Broken only by the dark belt of the forest, a slow-moving little river, and four wide, white,

straight roads bordered by poplars, the great plains stretch away like a heaving ocean into the blue distance. If it were not for the sombre forest the scene would perhaps be too brilliant. There are vast fields of maize so tall that a man standing six foot high finds their yellow tasselled heads on a level with his own. They wave gently in the summer breeze, while every now and then across their golden beauty fleecy clouds cast soft, blue, scurrying shadows. On the undulating green *toloka* herds of cattle graze, and the tinkling of a hundred sheep and cow bells, with the occasional cry of a herd-boy, rises through the air. The fields, ditches, roadsides, the river banks—fringed so thickly with hedges of silver-grey willows—are aglow with wild flowers, wild flowers so bright, so lovely, as can only blossom in Poland, the land of passion and vivid life. Purple and gold irises, pansies blue and creamy-white as the crest of a wave—a wilderness of marguerites, pink-tipped meadow rue, campanulas, lilies, dog-roses, fiercely-scarlet poppies, cornflowers, wine-tinted tares, chicory, dazzle and delight. Their perfume under the almost visible heat soothes the senses into a somnolence that is neither sleep nor waking. All is peace. Away over yonder, down the more open pathways of the great forest, the trees throw an emerald sun-flecked shade on the deep moss carpet, on regal ferns, bee orchids, clumps of Solomon seals and wild strawberry beds. Even now, in the splendour of a Polish summer, the branches moan overhead, and the loneliness is so oppressive as to awaken awe. Farther in, along the green aisles, the growth is too dense for the sunlight to filter through, the moss gives place to fallen pine-needles, wild life rules supreme, and there it were wiser not to venture unarmed—there are graves in the village cemetery occupied by victims of Tzigane robbers. No sound of human existence penetrates the stillness, only the gentle rustling of the leaves and the timid movements of shy, untamed creatures: green and sun-spotted lizards, sorrel-hued frogs, sleepy, innocent snakes, while only the flitting of birds disturbs the brooding silence. *Can* this be the country of which the Polish patriot has said, 'wring a clod of earth in your hands anywhere in all our lands, and blood drips out'?"

A contrast to such scenes is offered by the strip of Upper Silesia on the west which, as already told in our first volume, the Paris Conference took from Germany to give back

to Poland. This Black Country of coal and iron-working, with Oppeln, seat of the old Silesian dukes, as its chief town, has a population of mainly Polish blood; but the relative proportions of the two stocks are matter of hot controversy, and the Germans to whose industry and enterprise it owed most, indignantly threatened armed resistance to alien annexation; nor was it quite clear that all the Poles were keen about losing German citizenship. There was even a movement for turning Upper Silesia into an independent state as a buffer between the two frontiers. It is difficult to gauge the angry feelings excited here on either side, especially as the German authorities did not stick at forcibly suppressing Polish demonstrations; but the uproar so im-

pressed the arbitrators at Paris, that a *plebiscite* was ordained, which in any case could not heal the soreness of inflamed patriotism. Before the plebiscite could be taken, there was a fierce Polish outbreak put down with thorough German severity, heated by racial animosity. All along this western strip to be added to Poland, indeed, come patches where Poles are in a minority; so here and elsewhere the Allied map-makers had hardly realized the difficulty of drawing new boundaries that might in many cases merely transfer a grudge of subjection from one race to the other. This mixture of races, artificial and natural, is very apparent in the northern part of Poland that for more than a century has been under Prussian rule.

NORTHERN POLAND

Passing into Poznań, the German share of Poland's *disjecta membra*, we find some change both in aspects of nature and in social conditions. The northern plain shows sandier and barer, unless where shaded by wind-blown pine-woods or coaxed into fertility by a laborious cultivation, that has put the tillers of this soil upon their mettle, so that here is found a larger proportion of cultivated land. In the Grand Duchy of Posen the villages look neater, the farms richer, and the towns more European. Here, long before the partition, Pole and German struggled for mastery, the champions of the West being those Teutonic knights who undertook the conversion of heathen Prussia and Lithuania. Chaucer's "perfect, gentle knight", it will be remembered, had taken a turn at this religious warfare. The Teutonic Order did much to civilize as well as Christianize the shores of the Baltic; then, like the Templars, it degenerated under the temptations of wealth and power. In the long run the knights had to make terms with the Polish monarchy; and they lost their Catholic zeal in conversion to Lutheranism, while their power passed to the Dukes of Prussia. But

monuments of their proud days in this region suggest how they must have left here a strong Teuton strain, reinforced by immigration and of late by Prussian policy, so that this ancient province of Poland has now only some two million Poles, much mixed with Germans, their friction striking out against each other sparks of enterprise as well as of animosity. The Poles in the north seem to have been tempered to a harder mood by the Baltic winds, and showed themselves better able than Russian subjects to hold their own against superiors who must now reconcile themselves to another attitude.

Polish and German neighbours might have got on better here, but for Prussian government, notably unsympathetic in its hard dealings with subjects of a softer temper. Someone has put it in the language of the turf, that the Prussian in the saddle has a good seat but bad hands. Russian officials might have to carry out harsher mandates from Petersburg, but they at least were brother Slavs, also very open to bribery which could often temper petty oppression, whereas the agents of Prussian mastery were like to be as honest as strict in regard for

duty. The word Prussia is used here advisedly, because it was principally Prussian influences that of late have been brought to bear upon the Germanizing of the Poles, a policy not heartily backed, even now and then denounced, by the rest of Germany. What has been happening here in the last half century may be understood by supposing that Great Britain, instead of tending to indulge Irish sentiment, had revived its old pigheaded attempt to recast the Celt in a mould of Anglo-Saxon qualities. As in Ireland, indeed, the intruding race has been liable to let its dough be leavened by the other's yeast, so that some lumps of originally German population have adopted Polish ideals and aspirations. So many Polish labourers went westward for summer harvest work, or to man coal-mines and factories, that there seemed a danger of Germany being Slavonicized sooner than Poland could be Germanized. But the Kaiser's government stuck to its domination of this region; and when, during the war, it flirted with proposals of Polish independence, there was no notion of relaxing its grip on Posen and West Prussia.

In 1848, the northern Poles but followed the example of other German states in a revolutionary movement at first formidable in general disorder, then flagging, and finally put down, as elsewhere, by the iron hand of Prussia, that for a time had been paralysed through the hesitations of a king more clever than sensible. In 1863 Posen was kept quiet, as it might not have remained had the insurrection in the Russian kingdom made good. But the sentiment of Polish nationality went on raising its head in a manner that alarmed Bismarck, who, looking on the Catholic clergy as its strongest allies, entered on his rash *Kultur-kampf* with the Church, and thus gave a popular energy to the Polish national feeling that in times past had chiefly affected the upper class. He next attacked Polish nationality in the schools, where all except religious instruction was ordered to be in German. Polish was forbidden to be spoken at public meetings, and letters might not be addressed in Polish. The ungrateful task of beating

an alien tongue into children did not attract the best class of German schoolmasters, who had a chance of playing Squeers to their hearts' content when the pupils were required to say their prayers also in German, as by hundreds of thousands they refused to do, going out on strike, and many of the young patriots let themselves be whipped again and again rather than obey: it was believed that some earned the crown of actual martyrdom in a persecution that made the government as ridiculous as hated. Not till the war put a fresh value on Polish loyalty were the little Poles licensed to learn in their own language. Under Prussia, at least, their schooling had been closer seen to than farther south, so that in the north illiteracy is almost extinct; and this end of Poland comes to itself better provided with agricultural improvement as with roads and railways.

Persistent efforts were made to recruit the German population, in danger of being overlaid by the Poles. Slav settlers from outside were banned, 30,000 of them being turned out of the country at once. The government, helped by patriotic speculators, undertook to spend money on buying land for German colonists, thereby sending up the price of farms which the Poles sold to buy better ones. Polish land-banks had been set up to back them in fighting the government subsidies, till a law was found needful to prevent Germans parting with their land to Poles. A society founded to encourage exclusive dealings with Germans was countered by a Polish co-operative body of similar aim, so that both communities stood in an attitude of mutual boycott. German novels of that time are emphatic in contrasting the sterling qualities of their own race with the idleness, shiftlessness, and vanity of the Poles; but the latter took lessons from their rivals with such effect as to get the better of them in an economic war; and the upshot of this campaign of repression was to increase *Polentum* at the expense of the German element, putting new life into the Polish language, national customs, and display of national costumes, while the stupid Prussian policy came to

be denounced in the Reichstag and by some of the best German newspapers. Thus in a generation the tide was turned that for centuries had been flowing into this region from the west, a change illustrating the old fable of a traveller drawing his cloak about him against the wind, who would have cast it off under warm sunshine.

It was the Teutonic knights who had first brought this Germanizing influence into Poland and Lithuania, from converters becoming oppressors till early in the fifteenth century they were humbled by the arms of their native disciples. They have left here many monuments of their heyday, chief among these their Grand Master's Palace-fortress at Marienburg, which, worthily restored, could rank as the grandest such mediæval structure in the German empire. This place is on the river Nogat, which was recently canalized to make a new opening into a long lagoon backwater of the Baltic, where at the west end is the port of Elbing, and at the head stands Königsberg, capital of East Prussia, that was also a seat of those lordly knights. To the east of this stream lies a district of such mixed population that it is to be given its choice by vote of being Prussian or Polish. On the west, about the bends of the Vistula, a broad strip is assigned to Poland down to the river's mouth, at which a hot dispute was settled by making Dantzic a free port with access guaranteed



Posen: the Rathhaus

Donald M. Leish

The Rathhaus (Town Hall) was originally a Gothic edifice, but was rebuilt in Renaissance style in 1536. The tower, 214 feet high, commands an extensive view. The building contains a statue of Stanislaus Augustus, last king of Poland (1764-93)

to both nations. This port has long been the outlet for Polish productions, and till the partition belonged to Poland; but the Poles, so warlike on land, seemed never to have tried at naval enterprise, and Dantzic had become so thoroughly Teuton as to deserve notice in the foregoing account of Germany. Delimited under the eye of a British commissioner, its new status, as a

free city, seems to please neither people; and, behind it, Poland talks of setting up a port of its own.

Some way up the Vistula, on the territory now given to Poland, is Thorn, another seat of the Teutonic knights, noted as the birth-place of Copernicus. This old town has been outgrown by its neighbour Bromberg, where goes off a canal joining the Vistula to the Oder. Farther south lies Gnesen that boasts itself the oldest city of Poland, tomb of its first apostle, St. Adalbert, and, before Cracow, coronation seat of its kings. This had to give place of pride to Posen, another old Polish city, its 70,000 inhabitants half German, and as the Prussian provincial centre a focus of that stubborn struggle between patriotic sentiment and official pressure. And here also the races so press upon one another, that masses of Germanism threatened to rise in arms against the sentence that placed them under a nationality which they looked on as inferior, and which undoubtedly has owed much to their invigorating example. A look at the contrasting German and Polish quarters of Posen is enough to hint how a revised and reconstituted Poland will have many difficulties to live down, which can perhaps make its integrity one of the first jobs on which the League of Nations may have to try a prentice hand.

This long-suppressed nationality has indeed shown itself most bellicose in its new independent life. While still troubled by internal factions, as of old, it bumptiously rejected prudent counsels for a mood of defiance to its neighbours on every side. On the east, it has been rashly aggressive in attempting to regain territory where once the Polish monarchy held sway over Lithuanians and Ruthenians, and where still many Poles and Polish Jews are mixed with other late subjects of the Czar. So much in need

of funds and food as to appeal to the generosity of the United States, ravaged like her neighbours by deadly epidemics, Poland, with encouragement from France rather than from Britain, soon treated herself to an army in part officered by Frenchmen and other foreigners, but animated by a spirit that has outrun the slow decisions of the Entente, whose triumphant cackling over national renaissance threatens here and there to hatch a Frankenstein's monster instead of the expected dove of peace. With aims stretched as far as White Russia, on excuse of protecting kindred minorities, Polish troops advanced at more than one point beyond the old Russian frontiers, after occupying what was the Eastern Galicia of Austria; then dashing victories in the Ukraine and Lithuania were turned into retreat before the rallied Bolshevik forces that, in turn, came to be driven back from an attempt to close on Warsaw.

We have to leave this revived State with some of its pretensions still unsettled among distracted peace-makers; but at last listening to terms proposed by Soviet Russia, an accommodation naturally more welcome to the new republic's own Socialists than to the descendants of its proud nobility. The Allied Conference at Spa also put some pressure on its bellicose spirit. Plebiscites held in the summer of 1920 to decide the nationality of southern strips of West and East Prussia showed a large majority for Germany. The vote to be taken in Upper Silesia was delayed till later in the year; but the indications are that, if fairly taken, it should go in favour of Poland. At this moment, map-makers still find themselves, here and there, at a loss as to Poland's precise frontiers, the fixing of which, however, it has professed itself willing to leave to the League of Nations' judgment.

RUSSIA

ALL THE RUSSIAS

The country that covers a good half of Europe and a seventh part of the globe's land surface, the empire that was the largest but one in the world, rightly took itself as at once a European and an Asiatic Power; it can be called the most Eastern nation of Europe and the most Western of Asia. It differed from the British Empire in being a compact mass on which its Government slighted continental frontiers, where indeed the Urals and the Caucasus hardly mark off separate races and civilizations. On this side of Europe, there has all along been a fusing of Western with Eastern blood and thought, which in European Russia was cast into a predominantly Slavonic mould, while over the whole empire, well styled "all the Russias", were spoken more than a hundred languages, belonging to at least half a dozen families of speech, and written in several alphabets, Russian, Roman, Gothic, Hebrew, Georgian, Armenian, Arabic, and Mongol. It would be no wonder if a Colossus compounded of such various elements were to fall to pieces on the breaking of the bonds that held together its often imperfectly welded members.

The aboriginal inhabitants of European Russia are taken to have been an Asiatic race, in the north akin to the Finns, in the south at least mixed with such swarms as Roman Europe confused under the name of Huns. All along there may well have been successive layers of invasion on Russia's open plains. Herodotus notes the Scythians' use of vapour baths and addiction to strong drink, which seem ancestral traits of Russia; and Ovid's account of the Getæ might pass

for the Cossacks. Among earlier stocks, whoever they were, spread the Slavs, themselves apparently steeled by an infusion of masterful northern blood, when sturdy Varangians found their way both by land and sea from Scandinavia to Constantinople, welcomed there as trusty guards for the Byzantine emperors. On the Black Sea coast early sprang up Greek cities as beacons of civilization. On either side the Slavs were also exposed to Teutonic and Turanian waves of aggression, while the great rivers that from a central region of Russia run to the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Caspian, gave them roads of commercial intercourse, by which the gold, silk, and spice of Asia passed through their country into Europe. Amber, dried fish, wax, and honey were among their own wares, chiefly consisting of furs that, as for the Red Indians, made a standard of exchange, coming to be represented by stamped strips of leather in a rude form of coinage, even as the Redskin warrior's grisly trophies dwindled to the portable scalp of his foe. The Slavs also seem to have dealt in human flesh and blood, unmindful of the association of their own name with the slave markets of the Roman world.

A centre of this far-spread commerce came to be Novgorod, where in the middle of the ninth century the foundation-stone of Russian empire was laid by Rurik, taken to have been a Norseman in origin. The power he consolidated here was extended southwards to Kiev, to which his successors transferred their seat as in closer touch with Constantinople. Towards the end of the

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tenth century, the conversion of Vladimir the Great to Greek Christianity made Kiev the metropolis of what would come to boast itself "Holy Russia". This prince spread his authority over minor chiefs with such effect that in the next generation Jaroslav the Wise, who framed a code of Russian law, could ally his State by marriages with the royal families of Poland, Norway, and Hungary, even, it is said, with those of France and England. But, as happened to Charlemagne's empire, his kingdom was broken up by the feudal custom of division between sons, with resulting quarrels of succession, in which a city named from Vladimir grew to rival Kiev as centre of its fissiparous power. Then the ill-united nation went to pieces before a Mongol invasion that about the middle of the thirteenth century destroyed both Kiev and Vladimir along with Moscow and most of Russia's rising towns, when Novgorod seems to have escaped through prompt submission.

For more than a century now the "Golden Horde" of Tartars—who ought to be written as *Tatars*, but Europe's mistake seems stereotyped at least for popular literature—held in Russia such sway as the Ottoman Turks came to exercise over the Christian peoples of the Balkans. These conquerors did not at first concern themselves with conversion, and, if political and social progress was arrested by the barbarian mastery, the Orthodox Church, already noted for devout zeal, grew strong as an asylum for Russian nationality. The Russian princes, reduced to be vassals or viceroys under Tartar Khans, still kept up their quarrels, which seem to have been partly silenced before the dread of forcible conversion to Islam proposed by a fanatical Khan. A clear point is that above the welter arose a line of Grand Princes, who, seated at Moscow, were able to gather a force that could resist the Tartar domination. By valour and policy, these princes went on extending their authority, and so well defending it, against European and Asian enemies on either hand, that in the fifteenth century Moscow had become the capital of a revived Russia, still imperfectly united,

but shaking itself free from the Tartar yoke under Ivan III, who married a daughter of the last Greek Emperor. It was a realm of three estates, the Grand Prince, his council of boyar nobles, and the clergy whose Patriarch's spiritual power made a core of patriotism. In the sixteenth century Ivan IV, surnamed the Terrible, took the title of Czar, variously stated as of native origin or as a corruption of Kaiser. His rule, based on ruthless severity, was pushed over the basin of the Volga and across the Urals into Siberia. After him, the empire was thrown into fresh disorder by the strange episode of more than one false Demetrius, claiming to represent an heir of doubtful fate. Two of these personators successively won the crown by the help of Poland, but after a short reign of civil war, each was deposed and murdered, the first giving quick offence in his leaning to Polish religion and customs. Still other pretenders tried to pass themselves off as the rightful prince during a welter of anarchy, ended by the crowning of Michael Romanoff, son of the Patriarch, whose descendants held the throne up to our time. This family is said to have sprung from one of the Teutonic knights, so from first to last Russia has had much to do with rulers of foreign origin.

Peter the Great (1672-1725) was the Romanoff sovereign who brought Russia into the circle of European royalties. Brutally barbarian in his own private life, he saw what his country lacked and was able to force it into the way of progress out of deep ruts of ignorance and superstition. In carrying out this aim, he crushed the turbulent conservatism of his people, reduced the power of the boyars, and abolished the Patriarchate that threatened to rival the throne, putting the Church under a Holy Synod of bishops who became practically civil service officials. After repeated defeats by Charles XII of Sweden, he learned the art of war so as in turn to quench that blazing meteor. To make Russia a maritime Power, he travelled through Europe, working with his own hands as a shipwright between bouts of drunkenness. He transferred the capital to the city on the Neva



Transport in Russia: travelling by canal

The peasants (around the city of Nijni-Novgorod, for instance) do much of their travelling by canal, the reason being that this mode of conveyance saves the cost of a horse, and as the majority of the canals run for many miles in a straight line, and the roads are winding, the distance by water is shorter.

which, built on an unhealthy site at the cost of as many lives as in a battle, he named after himself. He had an eye on the Black Sea also, and left the conquest of Constantinople as an aim for his successors, along with a legacy of what has been epigrammatically called despotism tempered by assassination. From his travels he brought back Louis XIV's conception of royalty, *L'état c'est moi*, which he carried out masterfully over the old foundations of the Russian State, and from Germany he took the bureaucratic administration that has weighed so heavily on Russian life. By other introductions, mainly on the practical side of civilization, he started that course of somewhat servilely copying from the West, which gave one of her great writers reason to exclaim bitterly that Russia had invented nothing for herself except the

knout! Since Peter the Great, the Russian Czars have styled themselves Emperor, while Europe persisted in giving them their old title, often spelt Tsar.

His empire, like his capital, proved to be built on a quagmire; but the yoke of the Romanoffs had been so firmly riveted that four sovereigns of the eighteenth century were women, ruling through a succession of favourites and intriguers. The crime-stained annals of this house had to be slurred over in official Russian history of a period whose most shining figure was the Empress Catherine, a German princess usurping the throne of her imbecile husband and ruling with ability, though setting an example of loose morals beneath a veneer of tawdry splendour. Under her was begun the partition of Poland; while the arms of Russia steadily repressed

Tartars and Turks in the south. Her successor, little better than a madman, was murdered by a conspiracy of nobles. His son, Alexander I, ventured to defy Napoleon's edict for a Continental blockade of Britain; then from Moscow Europe's tyrant was driven to his disastrous retreat in the winter of 1812-13. Earlier in Alexander's reign, by leave of the conqueror, Russia had wrested Finland from Sweden in the European scramble. This Czar took a step towards constitutionalism by appointing an advisory council of the empire. His brother, Nicholas I's succession was signalized by an abortive attempt at liberalizing the State, which, known as the Decembrist movement, could be crushed by a Czar firmly devoted to despotism. He was worsted in his Crimean struggle with the West; but his successors, under cloak of delivering the Balkans from Turkish oppression, pushed Russia's advances towards the Bosphorus, extending also their empire in Asia with a rapidity that alarmed Britain into its mistaken policy of bolstering up that oppressive "Sick Man" of Constantinople. Thus in our time Russia stood forth as a great European and Asiatic Power, measuring 160 degrees of longitude by 35 degrees of latitude, and counting 170 or 180 millions of subjects, over 100 millions of them in Europe. This huge empire was divided into about a hundred administrative governments of unequal area and population, some of them larger than any European country, and most of them as extensive as several English counties. The remote Yakutsk province of Siberia is alone about as big as all Europe without Russia.

Let us for the present confine our survey to European Russia. Washed by icy seas on the north and north-east side, its bordering mountain ranges are the Caucasus, the Carpathians westward, and the long eastern range of the Urals, rising to a few thousand feet at their highest. Within these barriers the prevailing feature of the country is a plain of vast horizons, merging into the North-European flats, here and there elevated to hills or table-lands, half covered by forests and morasses, but with stretches

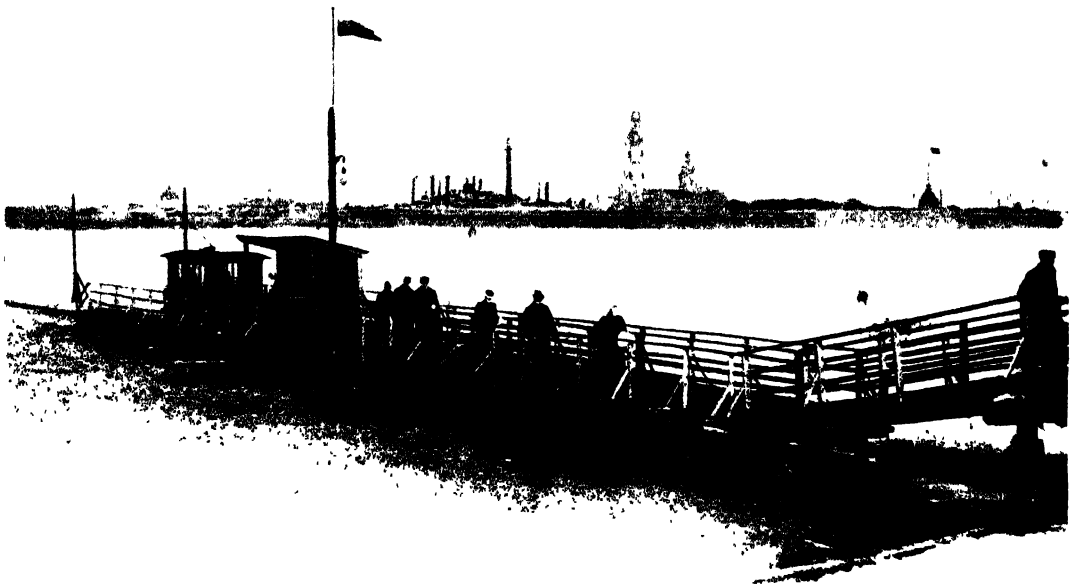
of remarkably rich black earth among dry pastures that especially in the south often recall the steppes of Tartary, and sometimes degenerate into deserts. The rainfall, nowhere large, is smallest in the south. No high ranges cross the plain that, exposed to the north, has a climate in general of severe extremes, seemingly reflected in the national character. It is only in the south of the Crimea that a continuation of the Caucasus rises to about five thousand feet, protecting a strip of favoured shore, which makes the Riviera of Russia. On the outside of this range our soldiers lying before Sebastopol had a bitter experience of winter in the latitude of southern France. Our own islands lie almost opposite the centre of Russia, which is buried in snow for months together. The summer is tryingly hot all over the interior, where the southern steppes give place northwards to woods of oak and beech, and these to thick forests of birch and pine farther north, till a region like the *taiga* of Siberia falls away to the ice-bound *tundra* of the Arctic shores. Woe to the traveller caught upon those open flats by the snowy whirlwind of the *bourana*, or chased by a pack of wolves starved out of their frozen retreats!

Lakes and pools are abundant, most so on the rocky Finland peninsula, almost cut off from the rest of the country by Lakes Ladoga and Onega. Ladoga, the largest lake in Europe, nearly equal in area to Wales, drains by the short but full River Neva into the Gulf of Finland, the deepest inlet from the Baltic. Into the Gulf of Riga, farther south, falls the Dwina; and the Niemen and the Polish Vistula have reached the Baltic through Prussia. The longest rivers flow to the south—the Dniester, the Bug, and the Dnieper into the Black Sea; the Don into the landlocked Sea of Azov; but into the closed Caspian basin flow the many mouths of the Volga, which, rising near the Valdai Hills, between Petrograd and Moscow, winds through half of Russia, and, with a course of 2400 miles, a basin thrice as large as France, and a dozen affluents as great as the Rhone, is the longest river in Europe. Of those flowing northwards the largest are

the Petchora, and—to be distinguished from the Dwina of the west—the northern Dwina, by Archangel entering a deep recess of the Arctic Ocean, named the White Sea.

Most of these rivers have such a slight fall from their low watersheds that they are more often obstructed by shoals than by rapids. Joined by canals, the main streams, with their tributaries and lake reservoirs, make an as yet incomplete system of waterways which would be more valuable if its channels were not frozen up in winter, many of them being indeed always obstructed by bars at their mouths. The Neva is sealed for nearly five months, the mouth of the Volga for three months, as the Arctic estuaries are for the greater part of the year, unless by the help of powerful ice-breaking steamers stationed at the chief ports. Then in the open season many of the streams are liable to flood, hindering intercourse, helped by winter's coating of frozen snow over which sledges glide more smoothly than

wheels upon roads of alternate mud and dust, less easily kept up than made. The general flatness also lends itself to the making of railways, on which Russia has been at great expense but is still insufficiently provided with internal communications. The trains go slowly but surely, and their better-class carriages are notably comfortable. Once off the rails, unless water-transit be open, travellers have to depend on jolting *telegas* and *tarantasses*. The making of the Siberian line across Asia, with its branches and connections, showed a spirit of progress; then among the latest enterprises of the Czar's Government had been the hurrying of rails beyond the Arctic Circle to the Murmansk coast, where, close to the Norwegian frontier, an ice-free port, kept open in winter by the Gulf Stream washing round the North Cape, had been found on the Kola inlet. The chief ports, besides Petrograd with its sea gate and naval station Kronstadt, were Riga on the Baltic,



The Frozen Neva: an electric-tram station

In winter there is a cross-the-river service of electric trams over the Neva, and at night the track is brilliantly illuminated. The photograph shows a landing gangway at which a tram has just set down passengers. The fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul is seen on the farther bank of the river.

and Odessa on the Black Sea, where several other harbours should gain importance by the free opening of the Bosphorus.

"Russian scenery, in general, is characterized by immensity of everything save mountains," as Dr. Fillingham Coxwell reminds us in his account of a trip through this country behind the war-front; and he goes on to throw out a very reasonable suggestion. "As the deserts of Arabia and sandy wastes of North Africa have by their illimitableness instilled the Moslem's belief in one God of transcendent power, so the vastness of the Russian plains may have played a part in originating the mysticism which permeates a portion of the great Slav nation." Except on its mountain edges, picturesqueness is not the strong point of Russia's surface, seamed by low wrinkles of land, and veined by sluggish streams, here and there flooding into lakes and water-logged swamps. But if its boundless horizons strike a stranger as monotonous, it has charms for the eyes of its own children, who would exclaim with Mrs. Louie Howe on revisiting it after absence in a more broken country:

"My eyes feasted on the beauty of the landscape—the dark pine forests, the graceful white birch trees, the soft bronze bog-lands, the golden cornfields, and the creamy-pink expanse of buck-wheat. Even the narrow strips of land along the railway lines were a delight, covered as they were with wild flowers, pink, blue, and purple. What a relief to be once again in a country of wide expanses, where the consciousness of space involuntarily makes one breathe more freely, and calls forth such a feeling of delight that it can only be expressed by the action of opening one's arms wide. No hedges break up the fields and meadows into little squares, but, uninterrupted before the eyes, open out wide views and a far horizon. Oh, the beauty of the white nights, when sunset and dawn almost meet, and when, even at midnight, the sky is illuminated by rich red clouds! . . . Oh, the beauty of the Russian forest, so full of mystery, so rich in vegetation, in berries and fungi, flowers and moss, so vast and endless, but also, alas! so full of rotting tree-trunks, broken branches, and dead brushwood, and of wild undergrowth! The Russian forest is to me a symbol of the Russian nation, as full of potenti-

ality, of riches and beauty, but just as wild and crowded, and one longs for a master-forester to come who will turn the wilderness of a primeval forest into a beautiful park."

Travellers by train may here get a misleading impression from the stations being often miles out of sight of the towns they serve. But in many parts wide stretches of hardly cultivated land and the want of great cities suggest the poverty of a country, rich in natural resources, so ill worked that Russian emigration, unlike that of Poland, has been much from one part of the empire to another in search of fresh fields. Besides her wealth of forest timber in the north, of late better managed, and the skins that were her old stock in trade, Russia has fertile soil enough to make her the granary of the world; already she was contributing a fifth of Europe's grain-supply from fields partly owned by the State, partly by large landlords, and partly in the hands of an increasing class of peasant holders. While among the ignorant moujiks methods of cultivation are often too primitively imperfect, in no country had more attention been given to scientific agriculture by progressive owners. The belts of moist black earth, easily worked, yield heavy crops of wheat and other grain, rye, barley, oats, and maize being fostered in different regions by a great range of climate, the severity of which, indeed, sometimes blights wide districts with famine. Flax, hemp, linseed and other oil-seeds are much grown, a showy crop of the south being the sunflowers, whose seeds make for Russian teeth such a pastime as chewing-gum is for American youth. Beet-root for sugar, potatoes for starch and alcohol, and tobacco are other increasing productions; and the vineyards of the south give wine which only needs care to be known outside the country. Melons and other fruit are ripened by the hot summer that makes one zone fit for even the sugar-cane, while the far north has to content itself with ground berries and fungous growths that everywhere about the forests supply a popular dainty.

A majority of the people live on and by the land; but manufactures have been



Making Hay in Russia

Underwood & Underwood

So much of Russia is almost uniformly level, that modern farm machinery could be used to good advantage, as it is on the Canadian prairies; but the peasants have scanty capital, and are slow to adopt new methods. As the picture shows, women and girls are accustomed to take part in the work out-of-doors, owing to the fact that such large numbers of the young men were called up yearly for service in the army. Matters may possibly not be very different in result under the new regime.

steadily increasing. Textile industries are carried on in the centre, as about Moscow, fed by the cotton grown abundantly in Turkestan. In the Caucasus region are Russia's richest oil-wells; but oil has also been found in the northern Olonetz province and elsewhere. Coal and iron are worked chiefly in the south; but Russia has still hardly touched stores of minerals to draw upon. Copper, lead, and salt are all available, as well as precious metals now looked for rather in the mines of Siberia. Platinum is almost a monopoly of Russia. Those industries were often introduced by foreigners, in whose hands they have too much remained; but Russian enterprise had become fully awake to oppor-

tunities given by an abundant supply of cheap labour that here as elsewhere began to be drawn to the towns by comparatively high wages. For machinery, and other necessities, as well as some luxuries, the country still too much depends on importation, which of late had been passing from the hands of Britain into those of her German neighbour, thanks to Germany's diligent industry and prudent means of "peaceful penetration", which her Government so rashly changed for a violent effort at predominance.

The unit of Russian currency, oftenest seen in yellow notes nicknamed "canary birds", is the rouble, divided into 100 kopeks, its nominal value about 3s., but

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before the war it had shrunk by about one-third, and in the form of the revolutionary Government's assignats suffered enormous further depreciation. The chief denomination of weight is the *poud*, about thirty-six pounds. Distance is measured by *versts*, a little longer than the French kilometre. It is well known how the official Russian Calendar rejected, as Britain long did, the reform introduced by a Catholic Pope, so that here the Julian drags thirteen days behind the Gregorian date, New Year's Day coming on 14th January. For some time a rectification of this anomaly has been in agitation, strongly opposed by the Church in the interest of threatened saints' days, holidays for the ignorant people who, like John Bull in the middle of the eighteenth century, would take the dropped fortnight as robbed from its life. But the revolutionary upheaval of time-honoured landmarks undertook to bring Russia into line with Western Europe in this matter, as to which Lutheran Finland had set an example. The empire was divided into provinces, or governments, these sub-divided as districts, cantons, and communes, the last headed by a *starosta* or village elder, in whose election the peasants had chief say, as not in the choice of other officials set over them. Each of the villages into which the country folk cluster was a kind of small republic, responsible in a body for its share of taxation, and left much in minor matters to a self-government that seems often to have reflected the general corruption. In the last period of Czardom, indeed, the suspicion bred by discontent had brought about a doubling of local tyranny by closer police interference.

In our time the Russian Government has bestirred itself to develop the nation's economic resources; but it was less successful in adaptation to the spirit of the age or in moulding such a national character as is a country's best asset. Despotism proved as inefficient as irritating. The Czar, venerated almost as a god, his portrait displayed in humble homes beside the sacred *ikons*, wore the most uneasy crown of Europe. For ordinary men the burden of such

authority proved too great to be borne with a quiet mind, haunted always in our times by fear of violent death. The autocrat of Russia, as of China, became himself a slave to a system of officialdom which entangled his will in meshes of red-tape, blinded him in a mist of deceit and suspicion, and burdened his best intentions with the dead weight of custom. The work of government was carried on through a mandarin-like bureaucracy, dishonest and inefficient, whose various ranks of *tchinovnik* functionaries were the real tyrants of all but the superiors before whom they must cringe. The judges were ill paid and bribed. The police was everywhere meddlesome, spying into private life, harassing honest men like rogues, and treating as the most serious crime any discontent with such a state of things, guarded by an army of spies, informers and censors of free speech. The conscientious citizen found himself cramped at every turn by laws and regulations most of which seemed made only to be broken. Public morals were at a deplorably low ebb. Public opinion was stifled, and public spirit stood in continual dread of officialdom, darkest line in the spectrum of this "gigantic nebulousness of evolving civilization".

The spread of education and intercourse with foreign countries breathed a spirit of revolt into the new class called "Intellectuals", who, with more zeal than practicality or concert, exerted themselves for the regeneration of the country. Men and women, not a few of rank and culture, "went among the people", sometimes sharing their hard lot in efforts to rouse wholesome discontent, at the risk of Siberian exile, and not always welcomed by the peasants or factory-workers whom they sought to wake out of slavish and superstitious ignorance. We need not be surprised that under such a weight of oppression the discontent of thoughtful men often took the fanatical form of Nihilism that, like the Prophet Amos, saw nothing for it but *dies iræ* and a universal demolition of rotten structures of society. Driven to plot in dark corners, these apostles of destruction repeatedly in our time dashed into publicity by deeds of bloodshed, in

which they showed as little regard for their own lives as for those of others, and did not always scruple to confuse the innocent with the guilty in murderous devices, their most resounding exploit having been the killing of Alexander II, one of the best-meaning of Czars, who, in 1861, abolished serfdom over his empire. Russian culture was fevered by this madness of despair; and even teachers like Tolstoi, while protesting against violence, showed how they had lost faith in the *vis medicatrix* of human nature. But the most obvious result of anarchist crimes had been a tightening of the bonds of despotism in the name of social order.

Russian society, as known to Europe, showed a superficial refinement in the luxury and pride of its nobles, who, indeed, range through several classes, from millionaires with resounding titles to half-boorish squireens. The official world, with its more than a dozen degrees corresponding with military grades, made another aristocracy. Strongly marked lines of rank, indeed, seemed half lost in a friendly air of intercourse between all classes. It is well known how the polite form of address in Russia is to add to the Christian name that of one's father, "Ivan son of Alexander", for example. *Barin* is a title answering to our squire. Higher ranks were counts and princes, the latter title very cheap in the Caucasus region; duke was reserved for the imperial family. The army and the court were the nobility's chief schools of manners; but many of them have been carefully taught in much-regulated schools and universities, and by foreign instructors employed in private families. Their most striking talent was in the speaking of foreign languages, French having long been the common speech of the aristocracy, who also learned to use English and German as if to the manner born.

It has been said that the Russians' readiness in alien tongues is due to the awkwardness of their own language, for a foreigner, at least, one of the most difficult in Europe to learn, apart from the uncouthness of its Cyrillic alphabet of some three dozen letters, for which is claimed the advantage

of distinctly representing all sounds. The main difficulty of correct speaking seems to lie in a shifting of accents. The use of Russian again came into fashion, the more so as it was dignified by a literature known in translations all over Europe. Its most prolific recent produce, which has strangely taken the fancy of happier nations, is a school of fiction reflecting the sombre dreariness of the vast Steppes, full of gloom, of ugly realistic features, and often with vulgar crime as the main interest, while the dominant sentiment is a sympathy with sin as well as with suffering; and—what may not be said of the early novelist Gogol, whose chief romance *Dead Souls* is a gallery of satirical portraits from provincial life—there is an absence of wholesome humour in the moral and non-moral Russian novels of our day, if one can judge of them by translations. The late Lord Redesdale's notion of Russian novels was "scrambling about on a midden-heap". The early poets Poushkin and Lermontov have had a large brood of successors, well appreciated in their own country, while novelists like Tolstoi, Turgeniev and Dostoievski are loudly acclaimed by international criticism.

It is remarkable how far, in spite of a strict censorship, writers have here ventured to go in revealing the diseased state of the nation, whose mood of dissatisfaction, but for its darker colouring, recalls the self-critical prelude to the French Revolution. Yet several of the most celebrated Russian authors won the palm of being sent to Siberia, and foreign newspapers were not delivered till such passages as the present had been blacked out by a censorship that would appear often to wink at statements of the general corruption, so long as no attempt were made to account for it. In the last generation translated foreign literature has been in demand among Russian readers; the first vogue seems unfortunately to have been for works of an unwholesome tone. Sensational fiction, French and English, is much relished, as well as evolutionary philosophy; but curiously popular is *Paradise Lost*, whose supernatural scenery appeals to Russian imagination. Shakespeare

was always familiar to educated Russians. Of late, it is testified by Dr. Harold Williams, a taste for our best literature has been shown by cheap translations; and, since Russia has joined the Copyright Union, publishers should find their interest in producing standard rather than ephemeral works. The country has produced some painters of original genius; but till our time Russian art was apt to be imitative, unless in bizarre forms of architecture.

Science also has been diligently cultivated in its practical branches; in chemistry, for instance, Russia has given teachers to the world. But knowledge and literature have little scope below the upper ranks of society. The Russian peasant, the typical *moujik*, is much abandoned to his native ignorance, prejudice, and superstition; all attempts to school him having been hampered by the dread of opening his eyes to the causes of his misery. His general illiteracy is shown by the prevalence of pictorial shop signs in towns. Freed from serfdom for more than a generation, but often worse off as a nominally free man, he has still been tied to the soil by the *mir* system of communal lands belonging to each village, cultivated usually by backward methods, giving a bare margin over subsistence that left the peasant a victim to recurrent famines, followed by epidemics of disease, and with a gradual impoverishment of the soil by which more energetic communes have often been driven to emigrate bodily in search of new fields. The *mir* had power to punish recalcitrant members, even by exile to Siberia.

The *moujik* would suffer more sorely but for the very hardness of his prolific life, that kills off the unfittest in childhood, leaving only robust members to run the gauntlet of famine and disease; then, in spite of a high death-rate, he increases faster than any other population in Europe. From the severity of winter he takes refuge in stove-heated rooms, lit by smoky strips of birch, where stuffy air, dirt, and vermin are matters of course.¹ His dress, in which red seems a favourite colour, is a shirt belted outside the trousers, with birch-bark shoes or thick felt, if not leather, boots reaching to the knee; and in winter he adds what he can of sheep-skin or other outer covering; but children lightly clad may be seen gambolling out-of-doors in sharp frost, where no doctor lives within a hundred miles. One habit that makes for health and cleanliness is weekly use of public steam baths, on coming out of which the glowing body may be rolled in the snow.

At the abolition of serfdom, land was shared out among the freed peasants, but to an extent soon insufficient through the increase of population, and this went to foment a spirit of discontent. Hitherto, for all the strain of melancholy that colours his mind, this hardy son of the soil has shown himself good-natured, hospitable and charitable, resigned, brave, taking fortune's buffets with shiftless patience and the happy-go-lucky mood of an almost Oriental fatalism. His virtues themselves degenerate into failings, and his state of mental slavery breeds positive vices, notably

¹ "In a letter from the home of Count Tolstoi, Mr. Eugene Schuyler thus describes the ordinary Central Russian house "The houses are low huts of one storey, built generally of logs; brick houses are not thought so warm. The entrance takes you into the court, on one side of which are cattle- and horse-sheds, made of interlaced twigs and covered with straw; on the other side is the door leading into the hut, which consists usually of a single room lighted by two small windows, each with double frames to keep out the cold. There is no ceiling, but the room is open to the roof, which is thatched with straw. The floor is sometimes of earth, but more generally of brick or boards. There is a large brick stove which keeps the house perfectly warm. There is seldom more than a single chair, but rough benches are disposed about the sides of the room, and there are one or two tables. Behind a screen is usually a sort

of bed for the master of the house, and a cradle—square board suspended from a beam by four cords attached to the corners and gathered into a knot, resembling the scale of a balance. There is a little shelf in one corner, with the usual holy picture, and perhaps a small lamp burning in front of it. Except the wooden dishes and utensils, there is no other furniture. The families are always very large, and people sleep on the stove, on the benches, or on the floor. It is quite customary here for the younger married members of a family to sleep in the sheds, or in the court. They do this even in winter, though sometimes in the morning they are covered with snow. The peasants' houses in this part of Russia are perhaps the worst of all. In the north of Russia, where wood is abundant, though the peasants are actually poorer, they have larger and better houses and more furniture."

dishonesty and intemperance, which in his neighbour he hardly reprobates. Drunkenness is his commonest weakness when he can come by the means, else his luxury is tea, and the staple of his living cabbage-soup, and coarse black rye-bread, in times of dearth made up with innutritious sub-

And an American traveller exclaims against the shiftlessness and heedlessness of a land where "boats always seem leaky, vehicles ramshackly, harness old and patchy, fences broken, hedges gappy, and indeed well-nigh everything out of joint".

The want of moral sense is ill-supplied by



A Characteristic Country House in the Heart of Russia

Underwood & Underwood

Timber is the favourite material for house construction all over central Russia, for the monk regards stone or brick as unhealthy to live in. The cracks between the logs are stuffed with moss and plastered with clay to keep up the temperature within during the long black winter.

stitutes for grain, when he may be driven to eating weeds. Less harmful than the fiery vodka spirit, is the home-brewed thin beer called *kvass*, flavoured with herbs to a slightly acid taste much relished by the people, though Napoleon's soldiers disdained it as "pigs' lemonade". The recent revolution has pointed a shrewd observation that all Russians are liable to getting "drunk on words and phrases" as well as liquor.

the teaching of the Orthodox Greek Church, that has long commanded the unquestioning reverence of most Russians, even their railway stations exhibiting altars and emblems to invite acts of worship. In every peasant's house could be seen at least one *ikon* representation of the saints who have replaced pagan deities, St. Nicholas being a favourite in Russia; and the wealth shrined in churches made a frequent contrast with the

poverty-stricken squalor outside them. A warm religiosity seems wasted on the formal rites and tawdry *ikons* of this communion, whose ministers, "black" monks and "white" married priests, "with all their trumpery", supported mainly by fees and alms, are more noted for ignorance than for purity of life. Their prayers are in an archaic form of the language, hardly understood by many of the clergy, who in the besetting sin often set no good example to their flocks; and their ministrations are less fruitful in wholesome morals than in mystical sentiments and mechanical observances. Easter is the great feast of the Orthodox year, when people hail one another with *Christ is risen!* and may then make up for a spell of Passion-week fasting by getting drunk, as some Protestants do to celebrate Christmas. The Church services are largely choral, without the aid of instrumental music. The Russians are a melodious people, readily bursting into untutored song; their popular instrument is the accordion, which has replaced rude native guitars, and in turn seems threatened with being drowned under the harsh notes of the gramophone.

Against unedifying conformity earnest minds have been driven to revolt. The original dissenting body of "Old Believers" has split into many sects, multiplying in spite of persecution, some recent ones recalling the vagaries of our early Anabaptists and Quakers, or fallen into still more eccentric fanaticisms. More than one has a conscientious scruple against bearing arms, which drove them from this military empire into exile in Canada and elsewhere. The moral as well as the spiritual life of the country is chiefly to be looked for among such decent sects as the *Stundist* Baptists, who, instructed by serious views, are often found setting a much-needed example how to make the best of both worlds; but others always springing up like mushrooms seem as divorced from morals as from sanity. A certain proportion of the Czar's subjects were Latin Catholics, mainly in Poland, where one mixed branch, known as the United Catho-

lics, has been received into the Roman fold with the reservation of their Greek rites and ritual. In the Baltic provinces especially, Germans and Swedes supplied a considerable number of Lutheran Protestants; scattered German colonies, usually recognizable by the neat and thriving look of their homes, have been settled also so far inland as the banks of the Volga. Among the inhabitants of this empire are Moslem Tartars, Buddhist Kalmucks, as well as a few heathen in the far north. Tartars, thickest on the east and south, are found seeking fortune elsewhere, often as servants in hotels. Toleration, since the beginning of this century, was the nominal rule in Russia, yet pressure of various kinds has been often brought to bear for forcing belief into that soulless uniformity that here made the ideal of order. Still new sects have gone on arising both within and without the Church; and crazy prophets find followers; while the materialistic atheism that characterized an earlier generation of Intellectuals now reflects the general tendency of twentieth-century thought to be touched by undogmatic religious sentiment.

The most to be pitied of Russian non-conformists have been the Jews, who obstinately clung to their religion, dress, and customs in face of all popular and official ill-usage. At one time this hated race was excluded from "Holy Russia" in sign of its devotion to the memory of Christ. But when the Muscovite Power began to extend itself, it swallowed up in Little Russia and Poland an abject caste of Jews, who could not be prevented from spreading over the country, often welcomed for their skill in handicrafts and as traders, while their mental superiority soon introduced them into higher walks of life. They lived in a state of intermittent persecution, winked at rather than permitted to share the rights of fellow-citizens. More than one of the Czars interfered in their favour, and in our own time the outcry of Europe forced the Government to make some show of protecting them. Ill-supported experiments at settling them on waste lands having failed, its policy was to pen them up in the towns



Religion in "Holy Russia": a wonderful display of sacred icons in Moscow on "Good Friday"

Easter is the great feast of the Orthodox Greek Church, and the reverent attitude of the vast crowd of worshippers is typical of their attitude to all visible signs and emblems of their faith

of a Jewish Pale in the western region, where they have long been the commercial class, and everywhere, in spite of all hindrances, press their way into the professional ranks. It will be too clearly remembered how the first shock of popular insurrection, after the peace with Japan, stirred up inhuman massacres and plundering of the Jewish community in several cities. Another burden was laid on Jews by forcing them into the ranks of the army, a service which their peculiar religious duties made one of special hardship. But neither official oppression nor popular ill will could crush the obstinate spirit of this people, not a few of whom gained influence in the press and in literature, ranking themselves with the "Intellectuals", who, educated out of religious and political orthodoxy, more or less boldly advocated less or more practical

measures of reform for a corruption to eager souls seeming curable only by the heroic surgery of a revolution, which, when it came, fell largely under resentful Jews of the baser sort as its directing spirits.

Trade and manufactures, carefully if not always wisely fostered by the Government, all over the empire came much into the hands of German and other citizens of foreign origin; but the modern spirit, under difficulties, has been breeding a middle-class between the martial aristocracy and the agricultural peasantry. This class, with the advance of knowledge, seems bound to make its influence felt more thoroughly; as yet it but feebly supplies stable elements to a society which any shock of revolution might send to pieces. Russia always had a class of merchants; but now business men of various interests have multiplied in the

towns, their wealth and comfort making a contrast to vast stretches of impoverished land, dotted with dirty wooden villages and the mansions of large and small proprietors, often ready to seek pleasure or office in the life of a city, during the hot weather as readily deserting it for the country.

All classes have been so divorced from free public life that the Russian revolution was like to look in vain for trustworthy rallying-points of organization, such as might have been found in a successful general, had the late war furnished one not suspected as a supporter of the old regime. The most hopeful quality of the people seems a certain readiness for co-operation. This is shown not so much in the huge barracks that, at Moscow and elsewhere, housed regiments of factory hands for the convenience of their masters, as by the associations called *artel*, in which work-people unite themselves for mutual help and sometimes for common trading, or for corporate responsibility. There are co-operative societies counting their members by myriads, and guilds of boatmen, porters, even of newspaper-sellers; a number of restaurants are run for their own profit by a body of waiters. These corporations show a turn for collective action which should play a useful part in the new order, and which had already gone to making crude forms of socialism a new religion for the citizens of towns. It was widespread strikes of bodies of working-men that brought to a head such agitation as first drove the irresolute Czar to the promise of a liberal constitution, and to calling together the *Duma*, the Russian States-General.

A generation earlier, in most of the governments had been afresh set to work the *Zemstvos*, old provincial assemblies composed partly of nobles, partly of elected members, which more or less intelligently and consistently concerned themselves with measures of reform and welfare, supplying schools, doctors, hospitals, agricultural advisers, for the benefit of the people. Town councils and district councils also exercised a certain activity. But their efforts were

often crippled by the imperial governors, who, as controlling the police and backed by the central bureaucracy, could frustrate any designs displeasing to Petrograd. Trial by jury had been introduced; capital and corporal punishments were nominally abolished, yet men could be flogged to death in foul, crowded prisons. Alexander II's reign had at first been of liberal tendency, as shown by his emancipation of the serfs and alienation in their favour of part of the great estates, but he came to distrust the spirit he had evoked, while he was bound to head the Pan-Slavic movement for the deliverance of the Balkans, that helped Russia to a keener national consciousness. His assassination on the eve of further reforms, and other crimes of the Nihilists, scared the narrow-minded Alexander III from the path of progress, along which the enlightened minister Witte sought to lead him. His son Nicholas II's accession was marked by a woeful disaster, some thousands of persons being crushed to death in the coronation festivities at Moscow: a like sinister omen had clouded the marriage of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette.

This last of the Czars, if well meaning, was so weak and unwise as to fall into the hands of reactionary counsellors, more than one of German origin. He was at least a moral family man, much under the thumb of his mother and his German wife and of their religious advisers. The Czarina seems to have had a specially evil influence on the reign, in which high schools and universities went on supplying yeast for a revolutionary ferment, though the Government feebly sought to stifle popular education by throwing it more into clerical hands, and in other ways to follow the traditional policy which Dr. Dillon hits off as breaking the thermometer instead of opening the windows when the air grew too hot. The angriest spirits sought asylum and education at Paris, Geneva, and other free cities of Europe, that had made hotbeds of revolutionary plans, along with open advocacy of reform, like that of Alexander Herzen in a Russian journal set up in London after the

Crimean War. Under all difficulties the Russian Government had been punctual in meeting its obligations, so as to gain credit in the money markets of Europe; then its Balkan and Asiatic wars, and its railway enterprises, increased a debt that laid heavier burdens on the people. The humiliating failure of the ill-managed and unpopular Japanese war precipitated insurrectionary movements for a moment appearing likely to break down the barriers of despotism. While the result was still uncertain, an earlier edition of the present work could only inform its readers to this effect:

"Such a colossus of devouring empire, with its seventy governments and provinces in Europe, and the vast Asiatic domains which it so readily assimilates to its own inferior civilization, has been the bugbear of neighbouring nations, with more than one of which it often seemed destined to grip in a life-and-death struggle. By patient and unscrupulous diplomacy, where not by force, Russia has gone on adding to her bounds, and heaping up expenses met by almost yearly loans. But her very bulk, so alarming to Europe, proves an unwieldy burden, weighted as it is by debt and weakened by poverty. To her afflictions of mind, body, and estate is added the revolution, as yet hanging fire for effectual redress, while it has already been the death of thousands in outbreaks of mob violence, in chronic murder of functionaries, in cruel reprisals against the political assassins, whose victims as often as not are harmless bystanders. Neither the sovereign nor the distracted assembly can be sure of commanding this storm; and the ill-steered State may any day lie a wreck upon the sea of blood."

It soon became evident that the Government was bent on scotching that hoped-for revolution that had a lurid dawn on the "Bloody Sunday" of January, 1905, when hundreds of unarmed demonstrators were shot down in the streets of the capital. The Duma, at last called together, when it asserted itself too boldly was twice dissolved; then a manipulation of the electoral system yielded a more compliant majority. The Czar ignored its demand for a Ministry responsible to the nation. Reactionary administrators were trusted; and some who

professed liberalism felt themselves called on to such unpopular severity in the repression of disorder as brought upon the masterful Stolypin his fate of assassination. In ten years successful attempts were made on the lives of some thirty princes, governors, and high officials. Both in the Black Sea and the Baltic Fleets there had been murderous mutinies. Questioning murmurs disturbed the old fatalistic apathy of the peasants, whose catchword had once been *Nitchevo*—"it does not matter". The rising voice of the "Intellectuals" and the threatening growls of anarchy could be silenced by executions or by Siberian exile at the will of the police, a penalty which the fickle Czar was in vain expected to abolish. Everywhere the discontent and bitter resentment of the governed, the fears and hesitations of the governors, swelled the rumblings of an earthquake that might at any moment engulf the throne, its buttresses shaken by the general spirit of inquiry and unrest, which a thoughtful Russian thus accuses: "A morbid humanitarianism, a passion for theoretical discussion, complete absence of all practical ideas as to the organization of social life, want of moral discipline both in the people and the directing classes, high contempt for all power and authority—these were the characteristic traits of Russian society at the opening of the twentieth century". So, when their folds came to be broken up, their shepherds to be scattered in flight, the Russian people "behaved like a flock of bewildered, misguided sheep ready to fling themselves into an abyss".

Then came the bellicose excitement of the Great War, at first perhaps welcomed by the threatened Government as a safety-valve for explosive gases generating in the body politic. The nation also appeared to hail it heartily, Russia's essentially conservative patriotism being roused against the German neighbours who, to the ignorant peasantry, represented Western Europe, as in Turkey all Christians passed for "Franks". As a sign of rupture with the German influences, long powerful at Court, the foreign name of Peter's city was with general applause changed to the native Petrograd. The

troops took the field with high spirit, boys and girls slipping among the ranks to brave all perils and hardships. But Russia proved better off for hardy flesh and hot blood than for the sinews of modern war; and the "steam-roller", of which so much was expected by the Allies, soon drove but heavily, with jolts and rebounds, for want of organization and resource. Munitions had to be supplied by the Allies, where dishonesty as well as inefficiency wasted Russia's means. Behind the long line of battle, swaying backward and forward, popular enthusiasm kept at a high pitch for a time. The State renounced a third of its revenue, some £80,000,000, by prohibiting the sale of vodka, with the result of increasing the drunken workers' productivity by at least the same proportion; and local authorities followed suit with temperance regulations. But difficulties of transport and the diversion of agricultural industry set the price of provisions rising till large cities were brought near starvation-point, and long queues had to wait hours for a scanty ration of rye bread or milk. Disease came on the heels of famine. When the war had dragged itself on for two years without decisive result, the first flush of feverish ardour began to pass into a cold fit. The blame for all sufferings was laid on the Government, the Court being accused of treachery under the influence of the Empress on her weak husband. They were understood to be hypnotized by the real or artful fanaticism of the vile Rasputin, his character a blend of sensuality and religiosity not uncommon in Russia, to whose scandalous domination was attributed the superseding of the Grand-Duke Nicholas, able Commander-in-Chief as he had shown himself. Other imperial princes, begging the Czar to shake off this sinister influence, were snubbed and deprived of command. A conspiracy of aristocrats took upon themselves to murder Rasputin, with popular approval. Outcry against the Minister Stürmer grew so loud that the Duma insisted on his dismissal, but he was replaced by a figure-head under whom the same traitorous policy seemed to be at work.

Materials for the story of the Russian Revolution are still in such blood-stained confusion that, in giving a sketchiest outline of it, one would desire the use of that conditional mood by which the French language can present statements as not implicitly to be depended on. The enemies of the Czar's Government assert that, seeing an outbreak at hand, it plotted to bring the movement to a head, then to repress it by force, and to use it as excuse for deserting the Allied cause. This would not be the only case of the secret police working with revolutionary conspirators. It is clear that Petrograd was secretly filled with police, ensconced with machine-guns on the roofs of buildings and in belfries; it is said that *agents provocateurs* incited to violence the crowds clamouring for bread in the early days of February, 1917. A few rioters were shot; but by the middle of the month, the mobs having grown larger and more threatening, the soldiers refused to fire upon them. Even the Cossacks, upon whom the authorities had hitherto relied to scatter crowds with their cruel whips that can draw blood under a man's clothes, now went about the work half-heartedly and ended by going over to the people. The police tried to sweep the streets by machine-gun fire from the roofs, which infuriated the rioters into storming their positions, hunting down and lynching those minions of power, who at this time appear to have furnished the greatest tale of victims. Fresh troops were brought up from the vicinity, but they also fraternized with the crowds, turning in some cases upon their officers, most of these men indeed being raw recruits, dragged from their homes and not yet broken to discipline. At Kronstadt a naval mutiny gave a swarm of reckless partisans to disorder. At Petrograd the revolution was now triumphant, and all over Russia hundreds of towns followed its lead, for the most part without immediate bloodshed. Dazzled by the sun of liberty shining suddenly in its eyes, the people gave itself up to an exultation at first echoed back by the democratic nations of the West.

A resolute monarch could still have put



Russia in War-time: moujiks praying for victory for Russian arms before a sacred icon

himself at the head of the popular commotion; but this Czar was unfit to play either the tyrant or the patriot kept by his evil counsellors in ignorance of the state of affairs as he seems to have been, and perhaps unmanned by nervous forebodings of his fate. From his country palace he ordered the suspension of the Duma, now seeking to take control of the situation. The members unanimously refused obedience, and begged their sovereign to appoint a minister responsible to it. All authority being paralyzed, things went from bad to worse, till at the beginning of March the scared Czar abdicated in favour of his brother, who refused the perilous crown unless offered him by the national will. The Duma formed a provisional Government with Prince Lwow as its head. The Czar and his family were confined with increasing severity, as the flood of resentful feeling rose, breaking up society like the ice on the Neva.

The insurgents, whom for a moment it

was hoped to guide into a peaceful revolution, grew fiercer on the taste of blood. Soldiers as well as sailors took to slighting, dismissing and killing their officers. Criminals had been let loose along with political prisoners, and the starving population were easily incited to plunder as well as bloodshed. Patrols of citizens volunteering to keep order, gave place to the notorious Red Guards, among whom the hooligans of the city and its many idlers were ready to enlist. It is supposed that German agents slipped over the frontiers on a mission of stirring the revolutionists into excesses and inciting the soldiers against their officers. The populace, having kicked over the traces of its habitual harness, was goaded into senseless excitement by agitators, foolish or interested. The Duma, elected by the whole country, found its wavering decisions over-ruled by the local Soviet councils of workmen and soldiers, chosen one hardly knows how, but soon setting themselves up at Petrograd as the

supreme power, now that the revolution had fairly run away with itself, maddened by a clatter of shots and a din of discordant cries. The government of Russia passed into the hands of an ignorant mob half a million strong, excited by the fine phrases of inexperienced dreamers and the catching watchwords of sore-headed or esurient exiles.

Among new leaders, trying to unite the Soviets and the Duma, came to the front the lawyer Kerensky, a Socialist member of the Duma, who in the Ministry now formed was raised by a wave of popularity to a precarious eminence like that of Danton or Robespierre in the French Revolution—the Russian Mirabeaus and Lafayettes had soon been left far behind. About the character of this man very different views have been expressed, the most favourable perhaps being that he was a Utopian enthusiast, better at words than deeds. He despised the aid of the old Constitutional-Democratic party—whose initials K.D. gave it the nickname of the “Cadets”—the most considerate and considerable of more than half a dozen shades of Russian liberalism. He refused to act with General Korniloff, who made a baffled attempt to restore order by military force. Kerensky in his humanitarian zeal undertook to abolish the death penalty, then was fain to return to it as a means of preventing the army from scattering away, when the bonds of military discipline had snapped. For a time he was able to play the dictator with applause. But the Jacobins of this revolution were hastening to the same fall as its Girondins. The mob’s ear was caught by a party of extremists, named Bolsheviks as having secured a majority vote on a certain occasion. Their first demonstrations Kerensky repressed with too little rigour, trusting in his facile eloquence to restrain impatient violence till the meeting of the National Constituent Assembly summoned to give Russia a definite form of republic.

But the Bolsheviks grew bolder and noisier; their leaders Lenin and Trotsky laughed at warrants of arrest; and towards the end of the year they besieged the Government in

the Winter Palace, defended by military cadets and by a battalion of women soldiers who made one of the portents of the storm now uprooting old landmarks. This *coup de main* was amazingly successful. Kerensky, orating to the last, lost his head, or his heart, escaping in disguise into obscure exile. The palace being bombarded and stormed, the other ministers were sent prisoners to the gloomy fortress of Peter and Paul across the Neva. The gang headed by Lenin and Trotsky installed themselves as a supreme authority, one of their first acts being to dismiss the National Assembly on its opening, as not likely to defer to them, whose power at the best represented only the Soviet councils of Petrograd.

An impudent minority was thus able to establish a super-Reign of Terror, its soul the German-Jewish Lenin, described as a “mixture of Caligula, Marat, and a Grand Inquisitor”, of whom the most charitable judgment is as a visionary fanatic of extreme socialism, demoralized by power into callous indifference to crime. Russia, hoping to be swept and garnished, found itself possessed by seven devils of tyrannous anarchy. The cruelty of the worst Czar was surpassed by that of those friends of the people, whose arguments took the form of imprisoning and shooting all who disagreed with their doctrines. Thousands of violent deaths already due to street-fighting and lynchings were now multiplied by judicial murders almost at the will of frenzied or criminal avengers of old sores, taking by choice as their victims persons of dignity, of means, of education, even many who had risked life and liberty for the revolutionary cause. Among others a German Ambassador and a member of the British Embassy were murdered. The prisons were crammed with unfortunates suspected of disaffection to the new despotism; and British subjects were treated with special rancour. Property was abolished; all citizens were to share alike. Morality and religion were scouted, priests as well as officers being tortured and murdered. *Bourgeois* became a title of hatred like *aristocrat* in the French Revolution. The lately well-to-do went

first to the wall, many of them being driven to peddle in the streets for a bare livelihood. The value of the rouble shrank where the necessities of life were hard to come by in a country flooded with paper money issued by various authorities. All national obligations were repudiated. The self-appointed dictators entered into negotiations with Germany. The excuse for the first

and civil war, and swarmed with deserting soldiers who, under the name of Red Guards were often little better than brigands. Horrifying calculations have been made of the numbers of violent deaths that went to cement the hurried foundations of this revolution; perhaps its greatest tale of victims was among the invalids and innocent babes who perished for want of milk and



Before the Revolution: Russia's proletariat "on holiday"

The photograph belongs to the pre-Bolshevik era, and shows a sober—not to say solemn—group of citizens round a refreshment stall in the grounds of the great annual fair at Nimi-Novgorod. The men are fine examples of artisan types.

outbreak had been the Government's reluctance to carry on the war. Now that the army took to disbanding itself, the cry was for peace "without annexation or indemnities". The democratic usurpers signed the shameful treaty of Brest-Litovsk, by which the country was delivered to Germany, its troops allowed to penetrate Russian territory, north and south. Finland, Poland, the Ukraine and other sections of the empire seized the opportunity of declaring themselves independent republics. The whole country seethed with lawlessness

other sustenance in towns famished by the general paralysis of trade and intercourse. Hand in hand with famine, sickness, and slaughter spread an epidemic of actual insanity among a people crazed at once by delusions and sufferings that drove many to despairing suicide.

The imperial family had been sent to Siberia, treated there with brutal harshness, though it is whispered that their guards had to be repeatedly changed, lest the special divinity that hedged a Czar should overcome the fury of excited partisans. By

one gang of ruthless persecutors they are believed to have been done to death, so obscurely that the drama of the Demetrius pretenders may yet be revived in our time. The dictators, seeing well to leave Petrograd, half depopulated and menaced by German invasion of the Baltic provinces, transferred their tyranny to Moscow, gained by their adherents after a battle in the streets, and now famished like Petrograd, so that a horse falling exhausted would be torn to pieces by ravenous dogs or crows before the hungry eyes of a crowd sometimes moved to fight with them for such prey. Here Lenin, coming off with a wound from an attempt on his life, established himself in the Kremlin amid a bodyguard of Chinese executioners, issuing proclamations, sentences, and requisitions in the tone of an absolute master and the temper of such fanatics of cruel lust as John of Leyden or the "Heavenly King" of China's Taiping insurrection. Trotsky presently took the field against separate attempts at counter-revolution. The ignorant peasantry, at first won to the extreme socialists by a prospect of sharing the lands of rich estates, began to revolt against the revolutionary excesses. The educated and respectable classes here and there took heart to stand up for themselves. Generals were able to rally some of the scattered soldiery for efforts to restore order. These efforts were backed by the Allies, who in the north and south invaded Russia for its own good, an interference denounced at home by sympathizers with a war of classes. In the Introduction to Volume I it has been told how, after the War of Nations was ended by the submission of Germany and her confederates, we had still to keep up hostilities against a power of madness and wickedness that threatened to destroy civilization in the East of Europe, if not to spread its balefulness into less miserable countries.

It seems impossible fitly to picture the welter of long-restrained animosities now let loose for confused strife. Different

shades of socialism, Poles, Jews, foreign colonists, Tartars, Great Russians, Little Russians, and White Russians were all at daggers drawn between the main bodies of revolutionists and reactionaries, the latter for the moment overawed into profession of republicanism. Military attempts at counter-revolution were more than once brought to a stand by doubt whether they fought in the interest of all the Russias or of a rebellious province. For it was the Czar's broken bonds that had held his empire together; and one of the first results of the Revolution was its falling apart into a score of professedly independent republics, some of them sundered by such wrongs and grudges as may hinder their all uniting again as a confederation of States. In any case the characteristics of the chief divisions are in some respects so different that it may be as well to survey them apart, after the foregoing sketch of almost general national features. For the moment we must try to forget the delirium of crime and slaughter at which through clouds of smoky ruin Europe looked in disgust, with as much dread of contagion as hope of being soon able to appeal from Russia drunk on a raw spirit of liberty to Russia sobered by sore experience and wakened to her true interests. Then some hopeful sympathizers forecast that if, out of that nightmare, Russia awakes to realize her strength, her resources, and the essential unity of a vast people, she may be known to future ages as one of the greatest empires of all history, perhaps as regenerator of a worn-out civilization from which in the past she has too slavishly copied not its best lessons. Sterner observers take the view that no organism grows better for being pulled up by the roots, and that in trusting her welfare to brightly tinted ideals such as in this earth's experience have never borne fruit unless so long as kept in bloom by religious fervour, Russia is presenting herself to other nations as a warning against a lack of the common sense which is the core of all useful knowledge.

GREAT RUSSIA

This larger half of the huge country, its central, eastern, and northern part, from its ancient capital once known to Europe as Muscovy, contains the largest proportion, some 35 millions, of the European population, if not, unless about great cities, as thickly settled as in some other regions. Though these make not half of the whole people, Great Russia has been in the way of looking on itself as the England of the empire, whose Irelands and Scotlands directed part of their revolutionary outburst against its ascendancy. To it refer mainly what have been given above as Russian characteristics. On the whole its general feature is a flat sameness, which Mr. Maurice Baring (*What I Saw in Russia*), thus represents to us:—

“Think of an endless plain, a sheet of dazzling snow in winter, an ocean of golden corn in summer, a tract of brown earth in autumn, and now in the earliest days of spring an expanse of white, melting snow, with great patches of brown earth and sometimes green grass appearing at intervals, and further patches of half-melted snow of a steely-grey colour, sometimes blue, as they catch the reflection of the dazzling sky in the sunlight. In the distance on one side the plain stretches to infinity, on the other you may see the delicate shapes of a brown leafless wood, the outlines soft in the haze. If I had to describe Russia in three words, I should say a plain, a windmill, and a church. . . . A great deal of dirt, a great deal of moisture, an overwhelming feeling of space and leisureliness, a sense that nothing you could say or do could possibly hurry anybody or anything, or make the lazy, creaking wheels of life go faster—that is, I think, the picture which arises first in my mind.”

In Great Russia prevailed the old communal land system, which recent legislation sought to break up, as making for backwardness in cultivation. The land of the commune was held in common, often divided by lot every year, each strip to be worked by a new tiller whose ploughshare might

be nothing more artificial than the projecting limb of a tree trunk, and who had little personal concern in the improvement of his temporary holding. Another result of communal property was to gather the country folk not about farms but into villages, whose inhabitants, through intermarriage and common interests became a kind of clan, by ignorance and superstition long kept at the same dead level as their neighbours, if not stirred up by friendly patronage of some public-spirited gentleman, or the enterprise of moneyed *parvenus* who have more and more been buying up the estates of spendthrift aristocrats. That far traveller, Mr. Harry de Windt, dwells on the sameness of villages all over Russia, in keeping with its monotonous scenery.

“All are built of wood (for the Moujik regards stone or bricks as unhealthy to live in) and have one straggling street formed by detached cottages of various sizes, which are either thatched or roofed with wooden slats or sheet-iron, according to the means or taste of the owner. One or two may have a second storey, and these are generally occupied by the ‘Starosta’ (head-man), local ‘tchinovnik’ (official), or village priest, while even the squalid hovel has an enclosed space for stables, out-houses, and cattle-byres, where fruit and vegetables are also grown. The post-road (which is also the main street) is usually a rough, uneven, and occasionally grass-grown highway, worn into deep ruts and holes by constant traffic which, in wet weather, renders it a quagmire, converted in winter into a smooth sleigh-track of frozen snow. Two prominent objects are the wooden church, with its sky-blue or apple-green domes, and the other the granary, a spacious black barn where grain is stored for public use in case of a lean harvest. The wells are also a distinctive feature, each having two lofty poles (like the Egyptian *Shadoof*) for drawing purposes, which impart a quaint Oriental touch to the landscape, while at the entrance to each village is a wooden sign-post bearing the name of the place, the number of men, horses, and cattle which it contains, and in some instances the number of versts separat-

ing it from the capital. . . . There is little variety in the architecture of a Russian village, where the smallest and poorest hut is but a replica of the most imposing building; while rustic decoration, in the shape of trellised porches, summer-houses, or the like, is unknown. The few shops are indicated by rough fir boards, displaying crude paintings of wearing apparel, joints of meat, or loaves of bread, to indicate that the occupier is either a tailor, butcher, or baker; and there is always a forge, which, in posting districts, is, of course, a necessity. Horses and cattle roam about at liberty, to the danger at night-time of vehicles on the post-road; while, when their parents are at work in the fields, little children are sometimes attacked by gaunt, grey hogs, which boldly enter even the houses in search of food. Most Russian villages have a cheerless, squalid aspect, even in brilliant sunshine, for they are generally surrounded by monotonous plains or gloomy pine forests, which add to their air of solitude and dejection."

Groups of villages have as their centres market-towns, also much alike but for accidents of picturesque situation to set off their showy churches and their gloomy citadels. Their backwardness is hinted at by the statement that of more than 1200 municipal areas in Russia not quite three hundred were lighted by gas or electricity; and a still smaller minority had efficient drainage.¹ Soap and coal have been given as the criteria of civilization, and soap seems less used all over this country than the incense of its church services, while in the north birch-logs are the common fuel, economized in stoves that defy the frosty air without.

Instead of tracing out Great Russia's provincial governments, Novgorod, Yaroslav, Vladimir, and the rest, we had better follow the courses of its principal rivers, which will lead us to or near its chief cities and points of note. Several of these rivers rise on the east-central side, not far from

each other, to flow in different directions. Hence the Dnieper runs southward, passing by White Russia into the Ukraine, and the Dwina westward to the Baltic. A less important stream, the Lovat, turns north to Lake Ilmen, on leaving which as the Volkhof it passes by Novgorod, the ancient focus of Russian commerce, shrunk to a tithe of its old greatness, since it gave its name and fame to Nijni-Novgorod on the Volga, and the remnant of its trade was drawn away by Petersburg; but its St. Sophia Cathedral makes not the sole relic of its mediæval greatness as a Hanseatic republic. Another old trading town, dignified by like memorials of its past, is Pskov, which lies farther west at the south end of the long Lake Peipus. From Lake Ilmen the Volkhof holds on to Lake Ladoga, already noted as the largest in Europe. From its south-western corner, guarded by the "Key" fortress and state prison of Schlusselfburg, this huge sheet of water discharged westward into the Gulf of Finland by the short arm of the Neva, at whose mouth Peter the Great fixed the capital well styled by him his "window into Europe".

Petersburg, now Petrograd, unless its present tyrants can carry out a proposal to dignify it with the name of Leninograd, was before the war growing on to two millions of inhabitants, but appears to have been more than half depopulated by the revolutionary commotion. The site was ill-chosen, on marshy ground, and the city has lain exposed to repeated floods; but neither health nor labour much concerned the Czars, whose costly magnificence, here displayed, records a slavery like that which raised the Pyramids. Built chiefly on the left bank of the river, and on the islands formed by its arms and artificial channels, no city in Europe is so imposingly regular and stately as this capital of officialdom, with innumerable palaces, monuments, and public offices about its broad Nevsky Prospect three miles long, its immense squares and massive granite quays and bridges, from which open wide, straight streets, where every second man one meets—even students and schoolboys—wears

¹ Statistics as to the population of Russian cities must be quoted with some question, especially since many of them have been desolated by the revolution. In the following pages the figures enclosed in brackets after a name are taken from Mr. Beable's Russian Gazetteer, which appears not to err on the side of illiberality.



Petrograd: the magnificent Nevsky Prospect

This famous street is three miles long and one hundred feet wide. The shops on the sunny (north) side are the more elegant and expensive. Near the river, at the farther end of the street, are the principal Government buildings and the Winter Palace.

some military or civil uniform, and frequent churches go to break the monotonous effect of too regular architecture. Along these streets, mostly paved, as in other Russian cities, with cobble stones that give rough shaking to unseasoned bones in the droshkys and sledges plying swiftly upon them, rise huge blocks of buildings, sometimes housing hundreds of families in flats and apartments. A notable feature is the vast markets suggesting Oriental bazaars; but some streets of the central quarter are lined with handsome shops.

Among the notable public buildings are St. Isaac's, one of several cathedrals; another of them, burial-place of the Romanoffs since Peter I, enclosed in the mass of that Russian Bastille, the spacious fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, which also contains the Mint and old Arsenal; opposite this island

citadel the huge and magnificent Winter Palace, little used by recent Czars unless on ceremonial occasions, and adjoining it the Hermitage which made the National Gallery and Museum, its Art collection among the completest in Europe, while the Alexander Museum was devoted to the works of Russian artists; the Admiralty, under whose lofty, gilded spire met the Duma; the University and the group of Academies across the river; the Kazan Cathedral with its martial trophies; the expiatory church on the scene of Alexander II's assassination; the great mass of the *Lavra*, or convent, that, besides a dozen churches, contains the seat of the Metropolitan prelate and the graves of illustrious Russians; not to speak of the many other sanctuaries or of palaces occupied by imperial princes and the great nobles, rudely

scattered abroad by the revolution; and in contrast to stately structures the humble cottage in which Peter the Great lived while laying the foundation of all this grandeur, overlooked by more than one colossal monument of him. From the dome crowning St. Isaac's mass of granite and marble there is a fine view over the city and the river islands serving it as summer pleasure-grounds. This fane, though surpassed in historic dignity by the Peter and Paul Cathedral, whose lofty, pointed spire makes a conspicuous landmark, seems the most gorgeous church of Russia, whose services, before the revolution, could be thus described by M. Étienne Taris.

"Let us enter this marble structure, so massive that the unstable soil threatens every year to swallow it up. It is a marvellous spectacle: columns of lapis lazuli bear up the ikon-shrine; gold in every form, costly marbles and mosaics line the walls and pillars. The ikons, beside which burn candles constantly renewed, are enriched by a profusion of gems so much the more striking for the ragged and starved-looking crowds that fervently press around them. But behold how thousands of lights break out on all sides; the prayers of the Orthodox liturgy are intoned by a choir ranging from the deepest bass to the highest soprano; then the manly voice of the officiating priest alternates with that of the choir. The Slav tongue, the austere strain of melody recalling Gregorian chants, the fine voices, the pathetic power of the music, all work a haunting effect on the uninitiated stranger. If he looks round him, he sees the faithful, kneeling on the flags, ceaselessly crossing themselves from right to left, and touching the ground with their foreheads. On great religious festivals, many finely-feathered hats are thus dragged in the dust of St. Isaac, as, confused in fraternal humility, the whole Russian people, great and small, communicate in the same devotion with a sincerity not without grandeur."

If we may think of Petrograd as it was before that ruinous revolution, the best time for a visit is the early summer, when it basks under the beauty of its "White Nights". But the houses are so well closed and warmed that it makes a com-

fortable winter residence, while the Neva is hard frozen, and soft-skinned citizens do not go out of doors unless armoured *cap à pie* in thick wrappings, their heads protected by fur caps, their feet by furred goloshes. Thus burdensomely swathed, they cannot walk far, but must bargain with the drivers of innumerable sledges, their horses' hairy coats bristling with icicles, when fires may have to be kept burning in the streets to save hardier sons of toil from the risk of frost-bite.

The Neva, ice-bound for months, makes a road about a third of a mile broad, across which the ice gives free intercourse with a growing quarter on the northern bank. All shipping, of course, is frozen in till released by the rapidly-working breath of spring. This river harbour, not accommodating the large craft of modern commerce, is channelled down to the port and naval arsenal of Kronstadt, where opens out the Gulf of Finland, its waters still fresh for some distance seawards. On its southern shore, the suburbs run out to Peterhof, the Czars' Versailles of gardens and fountains, beyond which lies their Oranienbaum Trianon. They had more than a hundred residences to choose from, that at which the late Czar secluded himself and met his downfall being Tsarskoie-Selo, some 25 versts south of Petrograd, where its old and new palaces were adjoined by the fine park of Pavlovsk, belonging to a prince of the imperial family. Here was once a public pleasure-garden named after the London Vauxhall, a name adopted for Russian railway stations, since the first of them was at this resort. Gatschina, in the same vicinity, was another imperial home described as a "cosy little house of 600 rooms only", one of them the children's vast play-room fitted up with a working railway, a merry-go-round, and switchback-course, all the fun of a fair for those lucky youngsters, about whose old nursery there was to be fierce fighting under the Bolshevik rule. On the opposite bank of the estuary lie a string of bathing-places; and far into the pine-woods behind are scattered shaded villas, bungalows, and huts in which Petro-

grad's citizens seek refuge from their baking skies of summer.

Its *villegiatura* was overflowing into Finland, whose border lies but an hour's journey distant, and there is a strong Finnish strain in the country folk around this artificial capital, which before the war is said to have housed 10,000 Britons, as temporary or permanent residents, among many other foreigners. Annette M. B. Meakin, describing a visit to its industrial quarter a few years back, had to tell us:

"Among the factories is a tiny English church, with its parsonage opposite, in which the factory chaplain resides; and near-by lives a retired English oculist who practises only among the poor. There is also a school for English children to which Russians are not admitted. The English colony was a very large one in the first half of last century, but since that time it has been steadily decreasing. One reason for the decrease is that the Russians,

having learned from the English how to manage the factories, have become less dependent on the skill of foreigners. . . . There are yet to be found English families in every manufacturing locality in the empire; in all cotton, linen, or cloth factories there are employed an English spinner, an English weaver, an English carder, and an English engineer. But in the case of other industries German managers can now be secured, and as they demand lower salaries, they are preferred to Englishmen. Belgian managers are more modest still in their demands, so these are now finding greater favour even than the Germans."

Petrograd was to bicephalic Russia what Buckingham Palace is to London, its St. James being Moscow, some 400 miles to the south-east, the older centre at which the Czars continued to be crowned with imposing ceremony. When the first rail came to be made between these cities, Nicholas I simply drew a straight line across



Petrograd in Winter-time, when everything and everybody goes on sledges

Note the peculiar and universal Russian yoke

the map to prescribe its course. In no other European country could such a direction be followed so closely, as no other lay then under so arbitrary a rule. There is another side to this story, usually quoted in disparagement of imperialism: it is said that officials entrusted with the first survey had planned the line crooking here and there to pass through their own properties; and that the Czar thus shortened it by more than half the proposed length. One of the best roads in Russia also connects its two great cities. Petrograd is much Europeanized, as hinted at in such small matters as a consumption of coffee instead of the else universal tea. Moscow is far more characteristically Russian, and presents a lively show of the various features and costumes making up the national miscellany. Though rather less populous than Petrograd, it covers a much larger area, being built in irregular fashion, with open spaces and smaller houses within a wall 26 miles in circuit. As the heart of the city, upon an eminence stands its old Tartar Acropolis the famous Kreml, or Kremlin, behind red battlemented walls, more than a mile of them enclosing this triangular "citadel of cathedrals", ignobly usurped for a time by the Bolshevik orgies of profanity and slaughter, as once Napoleon stabled his horses in its sacred halls. It is close-packed with palaces, churches, and public buildings, old and new, a vast museum of Russian history, forming one of the most memorable spectacles in Europe, and recalling the Oriental grandeur of such piles as Akbar's Fort at Agra or the Forbidden City of Peking. The biggest bell in the world and a yard-wide-mouthed cannon, the one too big to ring as the other to fire, are among the sights that fill a score of Baedeker's concise pages. What loss or damage the democratic tyrants may have wrought among those treasures can hardly yet be told; a generation ago the Kremlin was thus described in Ferrero's *L'Europa Giovane*:—

"It is a city in miniature, but for the absence of trade, and very irregular in features, the monastic buildings being small and modest, while the royal palaces are of monumental

greatness. The cathedrals have outside the poor and neglected look of one of our country churches, but within show a prodigious wealth of gold, diamonds, malachites, arabesques, and images, while the two palaces of the Senate and of the Arsenal, the hugest in bulk, have no special merits either of style or of ornamentation. An odd jumble of edifices, in which the royal palace stands up among a crowd of small convents and venerated churches, between a building consecrated to the administration in the law's name of that which is called human justice, and another destined to the fabrication of arms—all enclosed within a solid wall 26 metres high, and guarded by fourteen threatening towers—the Kremlin seems excellently to symbolize in stone the military theocracy of the Czars and the fundamental character of Russian history. But a beautiful spectacle awaits one looking from the terraces over the Kremlin walls. Moscow is spread out below, immense, and with such an aspect as to make one doubt—especially one who sees it, as I saw it, on a fine spring day lit up by sunshine—whether he have not Constantinople or Baghdad at his feet. Over the low houses crushed upon the ground, rise into the air, light and gay, thousands and thousands of Byzantine minarets of all colours, red, blue, green, gilded, spangled with golden stars. The cupolas spring up in groups of three, five, seven arranged in a fine order of hierarchy; from the middle of the edifice, over the central chapel, lifts itself the highest and oldest, seated like a queen on her throne of honour, then at her feet, lower and slighter, like maids of honour, are placed the cupolas of the smaller chapels. What a difference between those slender creations, last daughters of the Greek spirit, and the sublime masses with which Catholicism has crowned the Titanic bulk of its minsters!"

The outer city, with its brightly-painted roofs and the glittering church domes and spires, makes still in part indeed a medley of semi-Oriental picturesqueness; but the old buildings are giving way to modern streets, one extensive clearance having come about by the great conflagration that lit up Napoleon's disastrous retreat, of which hundreds of captured French cannon make a rare monument. The best quarter, grown up about the Kremlin and a surviving portion of old Moscow nestling under it,



Moscow: St. Basil's Cathedral and the Spaskiya (Saviour's) Gate

The photograph shows the Red Square, a wide open space, 900 yards long, which lies between the Kremlin (on the right) and the Kitay Gorod (on the left), the chief commercial quarter of Moscow. Midway stands St. Basil's, with its fantastic towers, all different in shape and colour. The Spaskiya Gate is the most noteworthy of the five entrances to the Kremlin. Upon it was placed, in 1647, a sacred picture of the Saviour, and all who pass through the gate uncover.

is the White City of modern streets, palaces, public buildings, and shops, all enclosed by a ring of leafy boulevards. Beyond them straggle opener suburbs of poorer homes and intrusive chimney stacks, for to its character as a historical and holy city Moscow unites that of Russia's chief manufacturing centre, now producing chiefly textile goods, but it has older wares of enamel, lacquer, and painted ikons, which find a good market at the famous Troitsa monastery, a place of pilgrimage over forty miles away. The city itself is a goal of many pilgrims, which, besides specially sacred images of the Virgin, has hundreds of churches, among them St. Saviour's, pronounced the most beautiful, and St. Basil's, the uncouthest, in Russia. The

Tretiak Gallery is the best collection of Russian art dealing with the national life and scenery. Another notable institution is the gigantic Foundling Hospital on a scale that seems at once a credit and a reproach to Moscow. It is the seat of the leading university, and well stocked with schools, with libraries and museums, as also with monasteries and shrines, before which the passers-by are not too busy to cross themselves. A ridge of hills outside gives the same grand view as the Kremlin over this vast extent of vari-coloured roofs, towers, steeples, and bulbous domes, much broken by lines and spaces of greenery, till gardens merge into meadows and woods through which winds the Moscova River.

The country around Moscow is a smoky

Russian Lancashire dotted with factories of the chief textile industry. Hereabouts are many people of English blood, descended from cotton operatives and manufacturers, tempted out of their native land to foster this manufacture. The Moscova River, on whose Borodino affluent Napoleon won the battle that let him into the city, runs southwards to the Oka, a thousand-miles long Volga tributary that is considered as marking a boundary between the pure Moscovites and a more mixed population to the south. Its upper course is northwards through the middle of Russia, where the city of Tula (150,000) is noted for its manufacture of arms and other metal-work, notably the *samovar* tea-urns so much used in Russian households. Near this is the estate on which Count Tolstoi played at leading the simple life, but was taken good care of by his family. Farther south, on the main line from Moscow to the Crimea, Orel (90,000), at which the Oka becomes navigable, thrives as a centre of grain distribution, and the ancient city Kursk, about as large, is another knot of railway lines, on the edge of Little Russia.

"Mother Volga", as the Russians fondly call it, begins its erratic course to the north of Moscow, and by canals has connection with the Neva and the Dwina, so as to be the backbone of Russian traffic. Its navigation reaches up to the old city of Tver, but there the water is sometimes so low that the passenger steamers start from Rybinsk on one of its most wilful crooks. Thence, between rich monasteries in old days serving as fortified strongholds, and big villages largely populated by Old Believers or other sectaries, it runs along another cotton-spinning country, where a group of manufacturing towns unites more than 150,000 people under the name of Ivanoff. Past the characteristic old Russian cities of Yaroslav (112,000) and Kostroma (67,000) the Volga flows on to unite with the Oka at Nijni-Novgorod (100,000) that long ago took the place of old Novgorod.

This city is celebrated for the annual summer fair, drawing hundreds of thousands of visitors from many lands, its business

waxing or waning with the harvest that makes the barometer of Russia's prosperity. Goods left unsold find a market at the winter fair of Irbit on the Siberian border. Opposite Nijni-Novgorod, the concourse is accommodated in a permanent town of houses, warehouses, and booths on one side of the river, where it has its own public buildings, banks, hotels, theatres, churches and cathedral, the vast central hall being a hive of two or three thousand shops. To this lively scene is for a month or two transferred the whole life of the city, that on the side of a hill across the river rises among terraced gardens to a rocky point crowned by its Kremlin citadel, from which there is a noble view over the confluence of the two rivers, each of them here some half a mile broad, and beyond to the scene of the fair, for three quarters of the year a silent and sometimes flooded expanse of "whimsical golden domes, fantastic open booths, official white houses square and bare as bird-cages, twisting and curly spires of milk-white, apple-green, and sky-blue, a grotesquerie of colour, a motley of East and West such as one sees nowhere out of Russia".¹

¹ "Merchants from distant parts of Asia bring their manners and customs with them to Nijni. The Persian may be seen in turban or tall lambskin hat squatting in his little bazaar, complacently stroking his beard and smoking his *kalian*, precisely as he is to be seen in Teheran or Ispahan. Young Tartars are seen by the score strolling about the streets, peddling bunches of Astrakhan lamb-skins so beautifully dressed as to tempt almost anybody to buy. There is a hide and peltry section where Tartar furriers may be seen currying Siberian sables, bear-skins, and all manner of costly furs. There is a part devoted to the sale of nuts, the trade of which seems to be in the hands of Persians, who can fill your order, from stock in hand, whether it be for ten kopecks' worth of walnuts to crack and eat or for twenty tons of a dozen varieties. There is a quarter occupied by temporary booths and stalls, where crowds of Russian peasants, the men in red shirts and the women in red dresses and red kerchiefs, are purchasing or cheapening red calico and all manner of red or other bright-coloured wearing apparel. And close by is the show quarter where twenty rival showmen and an extremely loud-mouthed crowd of assistants are hooting, whistling, beating gongs, drums, tins, and extracting from all manner of wind instruments a very Bedlam of noises. . . . A few minutes' walk from these reminders of Asian and Russian interior life brings the visitor to the finest building apart from cathedrals—of which there are two—in Nijni. On the way you have passed a neat boulevard, shaded by an avenue of trees and lined with shops whose



Underwood & Underwood

One of the Busy Streets of the Annual "Fair" of Nijni-Novgorod

Nijni-Novgorod is a port for hundreds of steamers, that have to keep a sharp look-out among islets and sandy shoals, through which the channel is beacons at night. Long strings of rafts meet big barges, exchanging the timber of the north for the petrol of the south, here used as engine fuel to save the painful labour of trackers who once did the tugging up stream. As the river winds on eastwards, the right bank is

windows are as attractive as any row in Paris, London, or New York. The building you have reached is a magnificent arcade, three stories high, the upper floors being occupied as Government offices and banks, and the lower by dealers in fancy goods. Here are electric lights, tubs filled with tropical plants, and a military band in the evenings. Can it be possible, you think, that all this is only an affair of a few weeks, and that for ten months out of every twelve solitude and the high waters of the Oka and the Volga are in possession of this city?"—Thomas Stevens' *Through Russia on a Mustang*.

edged by wooded and rocky heights, the other side stretching away as a thinly-peopled flat, liable to wide inundations on the melting of the snow. It trends southwards beyond the old Tartar capital Kazan, chief seat of a province still much inhabited by Mohammedan sons of Asia. The city of nearly 200,000 people has a Tartar quarter, but also a stir of manufactures, principal of them lace-making and the leather-work that is among Russia's best-known wares. Its old Kremlin contains, as well as a cathedral and a convent, a remarkable tower of Tartar architecture; and its University, where Tolstoi was entered, is noted for the study of Oriental languages. The river, now three-quarters of a mile wide, is still bordered by hills on the right bank looking over to a plain across which it becomes swollen by large streams from the

Urals. The Kama is a principal one, coming down through the provinces of Viatka and Perm, thinly peopled by an Asiatic stock akin to the Finns; but on one of its affluents Oufa's ironworks and saw-mills have brought together a population of some 100,000.

In the forests that now grow rank about the Volga were discovered the ruins of a town called Bulgary, as believed to have been a halting-place of Mongols on their wanderings southward into Bulgaria. One interpretation of their name is *Vulgarians* as coming from the Volga. Next, through wooded islets and similar traces of deserted settlements, the now south-flowing river reaches the province of Simbirsk, in which it makes an extraordinary crook eastwards. On this bend stands Samara, an old city grown to new importance and nearly 200,000 population as forking-place of railways to Siberia by Oufa and to Russian Tartary by Orenburg. Its vicinity is noted for health stations at which is practised the cure by *koumiss*, soured mare's milk, the Tartars' unconscious medication that for a time came into vogue in Britain through the recommendation of the Russian savant Metchnikoff; but the microbes he set us upon propagating in our bodies fell to be suspected as doubtful allies. Above and below Samara the river is enclosed between rocky heights, forming picturesque gorges; then again Tartar Steppes open out on the left side. The next large city, the largest on the Volga, is Saratov, with a strong infusion of German blood among a population said to be over 300,000, which it also owes to railway communication with Central Russia, as well as to its various manufactures; and perhaps the German colonists settled here more than a century ago have helped to make it one of the most progressive Russian cities, with a thriving young University. Farther down comes Czaritzin (100,000), which is much of a Tartar town. Here the Volga and the Don run some fifty miles apart, their navigation connected by rail.

The heights on the Volga's banks have been falling away as, now at sea-level, it separates the Steppes of the Don Cossacks

from the Kirghiz hordes of the Caspian. Beyond Czaritzin it splits into delta channels entering the Caspian below Astrakhan, by some seventy mouths, drains of a country larger than Germany. On an island, defended by dykes against the river floods, Astrakhan is another old Tartar city, grown to importance, like Perm and Orenburg under the Ural range, as a gate between European and Asiatic Russia. An Orthodox cathedral presides over a miscellany of fanes, including a Kalmuck Buddhist temple; and there are many Persians and Armenians as well as Mongols among its 100,000 people or so. Not a few of them live by fishery, productive here as far up the Volga, its most famous yield being the caviare made from the roes of huge sturgeon. But Astrakhan's repute for the lambs'-wool fur named from it is rather as a market than as a manufacture, since these fleeces come mostly from Tartar flocks on the other side of the Caspian.

The Caspian Sea, 730 miles long by over 250 miles at its broadest, is the largest inland sheet of salt water in the world, fed by several other rivers that have no visible outlet. To the east of the Volga falls in the Ural, marking the Asian frontier, reached at Uralsk by a rail from Samara, that then turns southward to Astrakhan. On the west side it receives the Terek and the Kur, respectively from the north and the south sides of the Caucasus range. On the south come many streams from the northern mountain range of Persia. All these hardly make up the loss by evaporation, or by subterranean outlets, so that at its north end the sea seems to be silting up; and in past times it has shrunk from a much larger extent, in which high grounds of Tartary must have stood up as islands. Herodotus, who seems not to have known the Volga as he did the Danube and the Don, is notably accurate in his account of the Caspian, which, says that father of geography as well as of history, "is a separate sea of itself, in length a fortnight's, in breadth a week's voyage for oars. On the western bank extends the Caucasus, largest and loftiest of all mountains, inhabited by

many different races of men, . . . and on the other side, towards the sunrise, stretches out a boundless plain", the mountainous edges of which were beyond his ken.

The chief port on the Asian side is Krasnovodsk, the starting-point of the rail through Russian Tartary. At the south end the Enzeli lagoon now makes a main entrance into Persia. On the Russian side lies Baku amid its oil-wells, now connected northwards by rail with Derbent (33,000), an old Persian city that has had various masters before it fell into the hands of Russia, and with Petrovsk a Russian port and fortress farther up the coast. But here we are in another region, among recently - conquered Moslem tribes, well out of the bounds of Great Russia.

Let us now turn to the northern provinces, which, before being plunged into a welter of political confusion, were counted among the outskirts of Great Russia. The ascent of the Kama by steamer would lead us to Perm (67,000), a city of importance as on the railway route from Petrograd to Siberia, and as administrative centre of the Ural mineral district. Under the Urals, on the farther side, lies Ekaterinburg, grown to some 100,000 inhabitants by the same advantages, its special business being the cutting and polishing of precious stones.



Dwellers within the Arctic Circle: an Eskimo family outside their tent in the neighbourhood of Archangel

Besides coal, iron, copper, lead, platinum, and other metals, this region is rich in malachite, jasper, jacinth, and such crystalline stones, as well as sparkling gems, among them the rare Alexandrite that shows red or green according as seen by day or night. Ekaterinburg, from which a cross line connects the Petrograd and Moscow-Siberian railways, is in aspect quite a European town, but has a claim to be both in Europe and in Asia. On maps the low Ural wall is often put as the frontier of Siberia; and by the road crossing it is a boundary

stone on which one may sit, it is said, with one leg in each continent. Three succeeding stations on the railway here are named Europe, Ural, Asia. But the Czar's Government had a way of ignoring continental limits, and a considerable stretch of Western Siberia was reckoned within the European province of Perm.

In the far north, Vologda, Olonetz, and Archangel are large but poor and thinly-populated provinces watered by icy feeders of the Arctic Ocean. The best known of these is the Dwina—to be distinguished from the Baltic river of this name—which opens into one of the deep gulfs of the White Sea, shut in by the Kola peninsula of Lapland and the Kaniniska promontory on the east side, its narrow mouth sealed for much of the year by ice. From Jaroslav on the Volga, by Vologda, a city of ancient commerce which Ivan the Terrible had proposed to make his capital, a railway now pierces vast forests of birch and pine to Archangel at the mouth of the Dwina, whose godfather was its Cathedral of St. Michael the Archangel. This far-northern port was Russia's first outlet to modern commerce, reached as it was by British ships in the sixteenth century. So its saw-mills and stores of pitch and tar have been well known to our sailors since the days of the Moscovy Company, as it now is to the Allies' soldiers landed here to strengthen resistance to the Bolshevik rabble. This wooden town is not likely to be visited for the sake of its amenities, though thousands of pilgrims seek it every year to sail to the rich monastic fortress of Solovetsky on an island opposite a point separating the estuary gulfs of the Dwina and the Onega. The old nomad wandering habit seems to survive in a remarkable love of making pilgrimages, by which the Orthodox piety squares with that of Asia. The railway should bring Archangel into closer touch with the rest of the country, from which hitherto it has stood so remote that during the Crimean War its

English chaplain was advised by the governor to stick to his post and his Russian wife, then nobody interfered with him. Unfortunately, this good harbour is open only in summer; and in winter, when the port Economia, a dozen miles away at the mouth of the Dwina, is longer available, the mouth of the White Sea may be closed by ice. It is now hopefully designed by use of powerful ice-breakers to keep an open water-way here all the year round; else much of Archangel's trade seems like to be drawn off to the new port and rail terminus, Alexandrovsk, on the rocky Murmansk coast of Lapland, which, as already mentioned, is ice-free in winter, though lying beyond the Arctic Circle. The name Alexandrovsk crops up here and there in Russia, like that of Victoria in the British Empire; and this new one may yet come to be the most important among its namesakes.

The rail to the Murmansk coast runs up the western side of Lake Onega by Kem on that Lapland shore of the White Sea, where it made a line of woodland battles for our troops in the war. Eastward from this great inlet, well named the White Gulf, stretches a frosty wilderness where the Petchora is the chief river flowing to the Arctic Ocean under icy cliffs from which have been dug out the bodies of mammoths preserved in this very cold storage for ages. Much alive here in summer are clouds of mosquitoes, nowhere more numerous and venomous than on Arctic shores. Cut off from the mainland by ice-choked channels lie frozen islands, largest of them the Nova Zembla group, over 600 miles long, little known unless to hardy fishers and hunters. The whole government of Archangel, as big as Germany and Austria, counts only half a million or so of inhabitants, mainly bands of Asiatic Samoyedes, wandering with their reindeer herds like the Lapps, and like them tending to disappear from Europe.

FINLAND

Lying between Lapland and the Neva estuary, the Grand-Duchy of Finland may complain of being included in Russia, from which, after the revolution, it made haste to shake itself loose. But it had been an unwilling Russian dependency for a century, conquered from Sweden, then grudgingly allowed a certain measure of home-rule, the Czar reigning here as Grand-Duke of Finland, and a national Parliament meeting under his viceroy at Helsingfors, the modern capital and chief harbour. The people, superior to the Russians in morals, education, industry, and public spirit, kept their system of peasant proprietorship, as well as their own army organization; they even had a customs barrier against Russia, and a silver coinage of marks replacing the depreciated notes that represented the Russian rouble. The Finns, mainly Lutheran in creed, had, with the rest of Europe, adopted the Gregorian Calendar when Russia clung to the Old Style that put her twelve days behind the civilized world. The Czars have repeatedly sworn to preserve the Finnish Constitution intact. But in our time it was broken down under the pressure of imperial power; the privileges of Parliament were transferred to the governor-general; the Russian language was forced upon a people to many of whom Swedish is familiar as well as their own. When Russia's own distress forced her to loosen the yoke with which she would have choked Finland into dumb dependence, the Grand-Duchy spoke its mind by strongly-democratic elections, including a large proportion of socialist members and of women, here first in Europe admitted to public life. But again Russia was taking steps to rob Finland of her precarious freedom, when, in 1917, it could set an example to other provinces by declaring itself an independent republic.

The revolution in Finland had some curious vicissitudes, difficult for us to understand. There was a struggle of

factions and fighting between "Red" and "White" Guards. Then a party of well-to-do folk leant to Germany for protection, and there was even talk of a German prince as sovereign, the extreme socialists being repressed by German aid. But Finland sobered down into a republicanism so sane that it sent help to preserve order among its Esthonian neighbours and kinsmen, while some doubt as to the recognition by Russia of its own independence hindered an armed demonstration it made towards Petrograd's deliverance from Bolshevik tyranny. On the other hand, some Red partisans deserted Finland to serve in the Bolshevik armies; and class contests are still so active that it may be feared that this country's government has not yet seen-sawed into stable equilibrium.

The Finns belong to the Ugrian Asiatic stock that is believed to have once spread over Northern Russia, and may still be distinguished in scattered knots farther east. This origin is suggested by flat faces, narrow eyes, and other Mongol traits often apparent, while frequently fair hair again hints at a Scandinavian infusion. Their language, more different from Russian than Gaelic from English, embalms an ancient literature, the discovery of which, with its grand old epic the Kalevala, did much to keep alive a national consciousness. The former connection with Sweden had made its speech almost natural among educated Finns; and Zachary Topelius, at once Finland's Walter Scott and Hans Christian Andersen, was one of the most popular Swedish authors in the last generation.

This Russian Scotland, as it might be called, but for its lack of mountains, is a poor land of waters, rocks, and dark woods, which, by patient industry, has been made to support some three millions of people on an area larger than that of the British Isles that are a good customer for its dairy produce. By nature it is rich only in fish, game, timber, and in iron ore at the bottom

of its innumerable lakes. Dr. Dillon, in his *Russian Characteristics*, has to tell us:

"A tenth part of all Finland is completely under water, and about a quarter of the land is composed of morasses and bogs. Yet, for all this, the country has a charm and beauty peculiarly its own, not to be matched in Europe, nor to be painted in language. The majestic waterfall of Imatra, the picturesque banks of the River Vuoksa, the great Lake Saima with its thousands of nestling green islets, once seen are never to be forgotten; for they range themselves under no categories of the sights and sounds of common experience. A Finnish landscape is stamped with its own peculiar *cachet*, as different from all that we are accustomed to as a rustic scene on the planet Mars. . . . But one misses something in Finnish scenery—it would be difficult to define what—the absence of which intensifies the feeling of utter loneliness that steals over the solitary traveller there. It sometimes seems to be that harmonious confusion of vague sounds which captivates the senses, changes all mental faculties for the moment into a sole organ of receptivity, and makes you part and parcel of inarticulate nature. A Finnish forest seems devoid of these magic sounds; its silence is sadness, its solemnity overpowering. The solitude is the result not merely of impressions of the present, but also of the lack of memories of the past. There is absolutely nothing in Finland to remind you of the history of humanity; no ancient monuments or hallowed ruins, no footsteps of an extinct race, or faint traces of a forgotten civilization."

Other visitors tell much the same tale as to the sameness of Finland's landscapes, wide horizons, grey or blue, low ridges, rounded hills, a thousand lakes of all sizes, joined by a network of streams, large forests, but small trees, low hills, small farms, small fields, and small houses often painted red or brown. The people, thrifty and thriving, love their monotonous Arcadia as if it were filled with tropical luxuriance. As may be supposed from their scanty numbers, Finland does not run much to large towns. The first reached, 80 miles from Petrograd, is the old fortress Viborg, on a narrow neck separating Lake Ladoga from the Gulf of Finland. On the gulf, behind an archipelago of rocky islands, lies

the capital Helsingfors, a well-built city of some 150,000 people, with a good port and a flourishing university. Near this is the strong Sveaborg fortress and naval station, "Gibraltar of the Baltic", a nut our fleet failed to crack in the Crimean War. At the corner of the Gulf, Hango makes a Finnish Brighton. Round this corner, on the Gulf of Bothnia, comes the ancient capital Abo, whose hugely-massive castle and brick cathedral seem interesting rather than admirable. Opposite it lie the Åland Islands, scores of them in number, populated chiefly by Swedish fishermen, who, along with Finland, were given over to Russian rule. The largest island of this archipelago, scattered between the Finnish and Swedish coasts, is of political value as affording a spacious naval harbour, guarded by the fortress of Bomarsund, which our fleet took in the Crimean War; and Germany did not fail to strike at Russia here. The ownership of the group, disputed between Sweden and Finland, has been referred by the Allied Council to a plebiscite, an alternative proposition being a sort of autonomy under the wing of one or other country, but Finland's title is denied by international jurists.

From Helsingfors and Åbo rails run inland to Tammerfors, the "Finnish Manchester", since enterprising Scots started mills in a town now of some 50,000 inhabitants as centre of textile and paper factories. Uleåborg is another old town, wakened up by industrial activity. At the head of the Gulf Tornea is the Finnish frontier station opposite the Swedish Ilaparanda, separated by the mouth of the Tornea River, across which a railway bridge has too long been blocked by international suspicion; passengers hitherto being transferred by ferry, unless when winter paved a road of ice between the two countries. A little farther north, still within the Finnish frontier, this flat land has a hill about 700 feet high, sought out by tourists at midsummer for its spectacle of the Midnight Sun.

In our time Finland has taken to manufactures, as parasites on which slipped in a scantling of Jews, hitherto barred out and given notice to quit after the revolution. It

not only exports its timber in rough, but makes staves bent for barrels, and saws up its birch trunks into thin layers fastened over one another in sheets of "three-ply wood", at once light and strong. An export of

encampments, and their queer superstitions, figure interestingly in the tales of Topelius, a writer not so well known as he should be by Western Europe. Counted by hundreds in Finnish Lapland, they are gradually being



Market Boats, Helsingfors, Finland

Underwood & Underwood

The shore for miles around the capital is deeply cut by the sea into bays and coves and islands, and that makes it convenient for the peasants on outlying farms to come to market by boat instead of by road. Note the finely-finished steps of the waterfront to which the boats lie moored—they are built of granite from local quarries whose product is famous all over Europe.

butter should be mentioned also among its assets.

The name Finland is said to mean "Land of Wizards"; but that eerie fame belongs rather to the stunted Laplanders on its northern border, most of them living under Norwegian administration. This hardy folk, with their reindeer cattle, their shifting

driven north on the rather higher ground, over which Finland demands an extension to the Arctic Ocean. Another dispute with Russia is over the south-eastern province of Karelia, near Lake Ladoga, where also the district of Ingermanland claims quasi-independence under the protection of Finland.

THE BALTIC PROVINCES

These neighbours, Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland were frankly known as the German Provinces of Russia, the cream of its population being an old intruding German stock which the Czars in vain strove to Russianize. Other pushful strangers may have found fortune here, for Pantenius, the Courland novelist, introduces a noble family named Campbell, their nearest station being Cambellhof; names likewise naturalized here are Bruce, Keith, Scott, and one of the Livonian seaside resorts has somehow come by the name of *Edinburg*. The great numerical majority was a somewhat mixed double stock, in the north the Esths, of origin akin to the Finns, in the south the Lëtts, closely related to the Lithuanians, both of these having overlaid an old ancestry of Livonians, whose own speech seems to have died out with that of their kinsmen, the East Prussians. The two tongues, vernacularly spoken, are rich in folk-lore, of late developing into literature, while the German lords of the land pride themselves on speaking good German, and in other ways have been much out of touch with both their Russian rulers and the native masses they long kept in subjection. Besides a racial cleft between patricians and plebeians, the three provinces had old neighbourly grudges, but also common grievances against Russia which joined them in a demand for independence. Their whole extent is about equal to Bavaria and Wurtemberg together, with a population of over three millions, the German aristocracy, by German statistics, making not one-tenth, even as recruited in the towns by social and educational advantages. Still smaller was the minority of Russians, chiefly belonging to the official garrison, whose policy was to play off the other two elements of population against each other. In general the land is flat, much cut up by rivers, lakes, and morasses, but with some hilly districts nowhere rising above 1000 feet or so, yet its lowland streams are so much obstructed by rapids as to be of

little navigable service, unless for floating timber-rafts from its extensive forests.

In old days, the people of tillers, hunters, and fishers were divided by feuds that gave their country an easy prey to the Teutonic knights, whose descendants remained dominant here through a succession of dukes, till, after a turn of Polish, then of Swedish rule, in the eighteenth century, they fell under the sceptre of Russia. The land was mainly in the hands of German "barons", treating the peasantry as serfs, who, though nominally emancipated a century ago, remained much under the thumb of their old masters. By care of their Lutheran Church they are much better educated than the Russian masses; yet even the Church was long an agent of oppression, as the landlords used their influence in appointing parsons and schoolmasters of German sympathies.

Partly by interference of the Government, and partly by help of co-operative societies among themselves, as in German Poland, the peasantry began to acquire land; then in the middle of the nineteenth century, a stir of national sentiment set them upon an attempt to improve their lot by abortive insurrection. The growth of trade and industries in towns brought a strong socialistic leaven, more determined and articulate than in all parts of Russia. Choral societies, with gatherings like the Welsh *Eisteddfodd*, seem to have played a part in fostering the racial patriotism of the peasantry, that went on improving its economic condition, in recent years helped out by a development of cattle-breeding and dairy-farming. After the 1905 attempt at revolution, the Baltic provinces were inflamed by a violent rising, mainly directed against the German landlords, their houses pillaged and burned in many cases, while in the towns there broke out angry strikes and mob attacks on factories. These excesses were cruelly put down under martial law; but the civil war smouldered on in guerrilla raids, and left the whole region seething with a triple animosity be-

tween Russians, Germans, and the mixed populace. At the revolution of 1917, then, the provinces were ripe for revolt, that for a moment seemed like to be overlaid by the advance of German forces to seize the chief ports; and had the war ended otherwise, there is little doubt that this corner of Russia would have been absorbed into the German Reich. Before the war German settlers had been coming in by thousands; and the Germans were naturally reluctant to evacuate this "Baltenland", which they look on as their oldest colony, its civilization due to the Teutonic knights whose ruined castles make monuments of a bygone sway. After the signing of peace, a large army of Germans and other adventurers remained here under General von der Goltz, acting independently of the German Government, and claiming an alleged offer of settlement on the land in return for help against the Bolsheviks. Their high-handed action, perhaps encouraged secretly from Berlin, prolonged a confused state of civil war. At one time they backed the German landlord aristocracy to overthrow the popular government. In 1919, part of this force made a vigorous attack on Riga, defended bravely by the Letts with the help of Allied men-of-war; and at the end of the year the intruders were driven into hasty retreat.

The northern province Esthonia, about as large as Wales, extended with an indented rocky coast from an archipelago of islands on the Baltic coast to the River Narva, effluent of the long shallow Lake Peipus, making a frontier on the Russian side, and giving employment to tens of thousands of fishermen. The chief city, indeed the only one of much note, is the industrial port Revel on the north coast, that of late years has been growing rapidly to over 100,000 inhabitants. Its lions are the Palace of the Knights, in which met the Esthonian Diet; an old castle, residence of the Russian governor; and a cathedral containing the tomb of Admiral Greig, not the only Scot that has done the Czars good service. Revel has a thriving textile manufacture, shared with the town of Narva (50,000) at the mouth of that river. The Esthonians,



An Esthonian Girl

a million or so of them in and about their own country, are for the most part farmers and fishermen, an honest, hard-working people, living much in villages, making the best of a soil and climate not over friendly, and now developing such industries as dairy-farming and apple-growing to add to their export of timber, flax, and cement. In old days they seem to have been pressing the Letts southwards, so that Livonia is now divided between these two strains of blood and language. While Esthonia is related to the Finnish and Magyar family of speech, Lettish is one of the oldest Indo-Germanic tongues, little known out of its own bounds, but rewarding examination of its close affinity to Sanscrit.

The central Livonia was the largest of the three provinces, containing more than half

of their here jumbled population. Through the north of it the Embach flows from Lake Peipus to the sea at Pernau. On its upper course stands Dorpat (50,000), "Heidelberg-of-the-North", a city notable for its university, that was a focus of German culture till, in our generation, the government tried to Russianize it, even changing the name to Juriev; and the ruins of a fine cathedral destroyed by fire attest its old importance as one of the Hanseatic towns. Through the middle zone the river Aa winds among low hills, rather pretentiously styled the Livonian Switzerland. The streams of the south side are gathered up by the Dwina, opening into the sea below Riga, far the greatest place of these provinces, its population rapidly grown to over half a million by a recent stir of varied manufacturing and commercial industry, ranking it next to Petrograd in Northern Russia. Its historic buildings also recall the heyday of the Teutonic knights; while its most important modern institution is the great Polytechnic that makes a centre of practical as Dorpat of literary education. Riga has been a centre also for half-patriotic, half-socialistic agitation, which was able to oust the municipal domination of the German bourgeoisie.

To Riga, along the Dwina Valley, runs out of White Russia the main railway of a country that has several branching lines to its smaller towns. Navigation is hindered by ice and shallows in the deep-set Gulf of Riga, along which waves and winds pile up a fringe of sandhills, anchored by crooked pines, the rash cutting down of which has here and there set the sand shifting inland to blight the fields, as in the Landes of Gascony. The mouth of the Gulf is half filled up by the large Oesel island, on which is the town of Arensburg, and beyond it lies the smaller island Dago.

The west side of this gulf is a promontory making part of the southern Courland province, which, smaller than its neighbours, has rather more favourable conditions of soil and climate. Its inhabitants are mainly settled on the land, the towns showing a considerable sprinkling of Jews, some forty



A Lettish Farmer with his Wife and Daughter

thousand of them in a population of less than a million. The capital, near the mouth of a second river Aa, was Mitau (40,000), whose unfinished ducal castle gave asylum to Louis XVIII in the French Revolution. But much the largest place is Libau, on the outer Baltic coast, with nearly 100,000 people, brought together by its note as a port and as a sea-bathing station. North of it, the smaller port Vindau stands at the mouth of the Vindau river. There is a remnant of the old Livonian race engaged in coast fisheries; but the bulk of the people are Lettish, who show a turn for living apart, not even grouping themselves in villages, as is more the way of the Esthonian peasantry. Their country abounds in interesting antiquities, from mediæval buildings to prehistoric tumuli and huge boulders transported by glacial action to serve as altars for barbaric superstition. It was not till about A.D. 1200 that German trading-stations

paved the way for the forcible conversion undertaken by crusading knights. The succession of German dukes ended rather ignominiously with the heirs of the low-born adventurer Biren, minion of the Czarina Anne, through whose favour he rose to power and wealth amid such general hatred that, though at her death she left him the regency of Russia, he was soon overthrown and exiled to Siberia.

It will be seen that these three provinces are divided between two peoples, who should now have free course to shape their own destiny. In a Livonian assembly to discuss the question, speeches had to be translated from one language into another. When the Kaiser's troops overran them, it was not unnatural that the German aristocracy should desire to come under the wing of Germany. But as soon as this invasion receded, the provincial assemblies showed a desire for republican autonomy, yet without

going to the extremes of Bolshevik interferers, whose attacks were resisted by help of arms and ammunition from the Allies. While the Germans were slow in evacuating the south, Esthonia sooner shook itself free to declare an independence, not untroubled by factious commotions. It joined Finland in the effort to deliver Petrograd from the Bolsheviks, but held back from this enterprise as ill assured that a new Russia would not grudge it the right of self-government. This might lead to some kind of confederation with the kindred Finland, unless the three Baltic provinces, once clear of German domination, can lay aside racial antipathies to form a State on the base of their common history. The southern part, however, has shown a disposition to stand by its racial oneness under the name of Latvia or Lettonia. Then, in the autumn of 1919, it was reported that Latvia, Esthonia, and their neighbour Lithuania, disappointed of



Riga: the great railway viaduct and the river front

Photochrom Co., Ltd.

The old town, on the right bank of the Dwina, is connected with the Mitau suburb, on the left bank, by a pontoon bridge and the railway viaduct shown above, which is 820 feet long. The latter has a railed path on the outside for pedestrians.

assurances from the Entente as to their independence, had opened negotiations with the Russian Bolshevik Government, brought first by Esthonia on her own account to terms of peace. If the Baltic provinces hold to their split into two small nationalities, the southern Latvia, claiming $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions of people, would be as large as Portugal,

Esthonia, with some $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions, a rather smaller country; but these statistics of population seem a little exaggerated, possibly swollen by refugees from distracted Russia, who, in tens of thousands, were latterly barred out from the Esthonian frontier, over which they would have pressed from starvation in the forests.

LITHUANIA AND WHITE RUSSIA

The Letts are closely akin to their southern neighbours, the Lithuanians, who also seized the opportunity of the revolution to declare themselves an independent republic, mainly confined to the Russian province of Vilna, through which the Niemen runs into East Prussia. But, as has already been shown in dealing with Poland, Lithuania was once a much wider name, long so mixed up with the Polish kingdom that some of the most eminent Poles were Lithuanians by birth, though the two peoples come from different families of blood and speech. Lithuanian is a language of Asiatic origin, little understood in other parts of Europe. A generation or so back, there was found wandering in the London streets a girl who had strayed from a party of emigrants on their way to America. Taken to the Marylebone workhouse, she for weeks supplied a newspaper sensation by vain attempts to make out her nationality, till at last someone guessed at her as a Lithuanian, and a pundit from the British Museum was able to serve as interpreter.

For long this country has been merged with neighbouring States, and unless the fissiparous tendency prove persistent here, shrunken Lithuania might presently join itself again to Poland, if not to a regenerated Russia, or to the other Baltic States. The chief town is Vilna, an industrial city with an old university whose great library was carried away to Petersburg; its 200,000 inhabitants are mostly Polish, and to a large extent Jews. This has the distinction of having been one of the last pagan cities in Europe, for not till the end of

the fourteenth century did the worship of the heathen god Perkun give place here to Christianity; but Vilna is now a focus of both Greek and Latin devotion through its wonder-working image of the Virgin that attracts adoring worshippers by thousands. Other half-Jewish towns are Grodno and Kovno on the Niemen, and the woollen factories of Bialistock to the south, all which have been claimed by Poland. Further south stands Brest-Litovsk, where the Bolshevik usurpers betrayed Russia to Germany by a disgraceful treaty.

To the east of Lithuania, and stretching down to the river Pripet, White Russia has also put in a claim to independence. Once part of Poland, this stretch of country is one of Russia's—not to say Europe's—poorest regions, flat plains, on which the snow hides patches of wilderness turned into swamps by its melting, when the forests also may be flooded far and wide. It has a backward population of some three millions, whose speech is a dialect of Great Russian. Through the northern side of it runs the Dwina, on which, by the Courland frontier, stands the large fortress Dvinsk (Dwina-bourge), of modern growth to over 100,000 people. About as large are Vitebsk, higher up the Dwina, and Gomel, on a Dnieper tributary. The chief city, older than these, but not so lively unless during its annual fair, is Minsk (105,000) on a tributary of the Beresina, famed by a sanguinary struggle on Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, the disasters of which give this region its chief note in history, and for descriptions of its monotonous features we have to go to the



Typical Lithuanians of the Peasant Class

records of the survivors, recent travellers being more apt to hurry through White

Russia with slight notice.¹ In that campaign was almost destroyed the once great city of

¹ Through White Russia runs the main line from Warsaw to Petrograd, crossing its central river, the Beresina, at Borisov, the most tragic scene of Napoleon's retreat, where the starving army passed under Russian fire, as related by an eyewitness, Colonel Labaume, his account here slightly abridged. "Snow fell heavily; hills and forests appeared as dim masses of white obscured by the fog. We could see nothing distinctly, but the fatal river that burst half-frozen through its ice blocks. Though there were two bridges, one for vehicles, the other for the infantry, the crowd was so great that the approaches became choked up by masses unable to move forward. About 8 a.m. the larger bridge broke down, then the baggage train and artillery forced their passage by the other, pushing a way among the foot soldiers. Many now perished in a struggle between comrades, so many men and horses being pressed to death at the bridge end that it had to be reached upon piles of bodies, some still breathing, who in their agony tried to catch at those climbing over them, only to be kicked off and pitilessly trodden under-foot. While the victims thus multiplied themselves, we were dismayed by the roar of cannon, growing gradually nearer till we saw the enemy's guns flashing from the heights above, where the battle threatened to involve thousands of our sick and wounded, with all the women and children. Balls flew over the throng pressing across the bridge, struck with terror and despair when some shells burst among them.

We saw women and children leaving the baggage wagons and kneeling before the first soldier of whom they could tearfully implore help to get them across. The invalids, sitting on fallen trunks, or leaning on their crutches, looked round in vain for assistance, their cries drowned in the uproar, where it was everyone for himself. When the Polish troops that had been holding the Russians in check were driven in, all who could mingled with their broken ranks in a desperate effort to pass the bridge. Artillery, cavalry, foot people and baggage-train struggling together, the strong pushed into the river the weak blocking their way, or mercilessly trampled down the sick, hundreds being crushed under the cannon wheels. Some, hoping to save themselves by swimming were frozen to death in the water, or sank on pieces of floating ice. Many thousands were thus lost in the river. Girard's division pressed on over the mountain of corpses to gain the other side, the Russian pursuit stopped by the bridge being set on fire. Even when it was in flames, some of the abandoned people tried to get across it, but had to fling themselves into the water as escape from a more fearful death."

The onward march of the survivors, through Lithuania, this author could recall as a continued nightmare of horrors, the Cossacks always hanging on the flanks of a half-naked and famished host, daily dropping away. "The road was covered with soldiers hardly keeping human form, not worth the

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Smolensk, a western gate of Great Russia, in the basin of the Dnieper, which hence flows south through the White Russian provinces into the Ukraine, that has a clearer title to autonomy for its mass of Red Russian or Little Russian inhabitants. The by-names *Red* and *White* seem to be derived from no deeper characteristic than a favourite colour in costume.

There is a fringe of Polish population on this side of Russia, to which Tartars also have made their way so far west; adding to a medley in which Jews are more numerous. Poland had an eye to again extending her bounds over White Russia and Lithuania, and, impatient of the Allies' control, rashly invaded them, to be disastrously repelled by Bolshevik armies; and now Poland has belatedly asked the League of Nations to determine her Lithuanian frontier. Harried in turn by Bolshevik, German, and Polish incursions, Lithuania had no fair chance to organize itself amid internal commotions, until a makeshift body of leaders summoned a National Assembly to deal with a draft constitution of the country as a democratic republic; and the Soviet Government of Russia, shaken by blows from different sides, showed itself more disposed to recognize the claims of these seceding members. White Russia's

enemy's making prisoners of them. Some had lost their hearing, some their speech; many were so crazed by cold and hunger as to roast the dead bodies of comrades for food, or even gnaw at their own flesh. Some, without strength to keep up the fires they had lit, sat staring on the flames, and when these went out, fell helplessly beside the corpses that served them as seats. We saw delirious men pushing their frozen feet into a fire, or hurling themselves upon it with maniacal laughs to perish howling in torment, yet their example was imitated by others." All discipline broke down; soldiers threw away their arms, while they sought to cling to their plunder, but were fain to offer that for some morsel of food. At Vilna, they had hoped to find repose and refresh-

ment, but the Russians came upon them before they had done breaking open the doors of pillaged citizens, and they were driven into renewed flight through the snow. At Kovno, where the wreck of the army could gather, broken open magazines gave them food and liquor for such reckless excess that two thousand drunk soldiers lay down on the snow, never to rise again. "Of 400,000 warriors who had crossed the Niemen at the opening of the campaign, scarcely 20,000 repassed it, two-thirds of whom had not seen the Kremlin. On the further bank, like ghosts from the infernal regions, we looked behind us with shudders towards those savage scenes of such misery."

There need be little to keep these two would-be republics from uniting to make a considerable State, which would gain importance if a pre-war plan were carried out to make a canal from the Baltic to the Black Sea, utilizing the navigable parts of the Niemen, the Pripet, and the Dnieper. The destiny of Memel, which would be the head of this canal, was left an open question at the Peace Conference; since, it has been suggested as a port that should be given to Lithuania. Another alliance that might suit White Russia would be with Little Russia, into which it merges southwards by the marshlands of the Pripet, a once dismal region that of late has been drained into more hopeful condition. Dr. E. J. Dillon, indeed, joins the White and the Little Russians as one stock, while also he speaks of the former as the most purely Slav element in the Russian nation; and other writers hint at their backwardness as clinging to old-world customs and ideas which should be of interest to ethnologists.



Underwood & Underwood

Kiev, once the Metropolis of all Russia, and the Dnieper River

We are looking in the direction of Moscow over the almost level steppes through which the Dnieper winds its sluggish course. Part of the city is behind us, and part of it is ahead at our left, down near the river

THE UKRAINE

Europe was a little surprised to learn how the Ukrainians had for some time been looking on themselves as a people apart. Their country, with the *alias* of Little Russia, and on the west side including the Ruthenians, or Red Russians of Galicia, was once a borderland, as the name Ukraine denotes, between the Czar's and the Sultan's domains, and in early days it had shaken off a subjection to Poland. On the western edge, Little Russians are still much mixed with Polish and Lithuanian blood, and with the Jews penned up by Russian policy on

this side of the empire. Eastward, over the country of the Cossacks, the Ukraine's bounds seem more indeterminate. In the widest sense, this name extends between the Carpathians and the Volga, with the Dnieper and the Don as its own main streams, the former navigable, but for one stretch of rapids at its southern crook, up to Smolensk, the latter not much of a water-way above its lower reaches. Most of the Ukraine's rivers flow sluggishly over a flat plain, liable to be flooded in winter and parched by turns. Behind a marshy coast-line and a

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stretch of dry steppes broken by hillocks and ravines, comes a wide belt of the "black earth" most valuable to Russian agriculture, a depth of rich soil that holds moisture so well as to produce heavy crops of corn instead of the steppe-land's soon scorched grass and flowers, which, by their age-long decay, are supposed to have produced these fertile beds, unless they are to be taken as deposits of primeval slime. Little wood grows except on the northern side of this region. In the western basins of the Bug and the Dniester appear some hills that here and there might pass for mountains; and further east the land is wrinkled by a line of worn-down heights, yielding stone, coal, iron-ore, rock-salt, and other minerals, the exploitation of which has broken in on the agricultural industry still prevalent in this fertile region. On the whole, the Ukraine peasantry have gone ahead of their Great Russian neighbours, for one thing, as less conservative in sticking to inefficient methods of cultivation. The communal system of land-holding seems to be exceptional here, and many of the peasant owners or tenants are better off than the mass of Great Russian farmers. In general, this people, some thirty millions on the widest estimate, have a livelier nature and a darker skin than the Russians of the north, in whom the Slav is more mixed with the Mongol, whereas the Ukrainians seem descended from a blend of the ancient Scythians with other strains drawn along ways of war and commerce towards the Black Sea; perhaps on scratching one of them there would be more chance of finding a Turk or a Greek than a Tartar.

The Ukrainian case for autonomy is that, while long treated as a dependency of Moscovite Russia, this southern region was in fact the focus of its civilization, spread out of prospering settlements made, according to tradition, by bear-hunters from the north. In the era when Alfred and his successors were consolidating England, Kiev became seat of chiefs recognized as predominant in a league of tribes soon growing into relations with Western kingdoms, while from Constantinople their State imbibed

some tinge of culture as well as religion; it has already been told how here Vladimir carried out a conversion to Orthodox Christianity. But their power waned before the rise of Moscovy and the attacks of Tartar hordes on one side, Poles on the other. Kiev being destroyed at the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Ukrainians were pressed back towards the Black Sea from territory usurped by the then united Poland and Lithuania. An early blooming of native literature was blighted by Tartar invasion on one side; but upon the other Poland opened a door for European influences and for religious dissensions of the Reformation, over which a fervent Greek Orthodoxy remained victorious. The Church legends and cherished ballads dignified the Ukrainian dialect. As to this there is a scholarly debate, the new patriotism seeking to rank it as a separate language, while Great Russians declare it no more differing from their own than the speech of Peebles or Paisley from that of London.

As champions of freedom sprang up about the Don the warlike Cossacks, fugitives from oppressive lordship, whose prowess against enemies on either side availed to make an alliance with them worth courting by bellicose neighbours, till, in the seventeenth century, Moscovy and Poland agreed to partition the country between them, taking respectively the left and right banks of the Don. Gogol's tale *Taras Bulba* gives a lurid picture of struggles for wild freedom carried on with hateful cruelty on both sides. Ukraina at one time turned to Turkey, but failed to hold its independence as a protectorate of the Sultan. Its last champion was Charles XII of Sweden, whose association with the Hetman Mazepa is for us the most familiar page in those half-forgotten annals.

The Zaporogue Cossacks, so called from their early settlements on the rapids of the Dnieper, were the backbone of Ukrainian struggles against oppression, from which they had fled to the freedom of the steppes, where, as outlaws, they may have mingled with ruder warriors. Their origin and the meaning of the name is matter of question;

they first appear as two main hordes, the Cossacks of the Dnieper, now much civilized out of their old character, and a perhaps more Tartar breed on the Don. They lived in democratic bands under elected chiefs styled hetmans and atamans, sometimes uniting to obey a Grand Hetman like Mazeppa, understood to have been a page of the Polish king Casimir. We all know the story of how he would have played Cherubino to the wife of a jealous magnate, and was punished by being bound naked on the back of an unbroken horse turned loose upon sun-scorched plains to make a prey for wolves or ravens. Byron's spirited verse gives a probable picture of his sufferings on that helpless career, when

My heart turned sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbbed awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no further: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O'er tortured by that ghastly ride.

The wild horse had sped towards its native steppes, and there the youth was rescued from death by coming among Zaporogue Cossacks. His accomplishments, his superior education, his good looks, maybe a hint of the supernatural in his strange appearance among them, gained for him a reception not less hearty when he showed gallantry and skill as a leader, so in his latter days he had won such wide authority as to be appointed Prince of the Ukraine by Peter the Great. The Russian poet Poushkin's epic, not so well known in Europe as Byron's story, presents Mazeppa in a less romantic light, as an unscrupulous tyrant, playing the grey-haired Don Juan after a manner that again got him into trouble. From ambition or resentment of some injury, the Hetman turned against his overlord, allying himself with Charles XII, and dying soon after their defeat at Poltava in 1709. Peter was then able to half-tame the Cossacks, whose Hetman towards the end of the century had himself painted in powdered wig and laced coat like any



A Detachment of Cossacks on Military Service

courtier of the period; and the title was finally taken by the heirs to the Russian crown.

Peter's final victory over Charles quenched or, at least, smothered the Ukraine's nationality. It was divided between Russia, Poland, and Turkey, till the fall of Poland brought about a fresh partition in which Austria got the Ruthenian end of Galicia as her share, while the bulk of the country came under Great Russia, now pressing southwards upon Turkish decadence. The superior culture claimed by the Ukrainians sank towards the level of Russian semi-barbarism. But, as in Hungary and Serbia, memories of the past were kept alive by ballads in the mouths of wandering minstrels; and Ukrainian patriots declare that they never altogether lost a national consciousness, quickened by stir of the French Revolution, and by a revival of their old literature which the Russian government, in its policy of Russification, sought to suppress by forbidding books to be printed in the southern variety of the language. It might well be suspicious of literature when, in the middle of last century, Ukrainia produced a patriotic poet, Taras Schevchenko, who had a remarkable career. Born a serf, and early left an orphan, after running away from a drunken schoolmaster, he got his living as house-painter's drudge, swineherd, scullion, then lackey in a service that gave him some chance of seeing the world. All along he had tried his hand at painting, and at Petersburg came to be recognized an artistic talent which found him friends able to buy his freedom for 2500 roubles. As a bursar of the Academy of Arts, he soon distinguished himself not only by his landscapes, but by writings both in Russian and Ukrainian, songs, ballads, novels, and an epic narrative of his people's seventeenth century's struggles against Polish oppression. Thus, while still young, he became for the Ukraine what Mickiewicz was for Poland, or Petöfi for Hungary, voicing a new spirit that more or less consciously grew to aspire at making the Ukraine an independent member in a union of Slav States. Then he

came under official suspicion, accused of fomenting secret associations with that aim. Poets have often had to learn in suffering what they teach in song; but the lot of Dante, of Cervantes, of Robert Burns, seems luck compared to this minstrel's, who had to sing under the knout. His doom was being flogged and sent to the Asian frontier as a common soldier, forbidden to use pen or pencil. But, on an expedition to the Aral Sea, his talent as a draughtsman proved too valuable to be left unused; and nothing could stop him from writing poems, though they might have to be hidden in his boot soles. After ten years of a wretched garrison life, with drink, as he hints, for its one comfort, he was pardoned under the liberal movement of Alexander II's reign. But he came back to his artistic friends a broken man, to die at the age of forty-seven, just as the Czar was emancipating the serfs. This should have cheered his deathbed, for the fetters of serfdom had bitten into a soul that never lost its passionate sympathy with "my dead, living, and not yet born kinsfolk", nor his early love for the native country out of which most of his manhood had been perforce passed, but he always remembered or idealized it as brighter and fairer than the scenes of his exile. In poetic prose, he thus contrasts Great and Little Russia:—

"The Great Russian village is, as Gogol expresses it, an untidy heap of grey beams with black openings for windows, with everlasting dirt and everlasting winter; you hardly see there a green twig. Behind it bloom impenetrable woods; and the village itself seems to have purposefully crept out of the shadow of this unvisited garden to station itself in two rows along the high-road. How very different is the look of the Ukraine: there each village, aye, each town, has its white, pleasant houses lying in shadow of cherry and cornel trees. There the poor peasant's home is beautified by a luxuriant and smiling nature, and he sings his sweet melancholy songs in hope of better days. . . . *Dorf!* Oh, what a lovely, charming picture this dear word brings out in my old heart. *Dorf!* There rises before me our poor white cottage with its weather-stained thatch and black chimney, near it a tree of



Little Russia: peasant girls of Klimov dancing to the strains of the mclodeon

red-checked apples and a flower bed, beloved by the never-forgotten sister who mothered me with such tender patience. At the threshold stands the old willow, its branches drooping down on all sides from its withered top; at the back of a threshing-floor with stacks of barley, wheat, and other grain; further off, on the bank of the Bug, comes the garden. And what a garden! In my life I have seen well-tended gardens, as those in the parks of Zofiovka and Peterhof; but what are they beside our noble garden, thick-planted, shady, quiet—in short, there are no more such gardens in all the world! Behind the garden the meadows, then a dell, and at the back of all a quiet brook, softly flowing beneath willows and snowball-roses in a bed of broad-leaved, dark-green burdocks. Here, under the burdocks bathes a sturdy, white-haired boy, then he runs across the dell and the meadows, throws himself on the ground beneath the first pear- or apple-tree, and falls into undisturbed sleep. When he wakes up, he looks on the hills rising opposite, and asks himself 'What can be behind the hills? After all, are they not the iron pillars that hold up the sky?' "

About the same time a Scottish poet, who, in all likelihood, never heard of Schevtchenko, was putting the same sentiment more concisely into verse:

To me the loveliest space of sky
Is that which silently o'erbends
Old apple-blossomed gable ends
Wherein men live and die.

Schevtchenko's writings did much to ripen Ukrainian patriotism, with its new yearning after independence which the government in vain tried to nip in the bud. The freer press of Austrian Ruthenia could be more outspoken as to aspirations that found a voice in the Ukraine after the upheaval of 1905, when books and newspapers in its own speech were no longer contraband. To the Duma, it sent more than fifty deputies demanding home rule, then, after the break up of Czardom, a Ukrainian *Rada* assembly proclaimed this country's separation as an independent republic.

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The Rada found itself no more supreme than the Czar. The concern for independence was jumbled with the quarrels of classes and of different shades of socialism. As in other parts of Russia, the Ukraine flamed up in tumults, outrages, battling factions whose strife became a confused civil war. Self-elected Soviets in each locality claimed authority, often flouted by their own partisans, and misused by the Red Guards, who proved sometimes as embarrassing to their chiefs as were the Turkish janissaries in their day. Gangs of self-appointed officials roamed the country, robbing and murdering owners of property, who at the best had to suffer the insults of maddened enthusiasts and worthless scoundrels turned into patriots. The dismayed or excited peasantry hardly knew how to behave to their former landlords or employers, here sullen, there sympathetic, now taking a hand in the general plundering, now standing by kind masters, but with fear and fits of insolence. Many well-to-do families fled for their lives, abandoning homes, stock, and crops, and taking refuge in towns, where they were still not safe from violence, and, if ill provided with cash or credit, brought to misery under the scarcity and dearness of provisions. No wonder that the arrival of German troops was hailed with joy by the better-class of townsmen. One of these deliverers, Dr. Wertheimer, in his account of the country as they found it, states that at Kiev, in one month, 6000 persons had been murdered, more than a third of them officers, for all their attempts to disguise themselves in old clothes and be hidden among the mob of workmen and jail-birds that had usurped all authority.

The peasants of the Ukraine having more to lose than elsewhere, a certain reaction sooner took place here. After the Rada had been overawed by extreme factions, General Skoropadski, as a descendant of the old Hetmans and as having, by his popularity with the soldiers, been able to rally part of the dispersed army, for a time exercised an uneasy dictatorship as champion of Ukrainian independence, a cause said to have had less warm appeal for the educated class than

for the masses, whose main interest was divided between clinging to their own property and coveting a share of the large estates. A congress of peasants, met under German protection, did indeed acclaim Skoropadski as Hetman, but he lost credit as backed by the invaders, whose chief concern was to wring contributions of corn from a distracted country. After his resignation, and the retreat of the Germans, there arose another military dictator, General Petlura, who, in the name of Ukrainian independence, withstood the advance of General Denikin's forces for deliverance from Bolshevik tyranny. The withdrawal of the Germans had left all in worse welter of strife. Blood-curdling stories are told of murders, tortures, crimes of all kinds that for a time went almost unchecked. On the west side of the Dnieper, the Bolsheviks took to fighting with each other like Kilkenny cats, where the policy of the Allies for a time restrained the Poles from advancing to restore order. Deliverance came from the other side of this river, when the Don Cossacks swelled the levies of General Denikin, who, indeed, from Petlura's Government met a hostile reception as believed to threaten the Ukrainian claim of independence. At the end of 1919 Denikin had to retreat from Kiev, captured and recaptured more than once after being repeatedly the scene of massacres, tortures, and plundering; then next year it was seized and lost by a Polish army acting in concert with Petlura's adherents, in opposition to whom at least two other soi-disant governments of the Ukraine were on foot.

It is not easy to understand how this concert of invaders and invaded came about, or to make out the drift of all these clashing movements. The Ukrainians proper see hereditary enemies in the Poles, who for their part claim the three western provinces of Little Russia—Volhynia, Podolia, and Polesia—as mainly Polish, and are suspected of coveting Odessa or some other port on the Black Sea. Anyhow, professing to deliver the Ukraine from Bolshevik tyranny and throwing out some prospect of a plebiscite, Poland's general Pilsudski

in 1920 overran the country, once again capturing Kiev, then seeking to hold the line of the Dnieper against the Soviet forces that drove his raw army back into Poland, when it had much ado to save its own capital from the Bolshevik masses, in turn letting themselves be routed and surrendering by tens of thousands.

The river Pripiet, a right-hand tributary of the Dnieper, presents itself as a natural frontier between Little Russia and the would-be republic of White Russia. On most of its generally-southward course of more than 1200 miles, the Dnieper, the classical Borysthene, is for Ukrainians what the Rhine is for German sentiment, and for Great Russia the Volga that has its source in the same region. Some way below the Pripiet confluence, on the right bank of the river, here nearly a third of a mile broad, stands Kiev, the Ukraine's time-honoured capital, once the metropolis of all Russia, still preserving monuments and relics of its renown as a centre of learning and piety in the day of our early Plantagenets. Ever since then it has been a Jerusalem or a Mecca for devout pilgrims, whose shrines are its many churches, one of them a namesake and copy of Constantinople's St. Sophia, and more than one bearing the title of cathedral; the great Lavra monastery founded in the eleventh century; and the labyrinth of rock-hewn galleries and grottos that still earlier housed a numerous community of anchorites. The modern cathedral of St. Vladimir has been judged the handsomest in Russia, richly adorned with mural paintings and treasures that are little likely to have escaped Bolshevik plundering. Kiev has also a noted university transferred to it from Vladimir. Moreover, this is in great part a remarkably handsome city of regular, spacious main streets and fine public buildings, displayed on broken ground, rising into three hills. One of them is the site of the old city, and one was cleared by a conflagration more than a century ago for the smart new quarter. Another, beside the citadel, is crowned by the gilded diadems and mitres of the "holy city", its population thousands of monks,

who, with bouts of guzzling and swilling, amid a perpetual ringing of bells and chanting of prayers, find other occupation in baking, brewing, gardening, printing of religious books, and carving or painting sacred memorials to sell to crowds of pilgrims from far and near, whose offerings attract a jackal train of beggars.¹ The chief church of this Lavra enshrines one of Russia's most adored idols, an ikon representing the death of the Virgin, which is said to have been visited by some quarter of a million pilgrims yearly, before the revolution. In modern times has sprung up by the river bank a growth of factories, offices, and warehouses of various industries, that

¹ "Often those errant hordes of pilgrims have no vocation but to make the rounds from one hallowed place to another. Their appeal for charity is usually heeded, because their laborious mission invokes the sympathy of their inherently ritualistic almoners. The monasteries often give them lodging free for several days, and they are never disturbed if they lie down on the threshold of a church or chapel to pass the night. Observance of the liturgy and of the arduous rites of the church is their chief concern. So they write petitions for healing and for blessings pertaining to the body upon the small round biscuit baked in the Lavra ovens, and called *proskoma*. They are placed about the dripping candelabra where, after the service, the priests will read them and present the pleas before the throne that answers the prayers of poor moujiks. The requests reiterated so ardently and with so many reverences before the picture of the Death of the Mother of God, have to do with the easing of pain and the righting of contorted limbs, and not often with the curing of sins. The ragged multitude pass fervently to the sarcophagus of Theodosius, second abbe of the Lavra, and the cypress casket which is reputed to contain the head of Vladimir. Those who receive special permission enter the Treasury to gaze, stupefied, at the relics and the precious objects. Follow the concourse across the courts and passage-ways to the grottoes of St. Anthony, chiselled from the clay and upheld by stone and plaster. Wax tapers are supplied to each entrant at a cost of twenty kopecks, at the door of the catacombs. These give the only light to show the path through the narrow darkness leading to the tombs and cells of saints and hermit monks, who once immured themselves here underground without sun or fresh air, sometimes for half of their lives. The procession pauses longest at the sepulchre of Nestor, the Church historian, and St. Anthony, first monk to perform this act of sacrifice. But each mummy in his shroud of silk receives his meed of homage. Within closed cells are other skeletons still clothed in habits of every-day life. When the hermits failed to remove from the aperture the dole of food placed there on alternate days, the opening was walled in and a mass said for the repose of the dead Brother."—Ruth Kedziel Wood's *Tourist's Russia*.

rapidly brought Kiev to a population of half a million or more, so as to be the third Russian city. It is the heart of the beet-sugar production, chiefly dealt in at its annual fair, and is important also as the meeting-place of four main railway lines, connecting Central Russia with its Black Sea ports and with Western Europe. But the screech of locomotives and the rattle of machinery seem out of harmony with this famous city, whose most striking aspect, as Victor T'issot tells us, is under a flood of moonlight.

"The steeples of the Byzantine churches, standing out against a sky of Polar transparency, sparkle like ice needles and peaks; the blue and spangled domes of St. Sophia, St. Andrew, and the Lavra, shine like azure fragments fallen from the firmament; white walls disappear into black shade with the air of fleeting phantoms; golden crosses glitter and gleam as luminous apparitions; high wooden towers of uncouth architecture throw their gigantic shadows upon empty open spaces; on all sides trees spread their foliage still and silvered like mists, and in the distance runs the Dnieper, like a brilliant zigzag of lightning, across the darkness of the immense plain."

Sacred as it is, Kiev has not been able to keep Jews out of its business quarter. This people, as already mentioned, cluster thickly on the western side of the Ukraine, where Jews seem to make half the population of the manufacturing city Zhitomir (93,000), and the large town of Berditchev is mainly inhabited by them, making a centre not only of trade in grain and cattle, but for Jewish pedlars, who spread out among the villages. Other Jews make their living by keeping miserable inns or by dealing in timber rafted down from the north; and here as elsewhere they practise the usury forbidden in their law. This part of the country also has done much in smuggling over the Russian-Polish frontier, an enterprise favoured by stretches of forest which, therefore, Nicholas I had cleared away, not thereby improving the climate of a district already little blessed by nature, nor much helped by backwardness of its mongrel cultivators.

Eastwards, in the basin of the Dnieper, comes Kharkov, which, about half as large as Kiev and not of such ancient dignity, has also thriven apace as a university city and administrative centre, now become a place of trade and knot of railways. On a Dnieper tributary here Poltava, a considerable town known in history for Peter the Great's victory that drove Charles XII into Turkey, lies on an eastern tributary of the Dnieper, as on a western one Elizavetgrad, both grown to 70,000 or 80,000 inhabitants. As large is Kremenchug, on the main river, where steamers ply upwards above the rapids. Near a southward bend of the Dnieper, Ekaterinoslav is as yet rather smaller than Kharkov, but has been growing fast as a centre of iron-working and other industries, here much in the hands of Jews. Below the rapids of this river, its navigation to the sea begins at Alexandrovsk, by which goes the main line from Kharkov to the Crimea. At the mouth of the Dnieper the old port Kherson (100,000) has been overgrown by Nicolaiev (200,000) on the confluent estuary of the Bug, a naval arsenal as well as an outlet for the trade of several inland cities. During the revolution, their commerce was stifled under some half dozen successive rulers, most oppressive the misrule of the Bolsheviks, who slaughtered harmless folk by hundreds for no other crime than not applauding their own destructive principles and practices.

But the chief port of the Ukraine, as hitherto of all Russia, is Odessa, on the Black Sea between the Bug and the Dniester. Pleasantly situated on seaside heights, it has, or had, a population of over half a million, more cosmopolitan than that of the Ukraine's other cities, and including many unfortunate Jews, who in recent days have been the victims of repeated *pogroms*; its commerce was much carried on also by Greeks and Germans. It has a university and many schools, as well as corn-mills and factories, but its chief business is with imports and exports. Its rank as a port, hitherto most familiar with the British flag, it owes to the cost of Russian railway traffic and the as yet incomplete canal communication between

the great rivers, so that it has been cheaper to ship corn and other produce all round Europe, even to the north of Russia, than to send it overland. Of course, then, the sealing of the Bosphorus during the war was a heavy blow to Odessa, much troubled

ineffectual attempt at defence by a French garrison; but again it fell to the Red forces. Its many visitors have to tell us that, but for a remnant of the old town, Odessa, with its smart streets, leafy boulevards and asphalt pavements, is little like most Russian cities,



Underwood & Underwood

Wheat for Export at the Harbour of Odessa on the Black Sea

Odessa is one of the great grain handling ports of the world, and its aspect is that of a busy modern metropolis of Western European type

by the revolutionary commotions, paralysed for a time by the German invaders, whose requisitions, along with the stoppage of sea traffic, sent corn up to starvation prices at Petrograd. The city drew a long breath of relief when at last delivered by Denikin's advance from a Bolshevik yoke that had succeeded that of the Germans, after an

having, indeed, to thank a French governor, the Duc de Richelieu, for much of its modern amenity.

A little below Odessa comes the mouth of the Dniester, between which and the confluent deltas of the Pruth and the Danube, runs up the long strip of Bessarabia. This province has already been included under

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the head of Roumania, from which kingdom Russia had taken it away, a grievance redressed by Roumania's reclamation of it as lost property, after the Great War, when Bessarabia was for declaring itself an independent republic. It might well desire to cut loose from the larger Ukraine State where, in two years, more than a hundred towns were sacked and some fifty thousand people massacred.¹

Through such vicissitudes of confused strife, we can imagine what ruin must have fallen on Kiev and other thriving centres of Ukrainian industry. A recent visitor exclaims over Odessa as like a city of the

dead. But the country has not yielded its claim to independence. The attack from the north being relaxed by entanglement of the Soviet forces in Poland and Lithuania and before a fresh advance of General Wrangel from the Crimea, in 1920 was called together at Vinnitsa in Podolia, taken as temporary capital, a new State Council of representatives from all interests in the Ukraine. Amid so many commotions, we must leave in doubtful plight this rich region, ravaged by war, factions, famine, and the pestilences that are reaping a horrible harvest all over Eastern Europe.

¹ Certain writers, blinded by their sympathy with revolutionary extremes, or blinkered by the Soviet government's representations, have gone about to pooh-pooh or deny the many stories of Bolshevik atrocities that reached us from all parts of Russia. They can hardly question this statement made in our newspapers by Miss Eileen Healy, daughter of the former MP for Wexford, who, with her sister, contrived at last to escape from Kiev after living through its worst experiences.

"When the Bolsheviks were evacuating Kiev as Denikin approached, 40 trams, each of about 30 trucks, were sent off daily filled with furniture and all kinds of loot taken by the Reds. When the volunteer army arrived I watched the vanguard riding through the streets—the Bolsheviks had bolted a few hours previously. The terror-stricken population rushed from their homes, and when the Russian flag was hoisted over the Duma the city went mad with joy, the people sobbed and yelled with relief. Crowds surged round General Bredoff, wrapped his charger in a Russian flag, and carried him on their shoulders through the streets. Next day, I was enabled to visit the various 'Chresvoichanka' or extraordinary prisons—each of which was a veritable torture house scattered through the city. I knew many who entered them, when the Reds had departed, to look for missing relatives, who came out mad, and one lady friend of mine dropped dead on reaching the street. One of these places, 'Sadavoca 5,' was an attractive villa with a small garden. In a side building, a sort of garage, I saw the walls covered with blood and brains. In the middle was cut a channel or drain full of congealed blood and just outside in

the garden 127 nude and mutilated corpses, including those of some women, were flung into a hole. They had been murdered the day previously, and the man who had removed the bodies from the shed told a horrible story of what he described as the staircase of death. It seems that the victims first had to strip and then form up in line with arms folded. First one line had to lie on their faces, and they were then shot. Then the second row filed in and took their places, just behind the first row; and so row after row of corpses was piled up until there was what he described as a staircase of bleeding bodies reaching almost to the ceiling of the shed. Opposite this slaughter house, was the Governor's house. On fine evenings the commissaries after dinner used to go into the garden where they sat, smoked and drank champagne. Some of the prisoners would be invited to walk about the garden, and as a form of sport the drunken Bolsheviks potted at them with their revolvers, sometimes killing, sometimes wounding their victims. In the cellars of this prison were found a number of large boxes. In each of these were two or three naked bodies. Outside these two houses it was customary to place a motor-car with its engine running in order to prevent dwellers in the adjoining residences from hearing the groans and cries of the tortured inmates. Quite apart from these atrocities life in Kiev during the Red occupation was a time of terror—one long nightmare. None of us knew when we would be arrested, and there was always shooting and firing in the streets. When we went to bed we never knew whether we should live to the next day, and after a while I think perhaps some of us did not care."



The Russian Riviera: Yalta, from the bay

THE CRIMEA

Beyond the final bend of the Dnieper comes the Tauride province, extending by the Isthmus of Perekop into the Crimean peninsula, in all some 10,000 square miles, the northern part of it a prolongation of the steppes, broken by salt lakes and prehistoric barrows, then in the Crimea by spurs of hill country that on the south side rise into a chain of grand mountain scenery. The Crimea itself, twice the size of Yorkshire, was once better known as Crim Tartary, also as the Tauric Chersonese of classic times, in whose south-west corner, near Cyclopæan remains of immemorial antiquity, a convent on a lofty cape marks what has been taken for the site of Iphigenia's cruel priestship, and the narrow-throated Balaclava harbour supposed that of the Lestrygonians in Homer's *Odyssey*.

The name Crimea is perhaps from a half-mythical Cimmerian race, whose coast came to be authentically occupied by Greek colonies that fell under the sway of the Mithridates Kings of Pontus. On a rocky promontory near Sebastopol has been excavated a "Russian Pompeii", named Chersonese, revealing layers of Byzantine, Greek, and prehistoric construction, as in the ruins of Troy. But the ancient fame of this peninsula faded away till revived by the Crimean War.

Balaclava and other towns on its coast were in later days founded under a Venetian, succeeded by a Genoese settlement, giving place to a Turkish overlordship of Tartar khans. They in turn were subdued by Russia towards the end of the eighteenth century, and their descendants have been



Bakhchi-serai: the main street

Bakhchi-serai (Turkish, *garden-palace*) was formerly the residence of the Tartar Khans of the Crimea, and the tombs of many of the Khans are in the mausoleum attached to the ruined palace. The town retains a distinctly oriental aspect.

tending to disappear before Russian, Bulgarian, and German colonists, whom they served as herdsmen and farm labourers. Some of the Crimean Tartars, however, own prosperous estates; and in the recent political agitations they took a prominent part. Their blood has been a good deal mixed with that of Greek and Italian colonists, which often refines their Mongol features and character. They still fill their sacred town Bakhchi-serai, where the palace of their khans, a Crimean Alhambra kept up by the Russian Government, shows those princes to have been no mere barbarians. In the vicinity a mountain side is honey-combed by thousands of rock-hewn grottos, once serving as homes or tombs; and here also is the abandoned stronghold of an old colony of Karaite Jews. A small body of this sect, rejecting the authority of

the Talmud, is still to be found in Southern Russia, where they are said to bear a good character for honesty and industry. The Russian capital is the inland Simferopol, with some sixty thousand people, upon the chief railway going by Bakhchi-serai to Sebastopol. From the hills extending to this almost central point two considerable rivers flow over the northern steppes, and several short ones run to the western coast, among them the Alma ("Apple River") that in 1854 became to us a household word. The east side, behind a long spit, is fretted into shallow inlets and lagoons.

Part of the peninsula is fittest for cattle-breeding, huge flocks of sheep being fed on the steppes as on the hills; but fertile stretches of it also bear corn. Its special productions are fine tobacco and the wines of the south coast, sheltered from the rigours of winter by the mountain wall. Along it a road like the famous Corniche of the Mediterranean Riviera winds outside of towering peaks and toppling crags, beneath which flourish luxuriant forests, verdant slopes, vast vineyards bearing big grapes, orchards of figs, nuts, and other fruit among lush meadows spangled with flowers. The cliffs here, that show a stern face in winter storms, are described by General Hamley as dyed under sunlight "with the loveliest rose-colours, pearly-greys, yellows, dark reds and rich browns, with purple shadows, in the most effective combinations". This shore, then, has in the last generation or two grown into fashion as a Russian Riviera, dotted by bathing-towns and villas of showy, often bizarre architecture, with Yalta for a Crimean Nice, and Livadia as an imperial Osborne, in which the poor Czar in vain hoped to find retirement after the catastrophe that gave his palace here to be used as a hospital. Aloupka is another resort, distinguished by the Moorish palace of Prince Woronzok, a former governor; and Nikita is noted for its Botanical Garden of acclimation. Tartar villages make a contrast with hotels hidden in groves of cedar and cypress, from which excursions can be pushed into mountain scenery recalling that of the Bavarian Highlands to the German

soldiery who came to free this paradise from its Bolshevik devastators. They received a specially warm reception from colonists of German origin, who seem the most thriving element of the population and have done good service in the wine-making, as in other branches of industry, notably in growing potatoes. The most commanding point is Chatyr-Dagh (the "Tented Peak") which stands up 5000 feet behind the seaside resort Alushta, eastward from Yalta.

To us the Crimea is a familiar name through the exploits and sufferings of our troops on the broken ground of its south-west corner, outside of the mountain range. There, through the bitter winter of 1854-55, French and British armies, ill-supplied and decimated by cholera, lay entrenched before Sebastopol, Russia's Black Sea naval arsenal, the defence of which drained that huge empire's resources, prolonged as it was by masteries of fortification, and by the north side being left open to reinforcement. The war, that looks so small now, bulked great in the eyes of its own generation, and its heroisms have been duly glorified in our literature. If we could read the works of Tolstoi, and other Russian writers, we should not fail to admire the stubborn gallantry of our enemy under hardships that filled a vast cemetery with myriads of corpses, opposite the burial-grounds of the Allies. After a year of heavy losses on both sides, the French stormed the commanding position of the Malakoff; that of the Redan was abandoned as our men stood ready to renew a baffled attack; and the defenders, burning or sinking their ships, evacuated the city, and left to the victors a heap of ruins and ashes. Not without reason the Russians are so proud of that defence that in a church,

erected as monument of it, the crypt shows a tomb to its heroes, Kornilov and other admirals, their initials arranged to spell the Greek word *νικη* (victory). But the chief strength of the resistance was the engineer general, Todleben, whose name hints at a German origin.¹

One of the conditions of the peace was the dismantling of Sebastopol as a naval stronghold. But the Franco-German war of 1870 was taken as an opportunity for Russia to repudiate the treaty by restoring the fortifications of this port, once more made the station of a menacing fleet. The Czar's Government came to be sorely punished for its perfidy, when repeated naval mutinies in the Black Sea were preludes to general insurrection. In 1917 Admiral Koltchak, a future leader of the counter-revolution, hurled his sword into the harbour waters rather than give it up to the mutineers. He was able to escape with his life; but other officers were not so fortunate, hundreds of them being marched up to the Malakoff heights, there to be murdered, their bodies flung into the sea, so that their wives and children, imploring eye-witnesses of the massacre, had not even the poor consolation of burying them. Sebastopol fell under a reign of terror, in which officers of all ranks were hunted out and killed, those spared being degraded to do the meanest offices for their men, who now avenged the strictness of naval discipline by abusing and insulting them. Women and even children, as well as men, were victims of a carnival of crime in which sailors, here, as at Kronstadt, appear to have shown more atrocious brutality than the mutinous Russian soldiery. Both by land and sea those unworthy champions of liberty played the pirate among the country-

¹ "Along all the line of Sebastopol's bastions, for so many months astir with extraordinary life, where so long heroes followed each other to death and fell one after another to excite so long the fear, the hatred the admiration of their foes, the bastions of Sebastopol were now deserted. There all was dead, wend, terrible, but not silent—everything went on crumbling into ruin. On the ground pitted by recent bombardments, dismounted gun-carriages everywhere he broken down above the corpses of Russians and enemies. The heavy cannon, dumb for ever, hurled by stupendous force into the trenches, are half-

choked up with earth—bombs and balls, more corpses, other trenches, fragments of gun-metal and copper, and still more corpses in their grey and blue cloaks. All this ruin still trembled from time to time, and was revealed by the purple flame of explosions that kept the air in commotion. The enemy could see how something incomprehensible was happening in this terrible Sebastopol. These explosions and the deadly silence of the bastions startled them, yet, after the vigorous and cool resistance of the past day, they could not yet believe that their inexorable adversary had vanished away." Tolstoi's *Sebastopol*

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folk till German troops came as not unwelcome deliverers.

Before the revolution, Sebastopol, with 70,000 inhabitants, had become a favourite seaside resort as well as an arsenal. Balaclava, whence our engineers made to the British camp the first railway in Russia, is now visited for mud baths and the grape cure. Farther up the west coast, Eupatoria is centre of a trade in salt. On the opposite south-eastern shore, Feodosia was the ancient Greek port Theodosia that, under its mediæval Genoese masters, came to have 100,000 inhabitants, but in Turkish and Tartar hands was sinking into picturesque decay. It has lately been revived by a railway and a new harbour that may somewhat spoil its character as a bathing-beach, where patients sought the grape and koumiss cures much practised hereabouts. It is noted also as shipping-place of Russian pilgrims to Mecca, and its port has the advantage of being open all winter, when its rival Kertch may be blocked by ice. Kertch (50,000), with its vague memories of Mithridates, stands farther up this coast on an eastern spur of the peninsula that narrows the mouth of the Sea of Azov, here guarded by a strong fortress. A shallow lagoon of this sea almost breaks through the Isthmus

of Perekop, cut by an old canal half a dozen miles long, which has been allowed to dry up under its crumbling banks. On the mainland Tauride coast of the Sea of Azov, Bergyansk has some note as a grain port.

In 1917 a council of Tartar leaders, who had never quite lost their grudge against Russian mastery, declared the Crimea, with the adjacent strip of mainland Tauride territory, to be an independent republic. Further attempts at constitution-making were checked by Bolshevik violence, concerned more with bloodshed and plunder than patriotism; but when such outrages were repressed, the Tartar politicians again made themselves heard; and this is not the only part of the late Czar's dominions where the Moslem element has shown a disposition to assert itself. The majority of the Crimea's inhabitants, about a million, seem to be still Tartars; but they are a minority in the rather larger population of the mainland Tauride province.

In 1920 the defeated remains of General Denikin's army made a stand in the Crimea, soon rallying under General Wrangel for a strong advance into the Ukraine. Behind his marches, this region, like other parts of Russia, still lies in doubt as to whether it will make good its claim of independence.



Balaclava: a general view

THE DON COSSACKS

On the east side the bounds of the Ukraine seem at present undefined, as the Don region here has chosen to set up as a separate republic. This river rises in a lake of Central Russia, and at one point of its course of 900 miles almost touches the Volga, but turns away southwards to fall into the Sea of Azov. The steppes about its lower regions are the home of Cossacks who seem a link between the longer-settled Zaporogians of the Dnieper, and the far-spread bands quartered on all edges of Russian conquest as a frontier police. This race of Centaurs has supplied the empire with a redoubtable irregular cavalry, free from taxation on condition of military service, like the Pandours of the Austrian border, like whom, also, their savagery gave them fearsome renown in foreign wars. But in the last century or so, at all events, travellers report the Cossacks of the Don and the Dnieper as more civilized, cleaner, and better schooled than the mass of Russian peasants. Numbering between two and three millions, they could furnish at full strength over three hundred thousand men to the army, if only in time of need would a man be called on to do his full period of twenty years' service. They came to be looked on as trustworthy myrmidons, not only on border warfare, but efficient for the dispersal of mobs, till in the last rising at Petrograd they failed to back up the police. Some of them appear to have stood more faithfully by their colours than the rest of the army, but in its general debacle the Cossacks were swept away. Returned to their homes, these "warrior farmers" acted somewhat incoherently for a time, fighting, if all reports be true, both for and against the revolution. But the outrages of the Bolsheviks and a revival of ancestral spirit provoked the Don Cossacks into proclaiming their country an independent republic, under a descendant of their Hetmans as president; and they gave it over as a base for General Denikin's campaign against

anarchy, that for a time bade fair for success but collapsed before the Soviet masses then overrunning this region.

Their capital is Novocherkassk, on a right-hand feeder of the Don, between the seaport Taganrog (72,000) and the great Donetsk tributary, in whose basin are Russia's chief coal-mines, among which new towns were rising rapidly before the winds of war blew out the Ukrainian furnaces and checked the new port Mariopol's growth into a South Russian Cardiff. Yuzovka takes its uncouth-like name from Hughes, a Welshman who, half a century ago, started his native industries here, and for long it might be called a British settlement, till the management passed into Russian hands. The largest port is Rostov, near the mouth of the Don, behind the small one of Azov that gave a name to this landlocked sea, its harbours often obstructed by ice. There is a very old city of the same name in the heart of Russia; but this "Rostov the Great" has been far overgrown by the southern Rostov, a modern place of trade risen in our time to two or three hundred thousand people, else not so interesting as the decayed dignity of its namesake, while important as a focus of railway lines to the Black Sea and the Caucasus. Hence, up to Kalatch, where the Don flows about fifty miles from the Volga, it is navigated by steamboat, at some risk, in summer, of sticking on its shallows or sandy corners as it winds sluggishly over monotonous flats.

The towns of the Don region are less famous than its great steppe plains so often described in prose and verse. We must not picture them as stretches of desolation. In autumn, indeed, the grass of the pastures stands rank and brown; but under the snow is prepared a transformation scene to be revealed in the rapid spring, when "the long stalks mount like rockets to fall in a rain of pearls and stars of buds and flowers", and verdant islets emerge from the sinking of the river floods. Then for a few weeks

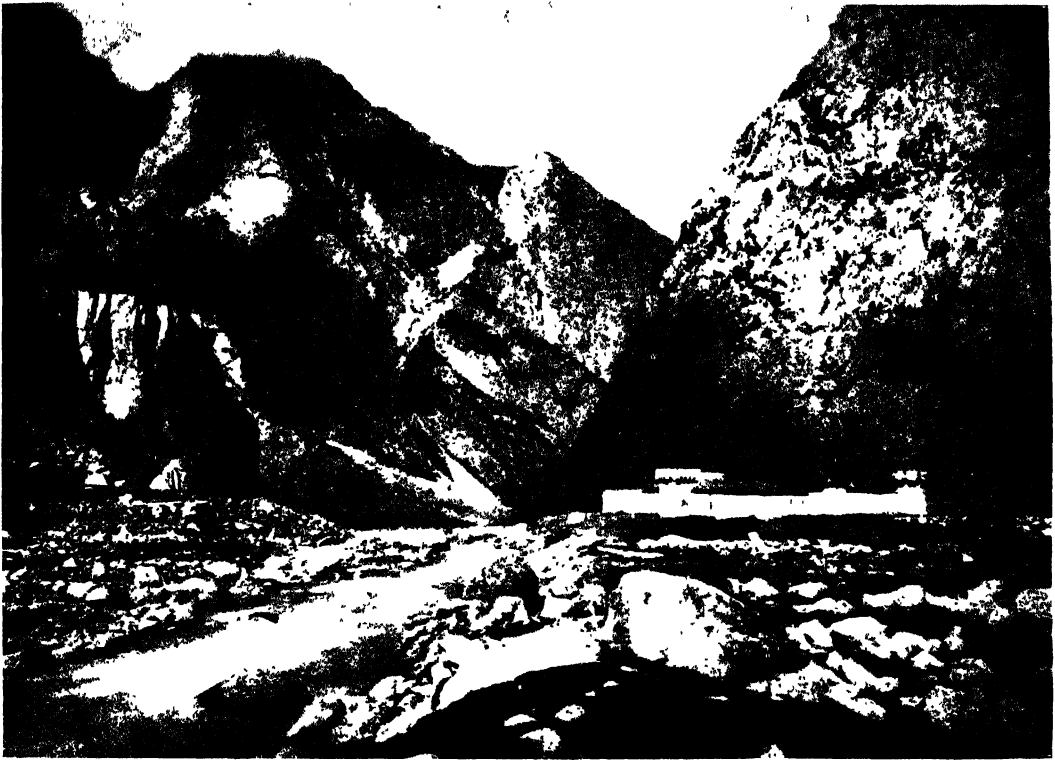
the fresh green may be almost hidden beneath a carpet of bloom, from which bees gather stores of aromatic honey for the peasant, whose hives are perhaps nothing more artificial than hollowed trunks with a hole bored in them. Honey figured of old among Russia's wares, and for beeswax there has been an enormous home demand through the millions of candles burned before its innumerable ikons. The farmer's house will have a garden bed by it, and among his crops there are expanses of golden sunflowers and fields of melons, tomatoes, and big cucumbers, that enter largely into his diet. In summer great troops of hay-makers come from far and near to pile up the long grass in lofty stacks that, like the frequent mounds of Scythian barrows, may give welcome screen to travellers caught in an icy blizzard. The steppes are also dotted with shallow tarns, more rarely with clumps of wood, all alive with great and small birds that give sport not only to the hawks that hover over them. Wolves, now being killed out here, sometimes prey upon the great flocks of sheep that turn the steppe grasses into wool and tallow; but the troops of cattle and horses can very well defend themselves by the horns or hoofs of their bulls and stallions. The thrilling stories of sledges chased over the snow by hungry packs seem to be now mere legends in Southern Russia, where wolves are coursed with dogs, or lured within shot on a winter night by the squeals of sucking pigs, their ears pinched in a bag; it is said that Tartars can train eagles to swoop down and pick out a wolf's eyes by way of disabling it.

Besides being breeders of small, wiry horses and cattle on the steppes, the Don Cossacks are industrious farmers of the fertile lands. They have here a tiny foe to fight more dreaded than cowardly, cautious wolves, in the *sousliks*, steppe marmots, that at the best of times levied heavy tax on their wheatfields. Against such a nuisance as

are rabbits in Australia, public war was declared in 1913, when several millions of the pest were exterminated by drowning or stifling by sulphuretted hydrogen in their burrows. But during the European War this subterranean foe made fresh head, when the men had to be away shooting and gassing fellow-Christians; so women and children were mobilized for service, each farm being taxed by law with the delivery of a fixed number of souslik skins in proportion to their holdings. This should have more effect than the reward of five roubles offered for every wolf's tail, when the veracious M. Dumas asserts that it was found worth while to set up a manufacture of tails at Moscow.

In this region also, as already said, is a great part of South Russia's mineral wealth, the coal and iron works lying most thickly on the Donetz, a right-hand tributary of the Don, coming down from the vicinity of Kharkov, that was originally a Cossack settlement. The Don and the Dnieper basins have so much in common that it is hard to forecast for them a permanent separation, which would be a bad business for all Russia, since its different parts so much depend on each other for varied products, the factories of Moscow for the cotton of the south and of the Asian colonies, the engines of the Volga for the petrol of the Caucasus region, and the shipyards of the Black Sea for the timber of the north as well as the iron of the Don basin.

In 1920 there came another of the fitful Cossack risings against Bolshevik domination, the Don Cossacks, along with those of the adjacent Caucasus province, being encouraged to give a hand to General Wrangel, as they had done to Denikin. On the success of this movement may depend the future organization of the Don region, as independent, or as fused with an autonomous Ukraine, or with its neighbour on the farther side.



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Russian Fortress in the Darial Pass

THE CAUCASUS

South of the Don Steppes, the Caucasus region of European Russia has shown a desire to set up independently as two republics, taking the names of Kuban and Terek from the chief rivers that, rising near each other in the heart of the mountains, flow along their northern side westward and eastward into the Black Sea and the Caspian. We had better deal with them together, since any State formed here has no great chance of coherence among a population composed of an extraordinary tangle of more or less civilized tribes, in reducing whom to submission Russia has had much ado. Making little account of continental boundaries, the empire included in one satrapy Ciscaucasia and Transcaucasia on the north and south side respectively of

the range, but the latter division, plunged into a still greater confusion of crude republicanism, must be left over to another volume, to which belongs the Asian side of this great isthmus.

Asia's natural border here is the "frosty Caucasus", for nearly eight hundred miles extending across the centre of the isthmus, then along the northern shore of the Black Sea, while across the Caspian it seems continued by the Balkan range on the north of Persia, making another link of a chain that almost continuously stretches over two continents, from the Pacific to the Atlantic. The Caucasus may be divided into three sections, the western much the lowest, and the central the highest, where, like a continental watch-tower, the double top of Mount

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Elbruz rises to the height of 18,500 feet, besides several other peaks exceeding any of the Alps, an array of giants "armed in cliff and ice". Between Asia and Europe it makes a lofty mountain wall, with very abrupt declivities to the south, the northern side falling more gradually, but everywhere presenting sternly-wild features that from earliest days have filled it with Titanic myths. Many of its peaks are above the limit of perpetual snow, though this here is from 9000 or 10,000 on the south to over 12,000 feet on the north side; and many show traces of volcanic origin, revealed in the rich naphtha wells at either end, and the hot sulphur and ferruginous springs bubbling up on either side. Mount Elbruz, with its double crater, long supposed to be extinct, is said lately to have shown signs of fresh activity.

There are few practicable gaps in this stupendous barrier; the deep gorge of the Terek that gives the best road is the Dariel Pass through those renowned "Caucasian Gates" overhung by the precipices of Mount Kasbek, where ancient imagination chained the daring Prometheus. The Mamisson Pass, to the west of this, winds through at a height of over 9000 feet; other central openings are merely what mountaineers term "glacier passes". At the eastern end of the chain it has its broadest extent, more than 120 miles; and throughout it offers a spacious playground for climbers seeking new "peaks, passes, and glaciers" to conquer. It is, indeed, deficient in the lakes and fine waterfalls of Swiss scenery. That veteran climber, Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield, gives this account of its character from an Alpinist's point of view:—

"The first feature that strikes the traveller is the singleness of the Caucasian compared to the Alpine chain. I do not mean that it is one long snowy wall, and nothing more. It is single contrasted with the Alps, in the same way that the Pennines are a single chain, although they possess spurs like the Weisshorn, and minor ranges like those that form the southern boundary of the Val Peltine. This characteristic is proved from the fact that, from elevated points north or south of it, the same summits are

generally visible, whereas, as is well-known, the observer at Milan or Lucerne, Salzburg or Venice, sees from each an entirely different range of snowy summits. From this cause the panoramas seen on the highest peaks of the Caucasus differ from those of the Alps, in the fact that the portion of the horizon occupied by mountains is far less in the former than in the latter. Whether this is to be considered a recommendation or a fault must depend on individual taste; but no one can deny that if it had been desired to enhance by contrast the stern beauty and bold outlines of the central chain of the Caucasus, no better means of doing so could have been found than by putting beside them the boundless plains of the steppe, or the wave-like ridges of the Mingrelian Hills. . . . As a whole, Caucasian must, I think, rank above Alpine scenery. There is nothing in Switzerland or Tyrol that can compare with the magnificent grouping of the Suanetian ranges, or with the gorges cut by the northern rivers through the limestone ridge which bars their way down to the steppe. In the Caucasus the slopes are steeper, and the usual character of the peaks is that they shoot up from the valleys at their base in unbroken walls of rock and ice, to which the cliffs of the Wetterhorn afford the nearest parallel. Enormous cornices of ice are frequent, and sometimes crown the highest peaks, presenting an insuperable obstacle to the climber. The mountain sides, owing to their precipitous character, afford precarious resting-places to the winter snow; and avalanches, which choke the upper glens to an extent rarely seen in Switzerland are consequently of frequent occurrence. Another peculiarity of the Caucasus is the constant appearance of red snow, which in the Alps is often heard of but rarely seen."—*Travels in the Central Caucasus*.

As yet most of the Caucasus region lies hardly open to such holiday explorers as may some day make us familiar with its giant peaks and gloomily-magnificent clefts. For a century these wilds gave an arduous exercising ground to the Russian army, and romantic themes to writers like Tolstoi, who had his first experience of military life in a Caucasian campaign. Dumas *père*, at the height of his fame, made a trip through them, recorded in volumes almost as full of perilous adventure as his novels, the admiration for which among Russian officers he found



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A Monarch of the Caucasus: the majestic Dykhtau (nearly 17,000 feet), at sunset, viewed from the Bezingi Glacier

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availing to drown all resentment for the then recent Crimean War. Political offenders of the better class, as he noted, might be punished by sending them here to serve as common soldiers, like the poet Schevtchenko. The chief agents in the subdual of the mountain tribes were colonies of Cossacks settled on the border, pushed forward by the erection of forts as bases for flying columns. To the Cossacks this was a congenial warfare, and in more senses than one they mixed their blood with that of these enemies, whose manners and modes of warfare they assimilated, much as in the case of the American frontiersmen and the Red Indians, another point of resemblance being that tribal feuds here also set some of the natives more or less trustworthily on the side of the invaders. It was a chronic or intermittent war of raids, surprises, and ambushes, carried on for a great part by riders of wiry little horses over a rough country, its trophies heads cut off at a single blow, which, on the part of the Russians, came to be represented by ears, like the scalps of Indian prowess. No mercy would be shown in the heat of fight, but a frequent incident of incursions on the settlements was the abduction of prisoners to be held to ransom, sold into slavery, or cruelly put to death, yet sometimes adopted among the captors so as to increase a confusion of race that has set ethnologists by the ears in this region, so long disputed between hostile creeds and stocks, which must have been often alloyed by alien outlaws and by the spoils of war.

A common costume here is the Circassian long cassock, its breast studded with cartridge-cases, and a cloak thick enough to be armour both against weapons and weather. Costumes as well as customs have got mixed up in this medley of population, where the nobler features of the Aryan show off against the ugliness of the Mongol. Mr. Stephen Graham mentions a vague tradition that one tribe, the Ingooshes, are descended from English Crusaders who found a lotus land among Caucasian daughters of Heth; and Dumas, as a connoisseur in arms, professes

to have seen swords forged for the Crusades, still sharp as razors, in the hands of mountaineers who wore thirteenth-century armour and on their breasts the red cross, with which, as he surmises if they did not, their forbears had set out to rescue Jerusalem. Naturally the bitterest hostility to the Russians came from the Mohammedan or pagan tribes; and the most determined struggle was that in which the Moslem Lesghians, inspired by the prophet-chief Schamyl, for a generation defended their Daghestan highlands at the eastern end of the range, till the leader was captured, when, after the Crimean War, Russia could bring her full power to bear on his fastnesses.

Caucasian, it has been remarked, seems a singularly ill-chosen name for the cream of mankind, since in all historical time this region has been occupied by a hodge-podge of races, interspersed through its mountains, and kept from blending by difference of language, still more of religion. The ethnologists who chose this name had in view the handsome and proud Georgians that on both sides of the central range make the predominant Christian stock, akin to the chief inhabitants of the western divisions called Imeritia, Mingheria, and Lazistan. Georgia has vague traditions as an ancient kingdom that seems to have reached its zenith about A.D. 1200 under the legendary heroine Queen Thamar, with whose name are connected many of the ruined castles that, as well as fortified churches, often overhang the mountain gorges. Also of Indo-European blood, but mainly Moslem in faith, are the Circassians of the mountains, who gave female beauty to Turkish harems, and manly resistance to Russian conquest, that has driven the greater part of them into Asia Minor to spread a bad name for truculence among more peaceful subjects of the Porte. Some kindred tribes, however, still hold out in the Caucasus, expressively known as *Tcherkess* (robbers). The Moslem T'chetchens and Lesghians on the east number about a million. In the centre, and rather upon the northern side, are the Ossets, divided in religion between the Cross and the Crescent; they appear to

be of Persian origin, and have been called "the gentlemen of the Caucasus". All over are found knots of Persians, Armenians, and Kurds, as well as 'Turks, Tartars, Turcomans, and other people who have pressed in to form an extraordinary mosaic; while in the stony recesses, as usual, linger aboriginal remnants of doubtful lineage. Some of these are still pagans, and the professed Christianity or Mohammedanism of the mass is often but skin-deep, while we must be sorry to find travellers more ready to say a good word for the character of the Moslem than of the Christian tribes. Now, over the whole conglomeration, comes a "top-dressing" of European settlement, Russians, Greeks, and Germans, with here and there another foreigner who has stumbled in the search for fortune into this new field.

Industry and enterprise can hardly as yet come to their own in a country whose sons

have cultivated the arts of war more keenly than those of peace. The rocky woods and pastures that harbour bears and bisons, feed hundreds and thousands-strong flocks of sheep and goats tended by armed herdsmen and wolfish dogs, that, to strangers, sometimes seem the beast most to be feared in those solitudes. Beneath the eeries of eagles and vultures, lie rich mineral deposits as yet little more than scratched; but manganese ore, copper, and zinc are profitably worked; and here gush Russia's great oil-wells, found on either side of the range, to supply the treeless steppes with fuel. On lonely paths the wayfarer may often refresh himself from mineral springs running to waste, unless here and there turned to profit as spas which, in happier days, had begun to attract visitors from far. The plains below the mountains, often flooded into lakes, are fertile, most so at the Black Sea end, which has an abundant rainfall,



Vittorio Bella

Dwellers in the "frosty Caucasus": a characteristic group at Bezingi

while the Caspian shore is parched to barrenness. The south face of the chain, sheltered from cold winds, shows on a greater scale such a change of climate and vegetation as in descending from Switzerland into Italy. But the north enjoys a hot summer, whose rapid victory over frosty desolation astonished Mr. Stephen Graham, when, as a *Vagabond in the Caucasus*, he made intimate acquaintance with both sides.

"The spells of green and gold were wrought, and charm moved over the land. The cowslip appeared, budded, blossomed, faded, in one short week. At quick step the dainty lilies of the valley came and took their place, and for three days glistened among grasses and ferns on the rocks; and slender graceful Solomon Seals stooped lovingly towards their sister lilies. Then hill-sides suddenly blazed with yellow rhododendrons. Honeysuckle bloom came nestling in sunny corners among the rocks; then tall, sweet-scented bog-bean; ten varieties of orchids I found, and wild rose, wild strawberry and raspberry, wild vine, wild walnut, peach, and pear, and plum. In the grassy places, just dry after the last-melted snow, out came the lizards so that the plain literally squirmed with them, cunning, vicious little lizards basking in the sun, small and brown in May, but fat and green and speckled later, kissing at one another like snakes and fond of biting at one another's tails. In the May sun the adder shot off from his damp sun bath as one crushed through the scrub. The trees burst out into leaf, first in the valleys and then on the hills. Each day one watched the climbing green and saw the fearful dark brow of a mountain soften away and pass from deep impenetrable black to soft laughing green. Snowy peaks lost their glory of white, and one knew them to be but little grey Grampians beside the huge mountains of Elbruz."

The same writer makes our mouths water by his account of the fruit-stalls at a town market, where cucumbers go at ten a penny or less, and native wine may be cheaper than tea, as the Russian soldiery find, not to their advantage. But prosperous towns are not so frequent here as fortresses, ancient and modern, within sight of which the mountain wilds may be robber am-

bushes. In the troubles of the revolution, a horde of well-armed tribesmen came down into the streets of Vladikavkaz, and "held up" its citizens for slaughter and plunder. This commotion will also have ruined the spas, hotels, and hydropathics which at several points have been turning the savage Caucasus into a Russian Switzerland.

From Rostov, on the Don, a railway goes through Ciscaucasia to the principal towns of Stavropol (60,000) and Vladikavkaz (76,000), the latter an important fortress as commanding the chief pass through the central range, an outlying bastion of which, the Sphinx Mountain, nearly 7000 feet high, stands full in view of the city. This "Key of the Caucasus", for all the medley among its 70,000 inhabitants, is quite a modern place, with good hotels and a stir of trade and traffic. Besides the main Dariel road,¹ traversed by motor-car to Tiflis in a day's journey, there leads hence the rougher road by the Mamisson Pass to Kutais, an adventurous crossing in winter; and there is rail to Kislovodsk, the chief spa of the

¹ "The valley seems suddenly to come to an end and the track to vanish among the tremendous crags out of which the river descends in a succession of cataacts. The road crosses to its eastern bank and mounts rapidly along a shelf cut out of the mountain side. At the bottom of the gorge there is the furious torrent, on each side walls of granite rising (vertically one would think, though I suppose they cannot be quite vertical) 4000 feet above it, behind are still loftier ranges of sharp, red pinnacles, broken, jagged, and terrible, their topmost summits flecked with snow, not a bush, or flower, or blade of green to relieve their bare sternness. This is the famous Dariel Pass, a scene whose grandeur is all the more striking because one comes upon it after the exquisite beauty of the wooded limestone mountains farther down; a scene worthy of the historical associations which invest it, alone of all Caucasian glens, with an atmosphere of ancient romance. . . The scene is more absolutely savage, if not more majestic, than any of the famous passes of the Alps or Norway. It is not merely the prodigious height and steepness of the mountains; it is their utter bareness and the fantastic wildness of their risen summits, towering 7000 or 8000 feet above the glen, that fills one with such a sense of terror and desolation. A stronger military post can hardly be imagined. Approaching it either way, the precipices seem to bar all further progress, and the eye seeks in vain to follow the road, which in one place passes by a tunnel behind a projecting rock. For about a quarter of a mile the bottom of the gorge is filled by the foaming stream, so that it is only along the road that an army could advance."—Lord Bryce's *Transcaucasia and Ararat*.



Ushba, a notable peak in the High Caucasus Range, viewed from the southern side
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Caucasus, whence another rough road over a lofty pass leads down to the Black Sea port Sukhum. A railway through the Dariel Pass has been in view, but the revolution froze up all such designs.

On the Kuban River, the chief place is Ekaterinodar (100,000), founded by Catherine II as a Cossack colony, and since grown lustily as a commercial centre, reached by rail from Rostov, continued to the Black Sea port Novorossisk, a place of soap and cement works. This line has brought Russian settlers to a coast which, fringed alternately by rocky cliffs and malarious swamps, has been much deserted by its Turkish inhabitants, their place here and there taken by Greek and Moravian as well as Russian colonists; but rich soil seems often running to waste where fruit-farming is a prosperous venture, including stretches of the sunflowers that show so brightly among Russian crops. The new oil-fields of Maikop, north of the Caucasus, where the biggest well in the East belonged to British owners, have brought another rail down to the Black Sea at Tuapse, frequented as a bathing-place like other spots farther south, while the monastery of New Athos makes a goal of devotion. This line should be pushed down the coast and round the west

end of the Caucasus so as to put Poti and Batoum in direct communication with the Don region, as their coast is by rail with the Caspian.

On the Caspian side of Ciscaucasia, the Terek flows to its outlet by a wilderness of channelled marshes and salt lakes, making a sad contrast with the stupendously-picturesque scenery of its headwaters. Northwards, the River Kouman also takes its sluggish course into the Caspian. Southwards, on the edge of the mountain region, is the new Russian port and bathing-beach, Petrovsk, reached from Vladikavkaz by rail, which has now been carried along the coast to Derbent and thence to Baku, there connecting with lines across Transcaucasia to Batoum on the Black Sea. Derbent is an ancient Persian fortress, which, lying between the sea and the end of the mountains, made of old an "Iron Gate" between Asia and Europe; and far inland, below the caverned steppes, may be traced a wall that, according to tradition, once ran from the Caspian to the Euxine. This place, then, should be the boundary-stone of Europe, which, in Russian administration, stretched farther along the swampy coast to the peninsula of Apcheron, where the lurid fires of Baku beacon us into Asia.

THE RUSSIAN "REPUBLIC"

An account of Russia as it was, before being thrown into sanguinary confusion, may conclude by briefly bringing up to date the events of the struggle precipitated by what Dr. Dillon compares to an attempt to feed a new-born infant on roast beef and plum-pudding. This writer, after long, intimate acquaintance with the country and its people, finds here a proof of their strangely incalculable nature. "Who", he may well exclaim, "before the war would have believed it possible for a Russian Government of brotherhood and good will to make peace with the enemy and wage war

with their own brethren, to abolish capital punishment and inaugurate indiscriminate mass massacres, to preach universal freedom and punish expressions of opinion unfavourable to itself, to proclaim government by the people and chastise the people for expressing its legitimate wishes, to lay down the right of every nation to govern itself and to trample on the Ukrainians and the Finns for attempting to avail themselves of the principle?"

The strength of the "Red" cause was in the working men and hooligans of towns, who blindly looked to improve their lot by

novae res and were excited by a proportion of genuine enthusiasts as well as of cunning instigators. Many of them hardly knew what they wanted, still less how to secure it; not a few, in childish itch for destructiveness may have let themselves be simply carried away on the devastating torrent. The bulk of a people for whom public spirit had been made a crime, felt themselves helpless in a flood of anarchy overwhelming their rallying-points and landmarks. The peasantry at first hailed the general topsy-turvydom as promising them other people's possessions, but their revolutionary zeal cooled when they found their own property in danger. Effective authority had been seized by the confederates of Lenin and Trotsky, who, holding the two capitals, the chief arsenals and stores of munitions, along with what rags of national credit could still be turned to account, were able to terrorize most of the country by armies in great part forcibly enlisted, no small proportion of their recruits, indeed, having no other choice but starvation, when the scanty supplies of food that reached the towns in a far-spread paralysis of commerce and intercourse were doled out by the usurpers in return for professed adherence. The wonder is that this oppressive junto held together so long through the jealousies and quarrels that must have bred rankly among its membership of adventurous knaves, fools, and fanatics. When its record comes to be freely written, this should make a queer page of history. Its most surprising feature seems to be the authority so much falling into the hands of once persecuted and now embittered Jews, who found themselves able to trample on Russia's most cherished idols.

The first considerable attempt at resistance was in Siberia, where some 60,000 Czecho-Slovak prisoners of war found means to organize themselves as an army holding a long stretch of the Siberian railway that made a base of rallying against Bolshevik domination, while the Vladivostok terminus of the line was occupied by Japanese forces with the mission of keeping order. In this region Admiral

Koltchak took command, at first hopefully hailed as leader of a counter-revolutionary movement, but after some successes he met with a check that threw the chief part into the hands of General Denikin. He, advancing in the south from the Caucasus, was so strengthened by the adhesion of the Don Cossacks and other revolvers against the red flag of pillage and massacre, that in the autumn of 1919 he could come in touch with Koltchak's left wing and recapture Kiev at the other end of a front some 2000 miles long, from which he went on rapidly closing towards Moscow; but suddenly his long line broke, retreating in confusion before the masses set free to act against it after the failure of other anti-Bolshevik movements. In the north-east, General Yudenitch had pressed an attack on Petrograd, for the defence of which Trotsky gathered a large force, and drove the White army back upon Esthonia. Koltchak, deserted and betrayed, was executed by revolutionary partisans. Denikin, when the scattered remnant of his forces fell back into the Crimea and the Caucasus region, escaped by sea, leaving his command to General Wrangel, who again advanced against the Moscow Government, presently acting in concert with Ukrainian champions of South Russian independence. All those leaders had been hampered by their supposed design to restore a united Russia, whereas the would-be separate republics held aloof from or opposed them for want of assurances as to a recognition of their claims to self-government. They were helped by supplies and advice from the Allies who for a time held the Murman coast with a force withdrawn before the winter of 1919. It is to be feared that too often the general misery was inflamed by the champions of law and order making vengeful reprisals for Bolshevik cruelty.

When early in 1920 the Soviet power, victorious on almost all fronts, professed itself tired of the orgy of slaughter, the Allies reconsidered their policy of backing its defeated opponents, unless in so far as might prevent its baleful influence from spreading beyond the Russian frontiers.

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Lenin announced the end of that reign of terror by which the dictatorship of a minority had been upheld. For their part, Britain and America showed a desire to enter into commercial relations with Russia, after raising the blockade of its ports; and France, as chief creditor of the heavily indebted empire, had a strong interest in restoring the nation's solvency. To win good will abroad, the Communist Utopians began to talk of drawing back from their repudiation of all public debt, while to safeguard their dwindled frontiers they entered into peace negotiations with some of the seceding provinces, whose independence was thus admitted. A new spirit of moderation and compromise seemed to be in the air; but this was dashed by the trickery and insolence of Russia's self-appointed governors for all that apparent mood of hesitation in their design to wreck society by propagating class hatred all over the world. The dealings of other Governments with these unscrupulous dictators have been hampered by the lamentable fact that, while Russia has lost the sympathy of thoughtful friends of freedom, other nations' folly and ignorance appear to be largely deluded by cunning or fanatic demagogues into taking its bloodstained counterfeits of liberty for genuine coin, and denouncing any attempt at interference in the interest of the country itself as of the whole world's welfare. The wisdom of our working-class politicians was not well illustrated by the manner in

which "labour" politicians sent to report on this socialist paradise allowed themselves — with some exceptions and questionings — to be hoodwinked as to the country's real condition.

In this doubtful and dangerous state our pages must leave the fallen empire. In any case, after such a fever fit, Russia's recuperation could not but be a matter of time. Credit, industry, honesty, intellect, religion, patriotism have all been stricken with a shaking palsy. Some of its most civilized and prosperous members have made good, or are seeking to achieve their separation from the main body. Its great Asian dependencies having widely followed its own example of revolts masquerading as liberty in carnivals of half savage anarchy, their probable loss will still further drain Russia's strength. Since the revolutionary winds of Æolus were let loose here, its loss in lives has been calculated by an official statistician — let us hope with some exaggeration — at thirty-five millions. A bad harvest in 1920 will not lessen the sum of misery that must soon become unbearable. It is believed that the religious instincts of this people are rallying round their Church to shake off the godless tyranny that has been driving it to despair. But what can be confidently predicted as to the future of a nation that has once let itself be enslaved by such a gang of mean despots more cruel than any Czar?

SCANDINAVIA

The many tourists who find such a friendly reception in the indented peninsulas of the Baltic can hardly realize what a reputation their inhabitants had a thousand years ago. Here, in heathen times, commemorated by the old Norse sagas, was settled a vigorous Gothic branch of the Teutonic race, who to the far north met starveling bands of Asiatic Lapps and Finns, still hardly disturbed in their Arctic wilds. Those Northmen, in a region of many harbours, grew to be as much at home on sea as on land. The Vikings (creek-men), as they were often called, had an old repute as traders, but also as pirates and invaders, who pushed their raids as far south as the Mediterranean, and as far west as Iceland. Britain and Ireland lay for centuries exposed to their incursions and partial conquests, which have left marks in the place-names of our islands, and in the population of their coasts, notably among the Hebrides. After Canute's dynasty passed away, England was permanently overrun by another branch of the Norse stock that had fixed itself in Normandy, and thence spread masterfully as far as southern Italy. Through Russia, sturdy Goths made their way to Constantinople, where they supplied a Varangian guard for the decadent emperors. Thus the hottest of the Viking blood was given to strengthen distant nations.

When those wild rovers had been somewhat tamed by Christianity, embraced at first with congenial sanguinary zeal, their Baltic peninsulas fell into three kingdoms that had a long troubled history of quarrel, as well as of civil wars within their own bounds. Denmark and Norway on the one side were more drawn together, while Sweden drifted apart with a divergent form

of their Gothic tongue, differing as Spanish from Portuguese, whereas the Norwegian vernacular was to Danish rather as Scots to English. In the Middle Ages, those neighbours stood with each other on shifting terms of domination, union, or dispute, somewhat like the early relations of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Denmark, the smallest but the most fertile of the three kingdoms, and the one most closely in touch with European civilization, at first took a lead among them. Towards the end of the fourteenth century Queen Margaret of Denmark, "the Semiramis of the North", got all three crowns united in her mistressful rule, without being able to join the peoples in one. She took as heir her nephew Eric, in whose incapable hands the union went to pieces. Norway, more than half its population swept away by the Black Death, remained subject to Denmark, whose kings had to content themselves with a mere claim to Swedish allegiance till Christian II of Denmark sought vigorously to enforce it in the early days of the Reformation. Then this able but cruel prince, who stood so high in Europe that he married a sister of the Emperor Charles V, found it as hard to crush Sweden's independence as did the Edwards in the case of Scotland. Like the Scots, the Swedes were not of one mind, many of the clergy and of the nobles favouring a subservience to the richer Power, while the sturdy countryfolk stood out against foreign mastery. The Wallace of Sweden was Sten Sture, who soon fell in battle, when his young widow, Christina Gyllenstierna, came forward as heroine of the popular struggle. For months she defended Stockholm against the Danish king, but at last was forced to surrender on promise of a

complete amnesty. The faithless tyrant kept this promise by wholesale executions, notably the "blood bath of Stockholm", in which he graced his coronation by massacring nearly a hundred of the patriot leaders. Christina hardly escaped death, being sent to captivity in Denmark; but her young nephew, Gustavus Vasa, again raised the standard of independence, and proved himself the Swedish Bruce. His rebellion was aided by a revolution in Denmark itself, where Christian was deposed and harshly imprisoned by his own people. The young hero of Sweden's deliverance, descended from its pious princess St. Bridget, became recognized as king, not without spasmodic insurrections that also recall Scotland's history, fomented as they were by the Reformation movement.

The throne thus founded seemed one of such state that Eric, son of Gustavus Vasa, was among the candidates for our Queen Elizabeth's hand. Under his greater grandson, Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden rose to a height of power overshadowing Denmark and its vassal Norway. This hero of Protestant Europe, besides doing much to consolidate his kingdom, made conquests on the other side of the Baltic which by prudent statesmen and skilful generals were increased under his daughter Christina, best known to Europe for her eccentricities and her self-imposed exile, ending at Rome as a convert to Catholicism. On her abdication, the crown was transferred to a cousin, whose grandson Charles XII added to the fame if not to the power of Sweden by his meteoric incursions into European affairs. After his absolute rule, Sweden gained some measure of constitutional liberty, but lost her prestige and possessions on the Continent, the last to go being Finland, conquered by Russia in the wars of Napoleon. The glory of the Vasas came to be extinguished by the assassination of Gustavus III; and, when the line was dying out amid that upheaval of Europe, an ex-drummer boy from Gascony, Marshal Bernadotte, came to be adopted as heir to the childless king, then, soon succeeding to the throne, he so identified himself with his people as to turn against the

patron to whom he owed his rise. Thus Bernadotte, alone among Napoleon's mushroom sovereigns, established a new dynasty which became popular enough in Sweden; and at the peace that threw so much of Europe into the melting-pot, he was rewarded by the Allies with the annexation of Norway, wrenched away from Denmark.

But the two countries, arbitrarily yoked in one rule, did not pull together any better than Holland and Belgium. Norway's discontents came to a head in 1905 when it broke loose from the union, setting up an independent kingdom under Prince Charles of Denmark, which, in her own impoverishment, has proved a store of royalty, supplying several crowned heads to other lands. A generation or so back there had been some stir of a sentiment for uniting the Scandinavian nations; but dynastic interests stood in the way; and since then even democratic feelings seem to have carried these kindred neighbours further apart.

All three countries are united in their Lutheran faith, and through common interests that drew their kings together to concert a prudent neutrality in the Great War of 1914. They share a coinage of *krone* (about 1s. 1½d.) divided into 100 öre, and a common use of decimal weights and measures. In other respects we have to look at them apart; but the physical characteristics of Norway and Sweden so run into each other that one general description may serve for both.

The peninsula, 1100 miles long, separated from Finland by the Gulf of Bothnia, seems on a first glance meant to be one country rather than two, yet nature has here divided it into unequal and differing regions on either side of its mountain backbone. Norway, the western side, is narrower and more rugged, carved out by torrents dashing down to a coast-line broken into bold capes, deep fiords, and a belt of rocky islands. On the Swedish side the rivers have spread wider alluvial plains, over which they still rush so rapidly in chains of lakes and cataracts as to be of little use for navigation on this roomier flank of the peninsula, while they afford abundant water-power owned



Dalecarlian Peasant Girls in National Costume performing Folk Dances to the strains of their national musical instrument

and administered by the Government. The climate, on the whole a severe one, is modified on the west coast by the Gulf Stream, its warm winds and waters penetrating inland to keep even the far northern fiords open in winter, when those of the south-east may be frozen up. In summer the west has a heavy rainfall. All over the peninsula, indeed, as tourists know, the weather may prove vexatiously uncertain; but the east side is in general drier, with greater extremes of heat and cold.

The central mountain range forms for a great part rather a rough plateau deeply cut into crests and hollows. In the far north it is no more than a ridge of hills, but soon swells into points like the Kebnekaise, which (nearly 7000 feet) is the highest summit of

Sweden. In a stretch known as the *Kjolen* (keel) it parts the two kingdoms, then straggles mainly into Norway under various names, such as the Dovrefeld that marks a division of northern and southern highlands. South of this transverse ridge, the most Alpine group is the central Jotunheim (Giant's Home), where the Glittertind and the Galdhoepig (a little over 8000 feet) appear to be the highest points of Norway and of the peninsula. Here a vast snow-field feeds the Jostedalstraie glacier, dwarfing those of Switzerland by its extent of more than 300 square miles. In this heart of the country also rises the Glommen, Norway's largest river, to flow into the Skager Rack, whose indentation sunders the two kingdoms on the south.

SWEDEN

Sweden makes the larger and better-populated half of this peninsula. On either side of the mountains, less abruptly on the east, the ground slopes to the sea under thick forests, dotted with lakes and morasses and seamed with picturesque rivers, which on the Swedish side have a longer course. Sweden is the best-wooded land in Europe, nearly half its area of about 174,000 square miles being still covered by timber. It has more lakes than any other country except Finland, and only Russia can boast larger sheets of fresh water. Lake Venner, the largest in Sweden (2240 square miles) is one of several that half insulate the southern end, where the barren Smaaland moors fall to the fertile Scanian promontory that was the cradle of the kingdom. This end, known as Gothland, is the most populous of its three main divisions, comprising provincial names not always easy to spell in English, Swedish vowels being modified by marks very trying to the eyesight and not found in our printing cases. The central division, where the kingdom fixed its seat, is Svealand, over which mountains rich in minerals fall to watery shore plains. Above this the highland forests of Norrland dwindle to the tundras of Lapland, in which the Tornea River, rising within the Arctic Circle, parts Sweden from Finland. Nearly all the Swedish coast has, like Norway, its "skerri-guard" of islands, the largest of them Gothland and Oland off the south-east end; but Russia owned the Aland Islands at the mouth of the Gulf of Bothnia, where they were recently invaded by German forces. About half-way up, the Quarken Sound makes the narrowest reach of this gulf, 60 or 70 miles, over which in 1809 a Russian army invaded Sweden on the ice.

The climate shows marked extremes, poetically pictured by Longfellow in his introduction to the Swedish idyll, *Children of the Lord's Supper*

"There is no long and lingering spring,
unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no

long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-coloured leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broadcast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And presently under the silver moon, and under the silent, solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells. And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colours come and go, and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Two-fold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapoury folds the winking stars shine white as silver. . . . And now the glad leafy midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! St. John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder, and in every village there is a Maypole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses, and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night, and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. Oh how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when morning and evening thus sit together hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight!"

Sweden is less visited by tourists than

connected by bridges and ferries with insulated quarters. Handsomely and solidly built on the whole, though criticism has turned up its nose at some pretentious features of architecture, the city is adorned with parks, gardens, statues, and fountains, while it has a stir of business through the works, factories, breweries, and shipping that make one side

view-points from which to look down upon such a picturesque mingling of art and nature. There is no European city so well worth a visit in fine weather, when steam-boats carry one far and wide through the beautiful mazes of the archipelago here shutting in the coast, dotted with bathing-places and holiday resorts.¹



General View of Stockholm, Sweden's Capital, one of the beauty spots of Europe

Built on a group of islands at the mouth of Lake Mälaren, its charms suggest Venice, but Stockholm has hills, crags, and woody heights, which Venice has not.

of its life. It is well off for hotels, cafés, electric trams, and steam-launches plying to its watery suburbs. For sights, it has the huge Royal Palace; the Riddarsholm Church that is the Westminster Abbey of Sweden, enshrining royal tombs and relics of the past; the National Museum and other collections of Swedish art and antiquity; the Deer Park, unrivalled in Europe, which spreads over a large island and encloses two of the chief collections; then on different sides rise lofty

¹ Paul du Chaillu, a warm admirer of Stockholm, points out a peculiar aspect of this city, in the absence of night at midsummer. "The quays where steamers lie are alive with business, vessels are loading and unloading, a large number of stevedores are putting the cargo on board of the boats. At 1 a.m. there is a sensible diminution in the numbers of promenaders on the streets, and by two o'clock only a few stragglers are to be seen. All the inhabitants are then fast asleep, the window blinds are closed, and the shades and curtains carefully drawn down to exclude the light, the town is silent. Now and then one can hear the voice of the watchmen from the churches crying the hour of the night—an old custom still prevalent, policemen can be seen walking to and fro

One excursion from Stockholm by rail or steamboat is to Upsala, about 40 miles north, the Oxford of Sweden, as Lund at the south end of the country is its Cambridge. Less impressive than our Oxford, this regularly-built university-town is also Sweden's Canterbury as seat of its archbishopric; and Old Upsala, close at hand, was its Winchester, ancient seat of pagan kings. Its lions are the cathedral, often damaged by fire, the hugely imposing brick castle, the house of the famous botanist Linnæus in the vicinity, and the mostly modern buildings of the University, attended by 2000 students, who are accused of spending too much time in their studies, lasting sometimes over ten years at this focus of what once seemed a somewhat sleepy national intellect. On the water-way from Stockholm, are passed the old town of Sigtuna, whose ruined churches show how it has fallen from former importance, and the Skokloster (forest monastery), a castle that makes a museum of spoils of the 'Thirty Years' War, brought from Germany by the soldiery of Gustavus Adolphus. Farther north lie Gefle, a considerable port, and in the interior Sala, whose silver-mine is now worked for lead and zinc, also Falun with its worked-out mines of copper and other metals. The air of this place used to be so thick with sulphureous smoke that it made a health-resort from the plague; the walls are blackened by the fumes of copper; and Hans Christian Andersen, among other writers, tells the pathetic story of how a young miner fell into a mine; then half a century later, in 1719, his body was found so well preserved that an aged crone burst into tears at recognizing the features of her long-lost lover. Falun is the capital of Dalecarlia, noted for its iron forges as for the showy costumes and head-dresses of its peasantry, elsewhere disappearing in modern monotony. In the centre of this province spreads the beautiful Lake Siljan, "Dalecarlia's eye", about which Gustavus Vasa,

on then beats and the footsteps of a few soldiers going to relieve the guard resound strangely through the streets. On the quays, the custom-officers are watching to see that no one defrauds the revenue: and there alone are signs of life visible."

in his days of adversity, had escapes and adventures recalling those of our King Alfred when oppressed by the Danes.

The second city of Sweden, about half as large as Stockholm, is Gothenburg, on the west coast, opposite the north end of Denmark. With its canals and quays this port was once not unlike a Dutch town; but the names over the shop-doors—Dickson, Douglas, and so forth—would often make one think oneself in Scotland, with which Gothenburg has an old connection. Before and after the days of Dugald Dalgetty many Scots sought fortune in Sweden. A whole regiment of Sinclairs from Caithness marching to take service under Gustavus Adolphus were once attacked by Norwegian peasants in a narrow gorge, and crushed beneath rocks hurled down from above. Grown rapidly in the last century, Gothenburg, its canals now replaced by streets, is a well-built and thriving town, with beautiful island environs and bathing-resorts like Stockholm's. One too-frequent sight of its streets may strike strangers as scandalizingly surprising. The Gothenburg system of liquor regulation, however it may work in the country, does not recommend itself in its birthplace by the number of drunken men seen here, especially at the end of the week, when wage-earners can buy a whole litre of spirits to make up for days of abstinence.

For travellers who have two or three days to spare, a pleasant way from Stockholm to Gothenburg is by steamer on a canal route of 370 miles, cutting across the country through a chain of lakes, the long Lake Maalar, the beautiful Lake Vetter, and the huge Lake Vener. At the foot of Lake Vetter, Joenköeping has prospered through the invention here of safety-matches, that have saved so many conflagrations in this and other countries. After issuing from the latter lake, the west section of the canal descends a flight of eleven locks, like Neptune's Staircase on our own Caledonian Canal. The couple of hours or so spent on those watery steps may be used for a hasty visit to the adjacent Falls of Trollhatta, where the Gotha River, broken by islets,

shoots down 100 feet in cataract after cataract, harnessed for working mills and supplying electricity to Gothenburg. These falls, as accessible on this much-used route, are perhaps the most celebrated in Sweden, but inferior to the Harsprang (hare's leap) in the remote north, where the Lule River drops nearly 250 feet in mighty cataracts that have been pronounced the finest in Europe. This spectacle also is now being opened up by a branch from that farthest northern rail into Norway.

The third city is Malmoe near the south-west corner, opposite Copenhagen, between them lying the Island of Saltholm, so low in the water as to be hardly visible unless the sea is quite calm. Malmoe, with nearly 100,000 people, was Sweden's chief commercial city before the rise of Gothenburg under Gustavus Adolphus, and is still a busy place, having a link with our history in its old fortress, where Bothwell was imprisoned after his stormy career in Queen Mary's Scotland. Higher up the coast stands Helsingborg, from which there is the shortest crossing to Denmark at Elsinore (about 3 miles). Carlscrona on the south-east side is the Swedish naval arsenal. Above it comes Kalmar, one of the oldest cities of the kingdom. Norrkoepping, at the head of an inlet south of Stockholm, is the fourth place in size as a manufacturing city. On the Island of Gothland, off this coast, Wisby, with its once formidable walls and ruined churches, has fallen into picturesque decay from its renown as one of the chief ports of the Hanseatic League of northern cities, an association that in the Middle Ages gained such power as not only to clear the Baltic of pirates and robbers but to measure its forces with those of kings.

The chief products of Sweden are timber and minerals, notably the excellent iron-ore turned to such good account in Britain and other countries. At home it is worked at some disadvantage in a scarcity of coal, replaced by an abundant supply of charcoal. The country has some thriving manufactures, notably the making of matches, with

which she once supplied half the world, but now finds Japan a formidable rival in Eastern markets. Another profitable export is the wood-pulp so much used in the manufacture of cheap paper, the lack of which, and of Swedish matches, became so much felt by us in war-time. A Swedish or Norwegian coast town seems often a gigantic match-box, flaring up from time to time in wide conflagrations that leave few old buildings in the country. With its freshly-painted white walls and red roofs, it may suggest the toy-boxes of our nurseries; but for the glittering tin cope of a church, wood appears everywhere, not only in its buildings but in the stacks of wood that block up all the wharves; the vessels lying at them are being loaded with timber; the river mouth is choked with floating trunks, among which naked urchins can be seen playing and plunging like ducks; and in the background one may find a small canal or long wooden trough down which logs or planks are being floated to the sea, men with hooks standing by at a curve to let loose any jam that may block the passage. Such a place easily goes on fire in hot weather; so the proverb has it that the life of a town is no longer than that of a ship. After repeated experiences of destruction, the use of wood in building has sometimes been forbidden, where brick or stone can be had, which are now the main material at least of the cities.

Partly or mainly through its dread of such an acquisitive neighbour Russia—Sweden was inclined to sympathize with Germany in the war; and its great traveller, Sven Hedin, astonished the world by his applause of the Kaiser's armies. It is believed that, before the end, public opinion here became more enlightened. It was sure to take a contrary turn in Norway, which was strongly for the Allies. Both countries suffered in the scarcity of supplies, produced by our blockade; but also they profited by the lift given to their carrying trade, till Germany's indiscriminate sinking of merchant ships went to rouse their indignation and open their eyes.

NORWAY

With Sweden Britain is less in touch than with "Gamle Norge", whose ships and sailors are so familiar in our ports. Britons and Americans are welcomed here with special warmth by the sons of those terrible Vikings, once too well known on our shores. Every summer crews of tourists are taken along the west coast, steaming in the long daylight behind its archipelagoes and up deep fiords winding for scores of miles into the mountains, walled by tremendous precipices, fringed with dark forests, among which are set waterfalls and glaciers from the snow-clad crests in view of a lace-worked coast, where not a house or a tree may appear for leagues. More than one of the Norwegian falls seem to be the highest in Europe, some of them drying up in summer, some tumbling as from the clouds that veil their source, some such thin threads of water that they cannot make head against the wind, as described by Reclus. "Sudden gusts scatter the cascade into mist, hold it up suspended, or even send it afloat in the air. The mountain face bristles with a strange head of silvery hair. Several of the streams falling from the height of the rocks vanish into diaphanous vapours, then gather again on a precipitous ledge to disappear once more." On both sides of one valley Du Chaillu counted seventy-three such cataracts within a mile, none less than 1000 feet high. Then sportsmen find excellent fishing in the lakes and rivers that dapple the scenery of mountain and snow-field in whose recesses bears, elks, and reindeer may be encountered, if they are not content with feathered game and wild fowl. Inland, where rails and steamers fail, the posting system of *carrioles* takes one all over the country's good roads in an independent manner, with only a taste of hardship and a chance of accident through the recklessness of juvenile Jehus.

The Norwegian nation, now numbering not 2½ millions on an area rather larger than that of our United Kingdom, had long been

ripening for the independence it secured in 1905. In sympathy and sentiment it had diverged from Sweden, the former country being strongly democratic, and at the same time conservative in looking more fondly back to old Norse greatness, whereas society in Sweden kept a somewhat aristocratic mould, and has been more influenced by European culture. In Norway all titles of nobility were abolished, except the royalty that made the bond of these two kingdoms, with their separate parliaments and flags. The smaller country was very jealous of any attempt to treat her as a dependency, and more than once a rupture came to be threatened. For a time the Russification of Finland seemed to have the effect of drawing Norway and Sweden closer together under the shadow of a possible common danger; then again Russia's misfortunes in the East set free the tendency to separation, and the question of an independent consular service became Norway's standard of revolt.

Even in its longer connection with Denmark, to which it was more closely allied by language, Norway showed a disposition to resent being looked on as a mere province, inferior in culture and manners, as it was in fact. Ibsen and Bjørnsen, her chief authors of the last generation, still published their books at Copenhagen as a literary capital; but of late Norwegian writers have been labouring to differentiate their language from the Danish that was identical with it in print. There is even a movement to elevate the *Landsmaal* or country dialect to the same rank as the *Riksmaal* speech of townfolk, local patriotism demanding that both shall be taught in the schools; but this pretension finds no favour in the literary world.

Through all that long eclipse under foreign sovereigns, the most thinly populated country of Europe looked proudly back on its distant past. When she set up Prince Charles of Denmark as her king, he

had to take the style of Haakon VII as successor of ancient princes, and his heir was christened Olaf after the first Christian sovereign, who became her patron saint. His rule is a very constitutional one, limited by a council of ministers answerable to a parliament largely consisting of bonders

proportion of farms are cultivated by their owners, so that most Norwegians have a stake in the country. A small army and navy is kept up; but as yet independent Norway has had no need to call on all her forces.

The towns of Norway, as of Sweden, are



Underwood & Underwood

A Norwegian Bridal Party

The bride wears the gorgeous pelt crown which tradition prescribes as the correct thing; her bodice is gaily embroidered, and the rest of her costume, including the apron, is such as she will wear on Sundays and holidays for years to come. The house is the home of the bride's parents—the elderly couple standing in the doorway—and is typical of the Nord Fiord district from which the picture comes.

(yeomen), who are apt to be democratic in practical affairs but conservative in national sentiment. From this legislative body a fourth part is chosen to act as a revising authority over measures introduced in the main assembly making the House of Commons. Every citizen over twenty-five has a vote, extended also to women with a certain property qualification. All but a small

apt to be new and smart, repeatedly destroyed by conflagration of the stores of timber, which, along with fish, make her main stock in trade, this side of the peninsula being poor in minerals. The cities, then, have preserved but few ancient buildings, such as those curious pagoda-like churches still seen in some parts of the country. There are some rural houses

The World of To-day

which might well be burned down, to purge them of a taint of dirt and darkness that here still breeds leprosy and other diseases in the foul air of the long winter nights. Certain authorities, indeed, connect this infection rather with a diet of fish; and the lepers nearly all belong to the fishery districts, where they are segregated in hospitals. But their number goes on diminishing; and against her besetting ancestral sin of drunkenness Norway follows Sweden in making an honest struggle, at first by active Temperance Societies, then by a prohibition of spirits with indulgence for wine and light beer. In the excellently appointed schools, at least, precept as to cleanliness being next to godliness is backed by a provision of baths; and youngsters need no schooling to tempt them to watery gambols in the fine season. It is notable how those northern lands show little shamefacedness about nudity, where in public baths modest foreigners are sometimes scandalized to find themselves attended by an old woman, even given over to a strapping damsel to be rubbed and pounded; yet the Finns, who seem the most unblushing in this respect, are not the least moral people of Europe. As for sea-faring, on their rugged and stormy coast the Norwegians take to that like ducks to the water. No other people has such a fleet of ships and boats in proportion to their numbers, while many of them serve as sailors on board our own merchant marine. This and a connection with America by frequent emigration account for English being much spoken—often with an admixture of “guessings” and “fixings”—at all events in the towns, nearly all of which are seaports. Here only, good hotels could once be looked for; but in our generation accommodations on the chief tourist routes have been much improved; and everywhere strangers who will take the people in their own rough and hearty spirit are pretty sure of a welcome to make up for coarse fare or poor lodging. The Norwegians have their faults, like other folk, but these are not very evident to strangers; and critical inquirers who have been puzzled by certain apparent contra-

dictions in the national character are fain to refer them to the violent contrasts of nature in a country whose southern point lies almost opposite the north of our islands. Mr. Havelock Ellis (*The New Spirit*) thus interprets this character:

“To understand Norwegian art—whether in its popular music, with its extremes of melancholy or hilarity, or in its highly developed literature—we must understand the peculiar character of the land which has produced this people. It is a land having, in its most characteristic regions, a year of but one day and night—the summer a perpetual warm sunlit day filled with the aroma of trees and plants, and the rest of the year a night of darkness and horror; a land which is the extreme northern limit of European civilization, on the outskirts of which the great primitive gods still dwell, and where elves and fairies and mermaids are still regarded, according to the expression of Jonas Lie, as tame domestic animals. Such an environment must work mightily on the spirit and temper of the race. As one of the persons in Bjornson’s *Ovei Ærne* observes: ‘There is something in Nature here which challenges whatever is extraordinary in us. Nature herself here goes beyond all ordinary measure. We have night nearly all the winter; we have day nearly all the summer, with the sun by day and by night above the horizon. You have seen it at night half-veiled by the mists from the sea; it often looks three, even four times larger than usual. And then the play of colours on sky, sea, and rock, from the most glowing red to the softest and most delicate yellow and white! And then the colours of the Northern Lights on the winter sky, with their more suppressed kind of wild pictures, yet full of unrest and for ever changing! Then the other wonders of Nature! These millions of sea-birds, and the wandering processions of fish, stretching for miles! These perpendicular cliffs that rise directly out of the sea! They are not like other mountains, and the Atlantic roars round their feet. And the ideas of the people are correspondingly unmeasured. Listen to their legends and stories.’”

Christiania, the capital, with some 250,000 inhabitants, is not so beautiful or dignified as Stockholm, but a pleasant and well-built town backed by wooded hills at the head of its rocky island-fringed fiord, that does not

display such lofty walls as the western fiords. During the union of Sweden and Norway, the king was bound to spend part of the year at Christiania, so this city is well used to playing the part of capital. The principal buildings are the Royal Palace, the Stor-things (Parliament) House, the University, the Picture-gallery, the Historical Museum,

Another playground is the peninsula of Bygdøe, to the west, a great park edged with bathing-places and villas, and containing a National Museum of the country's past life. Perhaps the most famous sight of Christiania is the Viking's Ship, dug out in 1889 from clay that had preserved it better than two others in a more dilapidated state.



The Beautiful Naero Fiord, from Gudvangen

The Naero Fiord is the finest of the branches of the Sogne Fiord. The mountains at the head of the fiord round Gudvangen are so steep and lofty that the little hamlet does not see the sun throughout the whole winter.

and the old fortress of Akershus, restored as a memorial of its sturdy resistance to Danish and Swedish tyrants. Before the theatre rises a high statue of Ibsen, who in his last days was among the city's live lions, also one of Bjørnson, Norway's other great author of the last generation; and their tombs are in a large cemetery at the back of the city. The hills overlooking it make popular resorts not only in summer but in winter, when the national sport of ski-running is an attraction

Not 80 feet long and about 15 feet wide, it gives an idea of the fearlessness of those warriors, who, for the sake of bloodshed and plunder, made such distant raids over the stormy North Sea. In our time, indeed, a Norwegian crew showed themselves chips of the old block by sailing and rowing from Christiania to New York in an open craft made exactly on the model of this relic; but, if all tales be true, their enterprise ended ingloriously by the whole band of modern Vikings spending their first night on shore



Goats and Cows on the high Norwegian Pastures

Underwood & Underwood

The establishment is a *saeter*, a mountain dairy used in summer-time only. The girls live in the wooden hut, the other building, constructed of rough stone, is used for cheese-making and storage of produce.

in custody of the police, as too drunk to take care of themselves. The high prows and other lines of the Viking ships can still be traced among the fishing fleet of the northern islands.

From Christiania run railways to Bergen, to Throndhjem, and up into the central mountain district by the banks of Lake Mjoesen, Norway's largest lake, a trough of fresh water over 60 miles long. Other lines go southwards to the small towns of this least thinly peopled end. At the bottom of the Christiania fiord, where the Glommen reaches the sea on the east side, are the timber ports Frederikstad and Frederikshald, at the siege of which latter Charles XII came to his end. On inlets of the other side stand Drammen, Larøick, and Skien. On the west side of the Skager Rack, voyagers to Christiania from the North Sea

are like to touch at Christiansand and Arendal. The former, rebuilt after the last of its burnings about a quarter of a century ago, is the southernmost town of Norway, lying at the mouth of the wild Saetersdal, to be visited for its picturesque features, as for the simple manners and quaint costumes of the peasantry. A *saeter* is the Norwegian name for such *senner* huts as are the summer home of Alpine herdsmen. In the valleys farm-houses cluster together for company; but those grazing-stations are often scattered upon remote heights, where the good appetite promoted by bracing air has to be satisfied by tough meat, coarse "flat bread", baked from barley and oatmeal, sometimes mixed with peafflour, and by abundance of dairy produce, as of wild berries to make up for a lack of vegetables, unless potatoes. Life in so rough quarters is amusingly de-

scribed by Mr. J. A. Lees (*Peaks and Pines*), a most appreciative sojourner, who, insisting on the gorgeous hues of its autumn leafage, will by no means admit a common charge against the scenery of Norway, that it wants colour.

"The fault of the furnishing, from the grumblers' point of view, is that, though the floor is covered with this brilliant Persian carpet, there are but sombre engravings on the walls, and the ceiling is too quiet in tone; but this is only sometimes true. Maybe for a time the mountains look hard and cold and grey, and the blue of Norwegian skies is too pale to please the ardent Southerner; but one day comes a sunset that makes the stern mountains swim in a sea of molten gold, and the cold white peaks blush rosy reds, and the whole world is transfigured as only a hard grey world can be. One such sight—and they are frequent enough in Norway—is worth many days of the wearisome luxuriance of softer climes. The summer tint of the sky is, to my mind, the most lovely of all blues—the very lightest shade that can be imagined. Our English sky is often quite as pale, yet the paleness is always that of a dull film drawn over the richer hue behind. But the blue of Norway, though so faint, is absolutely pure; and seen against the snowy peak of some great mountain, the effect is wonderfully delicate and beautiful."

Round the corner, on the west coast, stands Stavanger, another old town often burned, but it has preserved its fine cathedral. It is well known to tourists for the scenery of its grand fiords, the most renowned of them the Hardranger, farther up the coast. On the mountain edges are mines of low-grade copper-ore, worked mainly for its yield of sulphur; but fishing is the main industry, and salmon rivers offer sport to foreign idlers. By watery labyrinths among the islands and capes of the broken coast-line, as also by rail from Christiania, is reached the old city of Bergen, Norway's chief sea-port and centre of the fish trade, with nearly 80,000 inhabitants. It has a quaint cathedral, museums, monuments, and parks, as becomes its old renown, among the sights being the German Quay, on which is preserved one of the houses of those Hanse merchants who brought pros-

perity to Bergen as to other cities of the north. It has relics of the English also in cannon-shot embedded in the walls of the fortress so long ago as 1665, when our fleet, chasing a Dutch one into this harbour, was driven off without accomplishing its errand. We did Bergen greater mischief in earlier days, if the story be true that here an English ship introduced the Black Death to depopulate many parts of Norway. The city lately suffered from a disastrous fire, so that in great part it has to be rebuilt.

North of Bergen the Sogne Fiord, the longest and in some respects the grandest of all, winds its branching arms into the mountains for more than 100 miles. Beyond this, by fiords and islands too numerous to mention as they deserve, we come round to the fast-risen port of Alesund, then to Molde, a Norwegian Oban well-known to steamboat passengers from Hull as a gate of the celebrated Romsdal scenery. Behind this stretch of the coast rise the Jotunheim and Dovrefeld mountains with their peaks and glaciers, in the centre of Norway's broadest bulk. Those who penetrate to the giant glacier-beds have a chance to realize the power of ice, which ages ago ground and scooped out the long deep windings of inlets now filled by the sea, and to understand how these northern fiords came to be so weirdly impressive.

Where the country grows narrower, a deep indentation of the coast leads up to Trondhjem, or Dronheim, at the mouth of the Nid, where meet railways from Christiania and Stockholm. Not so large as Bergen this city is one of more dignity, as the Moscow of the land, whose kings were crowned in its old cathedral, the noblest church in Scandinavia, carefully restored after frequent damage by fire. To guard against such disasters the streets are now widely built, and largely of stone; but its oldest quarter, and wooden warehouses and timber-yards, hint how it came to be burned fifteen times in three centuries. It rose upon the tomb of the royal St. Olaf; and so wide was the sway of its bishop that all our Hebrides used to lie in his watery diocese.

At Trondhjem it is practically daylight

throughout the summer nights; but tourists who would see the Midnight Sun from the North Cape have still hundreds of miles to sail along the coast by its chain of islands and lofty cliffs. Some two degrees above the Arctic Circle lie the Lofoden Islands, off that deep fiord to the head of which, at Narvik, reaches a railway from Lulea. This group of jagged islands, countless in number, is of great extent, the largest being over 200 square miles. They rise here and there into mountains as high as any in England; and through their crooked straits rush violent currents, one of them that now belittled bogy the Maelstrom, which our grandfathers looked on as sucking vessels into a fatal whirlpool. Perilous is the navigation of so stormy and chilly seas, but that does not hinder thousands of hardy fishermen from plying their trade here in the early part of the year, then in summer following the cod and shoals of other fish still farther north. One year nearly 10,000 boats were engaged in the fishery of Lofoden, which varies in its yield so as to make the transient population of the islands an uncertain quantity. Another industry here is the collection of down from the nests of the eider duck; and the barren rock islets sometimes afford a crop of guano.

Just below the 70th degree of north latitude comes the little town or big village of Tromsøe; then above it Hammerfest, the most northerly town of Europe, with a lively trade in cod-liver oil and other products of the fishery. Vegetation now grows rare and stunted; and for far back, berries have been the only fruit. The Gulf Stream keeps the sunless winter from being so cold as might be expected; but the summers are chill and short, and it may be with a shiver that the enterprising tourist beholds the Midnight Sun from the North Cape, which indeed has no right to pose as Europe's northernmost point, that honour belonging to a projection a little farther eastward.

Behind the desolation of these wind-swept and deeply-indented promontories, Norway overlaps Sweden by its Finmark province, bordering Russia in the Arctic Wilds of Lapland. Round the eastern corner opens the deep Varanger Fiord with its two small ports Vardoe and Vadsoe, from which Russia is cut off by a strip of Norwegian coast-line, while to the south a projecting tongue of Russia pushes up between Norway and the north edge of Sweden. To this empire belonged the main part of Lapland, whose wandering inhabitants contribute a few thousands to the population of Sweden, and rather more to that of Norway. On Norway's north-east frontier, a region thinly populated in part by Finns has shown a desire for separation from Russia, and invites both Norway and Finland to seek an extension of their chilly bounds.

To Norway has now been offered by the Peace Conference the Archipelago of Spitzbergen, lying due north of it in the Arctic Ocean, half-way between Greenland and Nova Zembla. This group of inclement islands, known to the Vikings as *Svalbard* ("the frozen coast"), was authentically reached in the sixteenth century by English and Dutch navigators. It has been a sort of No Man's Land, with no population but fur hunters and whalers now and then visiting its deeply-indented shores, but hardly penetrating behind their huge glaciers and snow-clad ridges rising to 4000 feet or more. Of late several scientific expeditions have extended our knowledge of Spitzbergen, and the working of coal there, by British enterprise, since the beginning of this century went to revive rival claims to ownership, not very keenly pressed, and now settled in favour of Norway. This will not prevent the operations of the British Company that hopes to work here iron, copper, and other metals, which, as well as coal, appear to be available in this long-neglected region.

DENMARK

Since Norway was separated from Denmark, the latter has further shrunk to one of the smallest of European kingdoms, in area equal to about half of Scotland. At its southern end it had taken in a half-German population; but our fathers' generation remembers how the Schleswig-Holstein duchies were reclaimed by Austria and Prussia, uniting their forces to bear down the gallant resistance of this little nation. Its inevitable spoliation left to Denmark the northern end of the Jutland peninsula, with the islands of Zealand, Funen and others, an archipelago lying between the Baltic and the Cattegat, along with the remoter island of Bornholm to the south of Sweden. It need hardly be told with what anxious interest Denmark watched the course of our Great War, nor how joyfully she hailed the settlement by which her abstracted provinces were to be free to choose their return to her nationality, a choice not likely to be exercised without friction between two mixed strains of population. The result of the voting was to give back to Denmark an adjacent zone of mainly Danish-speaking folk; while a further strip about as large as an average English county, including the thriving Baltic port Flensburg (50,000) and some North Sea islands, voted by a considerable majority for holding on to Germany. This decision was so little satisfactory to all concerned that an agitation arose for neutralizing this second zone as a separate buffer State; and of course it was alleged that official pressure had been brought to bear here. It was also the cause or excuse for a political crisis in Denmark, where socialist agitators thought to snatch a republic out of ministerial difficulties, which the king met with constitutional correctness, and was justified by a parliamentary election.

The old royal family of this land is distinguished by its alliances with other courts of Europe; and in our times it appears to live on good terms with a strongly demo-

cratic sentiment among the people. It was not always so, for down to our Reform Bill time the royal power was absolute; but in the middle of the nineteenth century, liberal institutions got the best of it. The land is nearly all divided in small holdings among farmers who make a stable element of national life. The Lower House of the Rigsdag is popularly elected, as now the Upper House, on a system of indirect and proportional representation. A recent step in legislation extended the suffrage to both sexes, at the age of twenty-five, and abolished the privileges of landowning electors. Women are also admitted to sit as legislators. Denmark keeps up a small army and navy, as core of the larger forces she could put in the field if ever again she risked the ordeal of war.

The climate is not unlike our own, rather more extreme both in winter and summer. The country, behind its low coast-lines, is in general flat, with lakes and woods as the most picturesque features, and here and there a hill a few hundred feet high; so most travellers, fresh from the mountains of Norway and Sweden, are apt to exclaim against it as worse than uninteresting. The east side of Jutland has stretches of better land, while on the outer coast the prevalent west wind blights vegetation beneath a tide of sand. Much of the peninsula still is covered by dunes, heaths, and bogs; but in the last generation some half of such a sterile wilderness has been more or less successfully reclaimed by digging canals and drains and the planting of coniferous trees. On the islands, which are more fertile, the characteristic tree is the beech, as the pine of Norway and the palm of the tropics. Where not dappled by beech woods and lakes, Zealand especially is like one great market-garden whose prospects are most pleasing to an expert in agriculture.¹ Thanks to

¹ Mr. Edmund Gosse (*Two Visits to Denmark*) is one of the few writers who have a good word to say for Danish scenery. "There is nothing sublime,

plenty of rain, to patient industry and careful farming, to co-operation and Government aid, the Danes make the best of their soil, and do a good business with foreign nations, notably in butter and bacon, as in poultry and dairy products, and in stock-breeding, even rabbits being turned to account among their exports. Their best-known manufacture is of porcelain and terra cotta.

At the north-east corner of Zealand the Sound is so narrow that, when frozen up in a hard winter, an hour's walk takes one across it to the Swedish Helsingfors. For entrance through this throat of the Baltic, Denmark levied dues on shipping till 1857, when what had long been a sore point with other nations was plastered by a payment in compensation for freedom of passage. That gate-money used to be levied at Elsinore on the Danish side, with its old Kronborg fortress whose platform and its ghostly visitant have been presented on so many a stage; and in its vaults slumbers that legendary hero Holger Danske—Ogier the Dane of romance—who should wake to deliver Denmark in her hour of need; but, alas! he slept on through the days of Bismarck. At the bathing-place of Marienlyst, below, the tomb of Hamlet is pointed out to pious credulity, as also a pool in which Ophelia might have drowned herself. By the lakes and beech-woods of the country behind can be reached the royal park of Fredensborg, and the old castle of Frederiksborg, turned into a museum richly illustrating the national history. The eastern shore between Elsinore and Copenhagen shows a background of beech-woods dotted with holiday resorts, chief of them Klampenborg, the Danish Brighton, where our Scandinavian cousins revel in what may almost be called their native element.

Copenhagen, the "Merchant Haven", nothing grandiose about it, still less is it what we call 'striking'. The scenery of Denmark, at its purest—and nowhere is it more exquisite than from Valdemar Castle to the farther mouth of the Svendborg Sound—is built up on a system of infinite softness and sweetness. It consists of sinuous lines and modulated horizons, woods that now dip into the wave, now withdraw in curves to throw girdling shadows over lawn and meadow; a labyrinth of deli-

with about 556,000 inhabitants, is the largest Scandinavian city, which concentrates in itself nearly a quarter of Denmark's population and more than half its trade. Intersected by inlets of the sea and canals, this is a lively city of old and new buildings, becomingly furnished with palaces, parks, museums, and art collections. It is specially proud of its modern *Raadhus* (Town Hall) looking upon a square that makes a centre of tram traffic. The Exchange is a picturesque old structure, restored in our time, as have been the old Christiansborg palace and other public buildings of Copenhagen, which values such relics of its past. Its most famous sight is the Thorwaldsen Museum, in which are gathered the works of that great sculptor, a Dane by birth, though he spent most of his life at Rome; and the Church of Our Lady, unbeautiful in itself, is also adorned with statuary by him. Perhaps the lion seldomest left unvisited is the Tivoli Gardens, a Vauxhall or Ranelagh brought up to date as a place of popular entertainment. Theatres, hotels, restaurants, and all that befits a capital are not to seek. Its "west end" here breaks the rule by being on the east side, where stand the royal palace, and the ancient citadel, outside of which runs a sea esplanade known as the Lange Linie. The seaside suburbs make bathing-places. The harbour is formed by a strait separating Zealand from the Island of Amager, that "kitchen-garden of Copenhagen", which till quite recently was a sanctuary for the speech and costumes of an old Dutch colony introduced here to teach the Danes its art of horticulture. From the tower of the Raadhus, or from an observatory Round Tower, there is a wide view over the city and its flat and watery environs that makes its drainage a difficulty.

Copenhagen, though it bristles with cate waters that here wind in convoluted darkness, there spread a bosom of refulgence to the sky. The impression given by this characteristic elegance of the Danish landscape is fugitive, and difficult to seize. It consists in a complicated harmony of lines for ever shifting and dissolving, while, over it all, the polished lozenge of the beech-leaf, an heraldic sign incessantly recurrent, rules the composition in every variety of form and in every vicissitude of arrangement."

church spires and domes, has no cathedral, its finest fane being a costly "Marble Church" begun in the eighteenth century, but not finished till the end of the nineteenth, as memorial to the influence of Bishop Grundtvig, a Danish Wesley and educational reformer of the last generation. Some 20 miles away, at the head of a deep fiord,

at six in the morning, among the cold dark tombs of princes and heroes.

Its capital has sucked in so much of the country's life that it has few other flourishing cities. In the south of Zealand, Corsoer is known as the starting-point of steamers for the adjacent Island of Funen, and for Kiel which gives Denmark's main route to the



A Glimpse of the Harbour, Copenhagen

The old building with the quaint twisted spire is the Bourse (Exchange)

the ancient city of Roskilde contains the brick minster which is the royal burial-place. This Winchester or Moscow of Denmark, which once looked down on Copenhagen, has suffered so much from fires as to lose even the charm of picturesque decay. On an inland lake lies Soroe, pronounced the beauty-spot of Zealand, where is a celebrated school for boys, on more modern lines than at the Roskilde Cathedral school, when its choristers, in Henry Steffens' day, had to earn their education by taking turns to read a prayer, all alone

Continent through Hamburg. On Funen, separated from Zealand by the Great Belt channel, as from Jutland by the Little Belt, the chief city is ancient Odensee in the north, the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen, best-known abroad of a prolific race of Danish authors; and in the south Svendborg is finely situated on its picturesque sound. Viborg, the old inland centre of Jutland, has been overgrown by Aalborg, another ancient city of this peninsula, upon a sound that insulates its northern end, where Frederikshavn is the farthest town

below the extreme point of Skagen. On the estuary of the Gudenaa, the longest Danish river, is Randers, whose neighbourhood claims to speak the purest Danish; then farther down the east coast the cathedral city Aarhus boasts itself older than Copenhagen, and with 62,000 people is the second place in size of the kingdom. On the west side, where Rice has decayed from being once Jutland's chief city, the newly-risen Esbjerg thrives as port of intercourse between Denmark and Britain.

Denmark had one superiority to her neighbours in that, till the sale of her West Indian dependency to the United States, she kept "dominion over palm and pine" in both Arctic and tropical colonies, which to be sure were a source to her of more pride than profit. Her chief colony is ICELAND, between which and our Shetlands emerge her Faroe Isles, a group of volcanic rocks, having nearly 20,000 Norse inhabitants, with the little port of Thorshaven as their capital. Iceland itself, rather larger than Ireland, with a population of about 85,000, makes a north-west outpost of Europe that has served as a stepping-stone on to Arctic America. Lying just under the Arctic Circle, but having, for its latitude, a not severe if not very genial climate, in its summer of long chilly days it is visited by the hardier sort of tourists, to scamper on ponies over an almost roadless and bridgeless land, at no risk beyond mosquito-bites and stifling quarters. They bring us full

accounts of its natural wonders, its Mounts Hecla, Snaefell, and other *Jökuls* of fire and ice; its great glaciers, one of which, the Vatnajökul on the south side, is much the largest of Europe; its geysers and hot springs, once the chief wonders of the known world in their kind; its crystals and spars; its beds of sulphur; its stretches of rugged and blasted desert; its low birch forests and wild heaths, where reindeer feed near the meadow pastures of cattle; its many nooks of natural beauty; its little capital Reikiavik; and its simple friendly people, who in their honest poverty keep a strong tinge of ancient culture, with their old Norse language, the common form of the diverging Scandinavian tongues.¹

The pioneers of Iceland's colonization are supposed to have been Irish monks at the end of the eighth century; but the effectual settlement, a century later, was by a band of Norse chiefs who here took refuge from the kingship of Harold the Fair-haired, first historical sovereign of Norway. Christianity soon enlightened those pagan pilgrim fathers; then they cherished the Latin literature of the West along with their own fierce songs and sagas. For long, Iceland seems to have made an independent republic, a memorial of which is the Thingvalla, an impressive amphitheatre, where from a hill its laws used to be proclaimed to the assembled people, as is still done in our Isle of Man. This people never took kindly to the Danish domination,

¹ Lord Dufferin, in his *Letters from High Latitudes*, had this first view of Iceland: "The panorama of the Bay of Faxa Fiord is magnificent, with a width of fifty miles from horn to horn, the one running down into a rocky ridge of pumice, the other towering to the height of five thousand feet in a pyramid of eternal snow, while round the intervening semicircle crowd the peaks of a hundred noble mountains. As you approach the shore, you are very much reminded of the west coast of Scotland, except that everything is more *intense*, the atmosphere clearer, the light more vivid, the air more bracing, the hills steeper, loftier, more tormented, as the French say, and more gaunt; while between their base and the sea stretches a dirty greenish slope, patched with houses which themselves, both roof and walls, are of a mouldy green, as if some long-since inhabited country had been fished up out of the bottom of the sea. The effects of light and shadow are the purest I ever saw, the contrasts of colour most astonishing

—one square front of a mountain jutting out in a blaze of gold against the flank of another dyed of the darkest purple, while up against the azure sky beyond rise peaks of glittering snow and ice." . . . But the beauties of such a scene may vanish with the sunlight that paints it. "A heavy, low-hung, steel-coloured pall was stretched almost entirely across the heavens, except where along the flat horizon a broad stripe of opal atmosphere let the eye wander into space in search of the pearly gateways of Paradise. On the other side rose the contorted lava mountains, their bleak heads knocking against the solid sky and stained of an ink blackness, which changed into a still more lurid tint where the local reds struggled up through the shadow that lay brooding over the desolate scene. If within the domain of nature such another region is to be found, it can only be in the heart of those awful solitudes which science has unveiled to us amid the untrodden fastnesses of the lunar mountains."



The Cascade of the Brúna, or River of the Bridge, Iceland

This waterfall is so called from the unique structure in the middle of the stream. Only one other river in the island has a bridge.

under which Iceland fell with the parent country, and was not relieved at the handing over of Norway to Sweden. Their aspirations to Home Rule were gratified in 1874 by the grant of a constitution, since then confirmed and extended, under which the island governs itself by its ancient *Althing* Parliament, in concert with a representative of the Danish crown. One of the latest measures of the legislature has been totally to prohibit the importation or sale of intoxicating liquor, except in the case of foreign consuls, who are allowed to provide themselves with not more than 800 litres a year to be consumed on their own premises. The chief exports are fish, ponies, and the produce of sheep farms, the inhabitants being much like our own Orkney and Shetland men, divided as

farmers who keep a boat and fishermen who have a farm.

To account for the success of this remote community, it is believed that the climate was once milder than at present, both here and in Greenland, to whose now ice-bound shores the Icelanders overflowed, but all trace of that early settlement vanished in the Middle Ages; tradition has it that the Greenland immigrants were swept away by the Black Death. The Icelanders carried into exile the old forms of Northern mythology to be embalmed in the verse and prose of the Eddas; and their own poetic activity shaped a body of legends and narratives, valued by scholars, who have to seek in them the fullest pictures of ancient Scandinavian life. This rich treasure of folk-lore has greatly influenced some modern poets, like

The World of To-day

William Morris, who reckoned the Icelandic sagas among the world's best literature; and his first sight of their birthplace he hailed in enthusiastic song:

Toothed rocks down the side of the firth on the
east guard a weary wide lea,
And black slope the hill-sides above, striped
adown with their desolate green;
And a peak rises up on the west from the meet-
ing of cloud and of sea,
Four square from base unto point like the
buildings of gods that have been,
'The last of that waste of the mountains all cloud-
wreathed and snow-flecked and grey,
And bright with the dawn that began just now
at the ending of day.

Among those sagas we seem to pass from legend into history in the dim tale of how Icelandic explorers pushed across to Green-

land, and how thence, about the year 1000, Leif the son of Eric sailed farther forth to visit a stony Helluland, a wooded Markland, and a fruit-bearing Vinland, thus in all probability anticipating Columbus by five centuries. He is said to have been followed in this adventure by his brother; and one story makes him guided by an Iceland sailor who had already been driven by a storm on the American coast. There is also some record of another adventurer, Thorfinn Karlsefin, as seeking to plant a colony on those western shores, the exact latitude of which makes matter of dispute; but of such bootless discoveries, unless for some questionable rock inscriptions, the only monument is a statue erected at Boston in honour of the shadowy hero whose name was first connected with the New World.



The Harbour, Reykjavik, Iceland

Commercial and Statistical Survey

THE LATE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE

History

The late Austro-Hungarian Empire held within itself almost from its very birth all the **seeds of disruption**. Indeed, it was almost a hopeless task to base an empire on an essentially transitional focus, such as is marked mathematically in Europe by the crossing of longitude 15° E. by latitude 45° N. For this is not only the borderland between forest and grassland; it is also the frontier of the Alpine mass, a thoroughfare between Baltic and Adriatic, an historic corner of the so-called Holy Roman Empire—a Roman name camouflaging a German fact.

It was precisely because Vienna was the key to this corner that the region was originally called **Austria** (Oesterreich, "Eastern Kingdom"), and was made a Mark, or March—a frontier land against the hordes of Asia, with one of whom it presently proceeded to manufacture an "Empire".

After the Battle of Mohács (A.D. 1526) it became obvious that only in a **union** could this precarious Mark-land and its immediate neighbours find safety; and the natural bases of such a union were fairly obvious. Indeed, they were so natural that theoretically they still existed as legal bases right down to the beginning of the Great War. The danger came from the south-east; it threatened the north-west, while the means of really curbing it was partly a question of man-power and partly a question of money-power. From the first, then, political guidance might reasonably be expected from the north-west; the actual fighting was likely to be in the south-east, where also the finest soldiers were to be found—on the Magyar steppe; and the economic basis was entirely in the north-east—on the Bohemian plateau. And in 1914 the relative self-sufficiency of the Empire was based on the same three-fold division, only Bohemia appearing as the industrial and Hungary as the agricultural member.

The common King, Ferdinand I of Hungary, effected a **personal union** with Bohemia; but the whole block leaned towards the north-west, i.e. Germany. Military Hungary seemed to be more important to Austria than economic Bohemia; and behind Austria were all the tricks of the Holy Roman Empire and the wealth of Spain, so that Austria seemed to Hungary more important than Bohemia. Thus there came both the inclination

and the means to **centralize** and to Germanize. This was bound to involve rivalry between Austria and Prussia outside, as the ignoring of the Slavs—whose name was not mentioned in the title of the Empire, though they numbered more than Germans and Magyars put together—was bound to cause trouble inside.

But even Austria was never purely German in all the four hundred vital years of its history; it was not even originally part of Germany, but only a Frontier Mark; and a large proportion even of the area that came inside the Holy Roman Empire was not German, but Slav—in race, in speech, in sentiment. Of course, outside the limits of the Holy Roman Empire the population was exceedingly mixed, and its frontiers were purely artificial.

The position was essentially adverse to peace, and therefore adverse to progress; the peoples inside the Empire were united really by nothing except hatred or fear of outside Powers, first Asiatic Powers and then European; and the natural nucleus was with the unnatural—though the finest—human type, i.e. the Asiatic Magyar. But the very conditions which were so adverse to peace, were most significant to the military strategist. Napoleon said that the "Bohemian lozenge was the key to Europe"; Bismarck repeated the saying; and even a modern German geographer, Naumann—has said that "Prague should be the capital of the German Empire".

There was always a tendency for **three units**, out of the five or six natural units included in the area, to be of special importance; but, simply from the political point of view, Bohemia was not always the third. In recent times the vital third member was, politically, not the Bohemian but the Danube triangle, the southern Slav-Italian flank of the Germano-Magyar zone.

No one race has proved strong enough, or large enough, or endowed with enough power of assimilation, to dominate or attract the rest, or even a majority of the rest; and there has been no common speech, no common creed, no real basis of unity. But the Germans and Magyars between them have formed over forty per cent of the total population in a collection of small peoples—Czech, Magyar, Roumanian, Serb, Austrian—each of which roughly numbered rather more or rather less than 10,000,000. This emphasized terribly the Habsburg ideal of "Divide and Rule" and the central position

of the Germano-Magyar zone. Consequently the two central peoples combined against the rest—an easy task, because the largest element, the Slav, was exceedingly incoherent by geographical distribution and by religious and political sentiments.

The policy of such a combination was bound to reflect the historic tendencies of the political member, Austria, and the natural attitude of both members to their other neighbours, especially to those who had legally the position of absolute equality with both in the original constitution of the Empire. That is to say, the policy was bound to be absolutist and anti-national. This was bound to make a strong bond with any other Power that believed in absolutism and opposed nationality; and, as a matter of fact, the Empire lay between two such Powers, Germany and Turkey. This political mongrel, therefore, was never a nation, it was not even a State—it was only a form of Government in which the rights of one dynasty were of more importance than the rights of ten nationalities! At the same time, the fact that the great rivers of the area empty into no less than four different seas—North, Baltic, Black, and Adriatic—suggests that the position and its essential problem must have been very complicated.

The need of **centralization** led to the artificial growth of Vienna—into a city of nearly 2,000,000 people. Here the various separate elements met on common ground, speaking the one language of the area that has any world value, and exchanging ideas and products. The mass of these people are now formed into separate states, speaking languages of no world value, having no obvious meeting place for the exchange of ideas and products with one another and with the outside world, and not even having capitals trained to do the work of capitals. Meantime Vienna has become the capital of a little State the size of Ireland, and its political eclipse has already involved an economic collapse. Such is the sequel to the attempt to base empire on the denial of common interests, political and economic, social and religious. Not only is Vienna no longer really necessary to Austria, but she no longer holds the best geographical position for the capital of the area.

The remedy is uncertain in its direction and in its possible results. If an attempt is made to restore the political position, it means that Austria will re-enter the German Empire, even though her geographical position forbids her becoming the capital. If the attempt is to restore the economic position, she will enter a Danubian Confederacy, for which she would make a good frontier link with industrial Europe.

Position

Austria, limited by the political frontiers as defined by the Peace Treaty of 1918, extends from about 6° E. to 17° E., and from approximately 47° N. to 48° N. in the west, but to 49° N. in its eastern extension. It has an area of about 30,000 square miles, stretching specifically from east to west, with a total length more than twice the greatest width. The eastern section is very much larger than the western, which is simply a narrow tongue of land reaching to Switzerland, and separating Bavaria

in the north from the Adriatic provinces to the south. The whole area is landlocked, with frontiers facing six different countries. Internally the practical, if unsuitable, focus of the entire country is still in Vienna.

Population

The population—almost entirely German in speech, if not also in blood—was estimated in 1919 at about six millions. Of this total, 2½ millions were concentrated in and round Vienna, the capital and the only large city.

Surface and Climate

The new Austria like Switzerland, without direct access to the sea—is the most mountainous country in Europe except Switzerland. All the **Southern Area** lies within the eastern extension of the Alpine foreland, with its lower crests, its greatest width, and its easiest lines of communication. The central crystalline belt of the Alps is broken into groups reaching nearly 13,000 ft. in the Ortler, and crossed by the famous Brenner Pass at a height of 4170 ft. East of the Brenner, the mountains rise again to the mass of the Glockner, nearly 12,500 ft.; and for 100 miles there is no pass under 7500 ft. Farther eastward again the heights decrease, and are crossed by lower passes and cut into by wide valley basins, ultimately dropping gently, on the eastern frontier, to the Hungarian plain.



Area unchanged — — — Area for Plebiscite — — — Undetermined Frontier

The **mountain system** included in Austria forms part of the great water-parting of Europe, and the drainage of the area is complicated. Many important rivers draining to the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Adriatic have their sources in Austria, e.g. Elms and Drave; but no river has its mouth within the frontiers. The Danube, which is the "main artery", has neither its source nor its mouth in the State, and is further handicapped for navigation by rapids in its course.

The **western extension** of Austria lies wholly in the mountainous region, but to the north-east is the one approximately lowland area, the valley of the Danube, separating the Alpine section to the south from the Bohemian uplands to the north. The Danube has a course of 235 miles through Austria. It is flanked to the south by the forested Alpine hills, with deposits of brown coal, iron, and salt (especially at Ischl), and mineral springs.

†The **Bohemian uplands** are lower, with good pasture-land for sheep, upon which the old textile industries of Linz were based. Excellent wine is also produced on the sunny southern slopes.

The **Danube Area** forms a section of the great natural international highway between Asia Minor and the west of Europe. Just where the river leaves the Austrian gorge for the Hungarian lowland, is joined by the Wien, and swings nearest to the Adriatic, stands Vienna—the focus of the Alpine highland, the Bohemian plateau, the Moravian Gate, the Hungarian plain, and the East European Railway system.

Agriculture

In spite of the fact that nearly half the population was engaged in agriculture before the war, Austria was largely dependent for supplies of grain, meat, potatoes, &c., on other parts of the Dual Monarchy, and also to some extent on foreign countries. During the war, foreign supplies were of course cut off; and since peace was declared, the imports of foodstuffs from abroad have been much hampered by the chaotic state of Austrian finances and consequent difficulties about payments. The supplies from those neighbouring parts of the old monarchy, which now form separate states, have also been unsatisfactory, as imports are now restricted by troublesome tariffs.

Internally the economic state of affairs is even worse. That Austria was so largely dependent on foreign supplies was in great part due to the old system of small holdings without intensive cultivation. This system accounts for the generally backward state of agriculture and the comparatively small production. The war has, however, further crippled the power of production to an enormous extent. In 1919, as compared with 1913, Austria produced only 50 per cent of the amount of wheat, 40 per cent of the rye, 37 per cent of the potatoes, and as little as 27 per cent of the beans. This marked decrease in production is largely attributed to the lack of labour, of horses, of foreign seed, and of manures, but especially to the low maximum prices fixed by the authorities. In attempting to keep down artificially the prices of home-grown foodstuffs, the Central Government fixed a price which in many cases was below the cost of production. This resulted in a further fall in production, as the peasant was merely content to grow sufficient for his own needs, and there was no incentive to have a surplus. The total head of cattle has also declined by 12 per cent, while the number of pigs has fallen by 33 per cent.

Forestry

The largest product of cultivation in Austria is wood, the annual pre-war exports amounting to 1,800,000 cubic metres. An even greater quantity could be exported for several years to come if there was sufficient transport; but at the present moment, owing to the shortage of transport, Vienna is not able to obtain sufficient even for the fuel supply. Based on the wood are the pulp, paper and furniture industries, all of which should be capable of further development in spite of obvious difficulties.

Mineral Wealth

The chief resources of Austria are coal, iron, magnesite, and salt.

The coal deposits in the new Austria are poor, being chiefly lignite or brown coal. The rate of production is now about 2,000,000 tons per annum, but it could be increased slightly. The pre-war consumption was about 16,000,000 tons per annum, the supplies being chiefly drawn from Silesia, Bohemia, and Poland. The total coal-supply in 1919 was one-fourth of the pre-war figure. Owing to this shortage many of the industries are, or have been, at a standstill, transport has been seriously affected, and the population have endured great hardship.

At Erzberg, 2,000,000 tons of iron were produced per annum before the war. The production of pig-iron was 600,000 tons. Much of the iron ore was formerly sent to Bohemia for smelting; but now the smelting has to be done in Austria, and like the transport—is restricted by the shortage of coal.

The export of magnesite has recommenced to some extent. The pre-war production amounted to 140,000 tons. The production of salt was 120,000 tons per annum. The export could be greatly increased if coal could be obtained for evaporating the brine.

Manufactures

Owing to the lack of coal and other raw material, the industries of Austria have not yet (October, 1920) been re-established. Most of the factories that are working at all are working at reduced hours, and many are carrying on at a loss or without profit. It has been estimated that the present total production is only one-fourth of the pre-war production; in other words, that the position of industry in Austria is even worse than that of agriculture.

Commerce

The immediate outlook for Austria is not bright, but the present state of affairs is largely due to artificial and removable causes, and, given time, there is little reason to doubt that the recovery will be steady.

The war itself was a great drain on the population and on the natural and other resources of the country; and the secession of the various States of the old Monarchy caused a violent political upheaval, entailing a very heavy shock to the economic relations and conditions of all the new States, but especially for Austria. This was due to the facts (1) that Austria as a whole, and Vienna in particular, had been the centre of the entire political and economic system of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; and (2) that the separation involved the loss to Austria of the largest part of the food and fuel supplies.

But, if more settled relations could be arranged with the neighbouring countries, and reasonable freedom of trade and intercourse guaranteed, the pressing food, fuel, and transport questions would soon be solved. Food can be obtained from Jugo Slavia, and coal from Bohemia and Poland. The economic recovery would

inevitably follow, and Austria should be largely self-supporting; and it is even possible that Vienna might remain the chief trade distributing centre in the south-east of Europe. As represented by Vienna before the war, Austria had considerable industry, chiefly engaged in producing highly finished goods out of imported materials. The general trade of the new Austria is chiefly with new States which formerly formed part of the Monarchy; but, outside these, the largest bulk of goods still comes from Germany, especially coal from Silesia. Italy and Switzerland are next in importance for supplies. The chief exports in 1919 were magnesite - to Germany, U.S.A., and the United Kingdom - and sawn wood, largely to Italy.

Government

On 12th November, 1918, the Austrian Republic was proclaimed, and the Government was undertaken by a National Assembly, which appointed a temporary Cabinet and passed laws.

On February 10th, 1919, a National Constitutional Assembly, consisting of one Chamber, was elected by

universal suffrage, but no Constitution was formulated.

On 15th February, 1920, a Draft Constitution was first published. According to this it is proposed to make Austria a Federal Republic, the legislative power to be vested in a Federal Diet and a Federal Council. The President of the Diet is to be the President of the Confederation.

The Provincial Diets are to continue their functions as local legislative bodies.

Religion

Full religious liberty is guaranteed under the new order.

Education

There are four Universities in Austria - at Vienna, Graz, Innsbruck, and Salzburg. These are state-maintained. Besides the ordinary secondary schools—the Gymnasias and Realschulen—there are technical, mining, and veterinary high schools, and other schools for special subjects. Attendance at the elementary schools is compulsory from 6 to 14 years of age.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Position

Czecho-Slovakia stretches from about 48° N. to 51° N. lat., and from about 12° E. to 22° E. long. More truly than Switzerland it is the heart of Europe, at equal distances from the great seas, a definite physical unit, bounded (except in the south-west) by forested mountains, and yet with easy access to those seas via the great natural gates made by the Elbe, the Vistula, and the Danube. For centuries it has been the focus of the political, intellectual, and ethnic interests of the whole of East Central Europe. Historically its position made it the rampart against Asiatic invasions from the south-east, and of German expansion from the north-west.

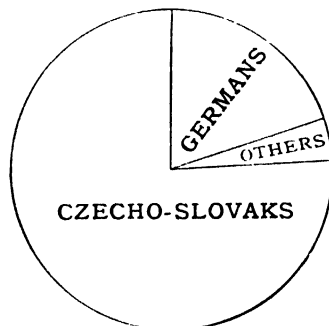
Area and Population

Czecho-Slovakia consists of four units—Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, and Slovakia. It has a total area of about 50,000 sq. miles (i.e. approximately the size of England and Wales) with a population of rather more than 12 millions. The predominant ethnic element is represented by the Czechs and Slovaks, who together form 79 per cent of the total population, and are concentrated especially in Bohemia and Slovakia; of the remainder the Germans form 17 per cent, while about 4 per cent belong to other nationalities, e.g. Poles, Magyars, and Ruthenes. The population is densest in Silesia and Bohemia.

Surface and Climate

The area makes two clearly marked regions, similar in structure, complementary in aspect. The Bohemian

massif to the west consists of a hilly plateau in the south, falling to a lowland basin in the north. It is drained by the Moldau and the Upper Elbe. The Moldau basin is twice as large as that of the Upper Elbe, and the river has



Population of Czecho-Slovakia

a course nearly 50 miles longer, and has the great advantage of being naturally navigable to Budweis. The Moldau basin falls in terraces from the southern plateau edge of 2,500 ft. to a level of 307 ft., where the Moldau-Elbe leaves Bohemia. The main stream is linked by waterways—viz. Wottawa, Beraun, Egger, and Elbe—to every part of the country, and in the upper course it is connected by a canal with the Danube. Budweis is the nominal head of navigation on the Moldau; but, owing to the difficulty of the gorge between Prague and Budweis, Prague, at the junction of plateau and lowland basin, is the practical head.

The area as a whole, though plateau and lowland, may fairly be said to form one physical unit, because cut off by clearly-marked frontiers of forested heights. These heights are, however, broken by defiles and low passes giving easy exit from the region, viz. the Libe defile through to the north, the Pass of Neumark to the west, the Nollendorf Pass to the east, and the rivers to the south-east.

The second division, of Moravia and Slovakia in the east, consists of a mountain-capped plateau in the north, falling to a lowland basin to the south; the March, Waag, and Gran flow in generally parallel courses from north to south, and join the Danube, which forms approximately the frontier from east to west in the south.

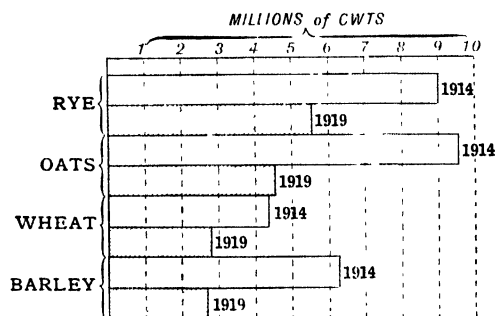
The small section of Silesia now included in the Republic forms a narrow strip of plateau intermediate between the Sudetic Mountains in the interior and the plain of the Oder across the frontier. It is connected with the March valley by the Moravian Gate, where the Oder swings round between the spurs of the Giesenke Mountains and the Carpathians.

The climate varies with altitude. Owing to the fact that the features run characteristically in a direction from north-east to south-west, and thus parallel to the prevailing south-west winds, the rainfall is not great. It varies from about 20 in. on the lower levels to about 30 in. on the higher levels. The easy access to the cold easterly winds is reflected in a great difference of temperature between north and south. The lower Brunn has a rainfall of just under 20 in., and a range of temperature from under 29° F. to over 68° F.

The "plateau" region of Bohemia has on the whole a very even rainfall, mainly confined to the summer, but the mountain heights have heavier falls, rising to 40 in. on the Giant Mountains, and even 70 in. on the Bohemian Forest, for the rain-bearing winds come from the west. The temperature varies in much the same way. Prague has an annual mean of 48° F., and an average range from 30° F. to 67° F.

Agriculture

More than half the area, both in Bohemia and Moravia, is under tillage, mainly for grain. The lands along the



Production of Cereals in Czecho-Slovakia

great rivers, and especially such peculiarly fertile spots as near Koniglatz and Teplitz, &c., are among the most

productive in Central Europe. Great progress has been made in agriculture during the last fifty years, and, before the war, Bohemia alone in some years produced as much as 3,000,000 tons of grain. In both Bohemia and Moravia the cultivation of oats and rye predominate. Barley and wheat are also grown. Potatoes and beetroot were being increasingly grown until 1914. During the war the production declined, but, though it is again increasing, it has not yet reached the pre-war amount. The most typical products are hops, viz. round Saaz, and plums. There are extensive forest areas in all the units. Bohemia has about 3½ million acres of woodland, Moravia has 1½ million acres, and Silesia has about ½ million acres. There are also widespread forests in Slovakia, but the actual area is uncertain.

Minerals

The mineral wealth of the Czecho-Slovak countries is most important. The resources include rich deposits of coal and iron, some graphite, gold and silver; while the clays of the crystalline and the quartz of the sandstone areas have formed the basis of the china and glass industries.

The most valuable coal-fields are found in Bohemia, where they lie along almost the whole length of the Beroun valley, being especially rich round Pilsen-Radnitz. The Eger valley is almost equally rich in lignite, especially in the Karlsbad area, though the thickest seams (nearly 100 feet) occur in the Teplitz Brax Dux field. In Moravia the coal is found mainly in the Brunn region, and in the Upper March valley, but the area is less rich than even the Silesian field, which centres on the Ostrau-Feschen district.

Iron is found with the coal in varying quantities in all the countries, but is especially important round Schönbögen, Sternberg, and between Rossitz and Blansko, as well as on the actual Ostrau coal-field. Iron ore is also abundant in the Jomori and Szepes sections of the Ore Mountains, round the headwaters of the Gran and the Hernad.

Silver is extracted at Kremnitz and Schemnitz in Slovakia, and at Příbram and Joachimsthal in Bohemia. The word thal, or dola, is derived from Joachimsthal or Joachim's dale, where silver was first mined during the Middle Ages. Radium is also produced there, while graphite is produced at Budweis, and gold in small quantities is fairly widely distributed. Though the Slovak mineral wealth is much less developed and less well known, it seems to be of considerable importance. It includes coal and oil, very large quantities of iron, especially round Gelmea (with great foundries at Krompachy), and salt.

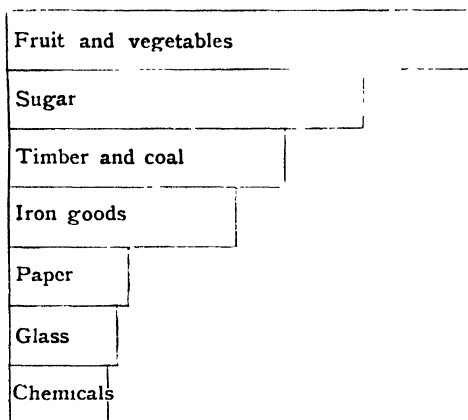
Industries

The agricultural products of Czecho-Slovakia have contributed to the development of many agricultural industries, especially in Bohemia, viz. brewing as at Pilsen, distilling, manufacture of sugar at Dux, tobacco at Turnis and Tabor. But the great industrial development of the area is based, not primarily on agriculture, but on the

wealth of fuel, backed by abundant water power, and before the war—great facilities for transport. The glass industry is most prosperous where the various metals used in colouring glass are found, especially near silica and fuel, viz. near Bohmisch-Leipa. Similarly the porcelain industry is concentrated in the neighbourhood of raw material, especially in the Karlsbad district. The textile industries are associated with fuel and water power, population and damp climate, i.e. along the foothills of the border ranges. The water power and best access to coal are found along the Giant Mountains, e.g. at Trautenau and Reichenberg, along the Elbe, e.g. at Weipert, in the Bohemian Forest, i.e. at Taus, and along the Sudetes, e.g. at Sternberg, &c. Of course hardware is most important near the coal, e.g. at Dux and Pardulitz in Bohemia, and on the Ostrau Teschen coal-field in the north-east.

Commerce

The position of Czecho-Slovakia, both politically and economically, is more secure than that of any other state which previously formed part of Austria-Hungary. Politically it has hitherto escaped the Bolshevik revolutions, is



Exports from Czecho-Slovakia from January to June, 1919

better organized and more stable, and has therefore already realized some of its national ideals. From the economic point of view the state has secured a considerable part of the assets of the former Empire. It has large resources in coal, iron, and timber; its manufactures include textiles, glass, pottery, machinery (especially agricultural), enamelled goods, &c., and the agricultural industries export sugar, hops, and malt.

Though the general outlook is favourable, the immediate value of these assets is limited, owing to the lack of foreign credit, of raw materials, and of transport facilities. Czecho-Slovakia has sufficient coal resources to supply the home demand, and still have a considerable surplus for export. The transport difficulties have been and still are more or less—so acute that it has not been possible even to keep the home factories supplied with coal. This has decreased production, but the actual output has been restricted even more owing to the lack of raw

materials than to that of coal. The difficulty of obtaining raw materials is mainly due to the lack of foreign credit. Though the krona has not deteriorated to anything like the same extent as in the neighbouring states, yet the balance is adverse. It is hoped, however, that foreign credits may be established, and there is real prospect of this, especially on the sale of sugar.

The imports of Czecho-Slovakia include many raw materials for textile manufacture—cotton, wool, silk, hides, oils and fats, and minerals. The exports are chiefly sugar, hops and malt, timber and furniture, cement, glassware, pottery, and agricultural machinery. The largest trade in 1919 was done with Austria, followed by Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Hungary, and Jugoslavia, and this order probably illustrates the internal transport difficulties in these regions.

Czecho-Slovakia has, of course, no seaboard, but by the terms of the Treaty (1) through communication is granted via the Elbe to Hamburg, and then to all parts of the north-west; and (2) the acquisition of Pressburg on the Danube gives direct communication to the south-east.

Government

On 28th October, 1918, the National Council took over the government of the Czecho-Slovak countries, comprising Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, and Slovakia. On 14th November, of the same year, the National Assembly met, and the State was formally declared a republic, with Prof. T. G. Masaryk as its President. The Assembly was composed of nominated representatives of all political parties. In April, 1919, a general election was held, and 200 members were returned.

The Constitution of the Czecho-Slovak Republic was passed in February, 1920. It claimed Czecho-Slovakia to be a democratic republic with an elected President at its head. The legislative functions are vested solely in the National Parliament, which is composed of two bodies:

- (a) A Chamber of Deputies, with 300 members elected for six years.
- (b) A Senate, with 150 members, elected every eight years.

The President for the republic is elected for seven years by the two Chambers in Congress. To the President is given the supreme command of the armed forces, the power to declare war with the consent of Parliament, and the right to appoint the higher officers, officials, and ministers. The franchise is open to all citizens over 21 years of age.

Religion

According to the Declaration of Independence issued in 1918, the Church was to be separated from the state. The majority of the population are Roman Catholic, but in January, 1920, the reformed clergy decided to found a National Church, withdrawing their allegiance from the Pope.

Education

Education is general and compulsory between the ages of six and fourteen. There are practically no illiterates.

except in Slovakia. Elementary education is provided by national schools of two kinds; secondary, by the gymnasias and realschulen, maintained by the lands and

communes, and various high schools, technical schools, &c. There are four universities, two at Prague, one at Brunn or Brno, and another at Bratislava.

HUNGARY

Position

Hungary stretches from about 16° E. to 24° E., and irregularly between 45° N. and 49° N. Astride the Danube—a river which carries twice as much water as the Nile—but entirely landlocked, Hungary remains essentially a continental area, controlling the main east and west water route of Central Europe.

Area and Population

The new Hungary is reduced to one-third of its former area, and the reduction in population corresponds to that of territory. The present population is approximately about seven and a half millions, as compared with the pre-war figures of twenty-one millions; but the mass of the population is now more or less strictly Hungarian. Budapest is still the largest town, but will probably experience the same economic and political collapse as Vienna.

Surface

Hungary consists of **three** distinct areas:

(1) In the south-east, forming the mass of the country, is the **Great Hungarian Alfold**, or plain, with an average elevation of not more than 350 ft. It is a well-watered area, being drained by the Danube and Theiss, running in curiously parallel courses from north to south, and receiving long tributaries from the west and east, on their right and left banks respectively.

(2) The **Bakony Wald**, with the extension as far as Miskolcz, forms a region of highland, from 1000 to 1500 ft. high, running from south-west to north-east, between the Alpine Foreland and the Carpathians, and dividing the Great Alfold to the south-east from the Little Alfold to the north-west. The region is divided into two sections by the defile of the Danube, or the Hungarian Gate, where the river breaks through to the south-eastern plain.

(3) The **Little Alfold** lies north-west of the Bakony Wald, and east of the Alps, and is bounded approximately by the Danube to the north. It lies at an elevation of 600 ft., with a very even surface, drained by the lesser tributaries of the Danube.

Agriculture

Hungary was and remains essentially an agricultural country, a large proportion of the area being under tillage, and nearly 70 per cent of the population, before the war, finding occupation on the land. Great progress has been made in scientific farming, arable and pastoral. The agricultural products consist chiefly of wheat and maize,

81,000,000 cwt. of the former, and nearly 93,000,000 cwt. of the latter, being produced in 1915. Owing to the restricted area, the Hungary of to-day will not produce to the same extent, but there will still be a surplus when internal affairs are more settled.

Other products include flax, hemp, tobacco, and fruits. Of the total wine yield in Austria-Hungary before the

Maize	93,000,000 cwts.
Wheat	81,000,000 cwts.
Barley	
Oats	
Rye	

Estimated Production of Crops 1915

war, 72 per cent was grown in Hungary; and though the vineyards in the new area are very much reduced, a considerable quantity is still produced and can be exported. The wine-growing areas lie in the more northerly latitudes, on the south-eastward facing slopes, near Tokay and Söföron, and the Keskemet district, which is also famous for its fruits.

The pastures of Hungary offered special facilities for the rearing of cattle and horses, but the war has entailed great losses. It is estimated that the stock of cattle has been reduced by 62 per cent, of horses by 50 per cent, and of sheep by 67 per cent. The reduced number of sheep has resulted in a serious deficiency in the supply of raw material for the woollen industry.

Forestry

New Hungary has lost 86 per cent of her former area of forests and woods, the oak woods being reduced by 74 per cent, the other deciduous woods by 87 per cent, and the pine woods by 95 per cent. This loss of timber involves a considerable deficiency of raw material for furniture factories, paper-works, &c., and for fuel.

Oak	Other Deciduous	Conifer
74%	87%	95%
Remaining	Lost	

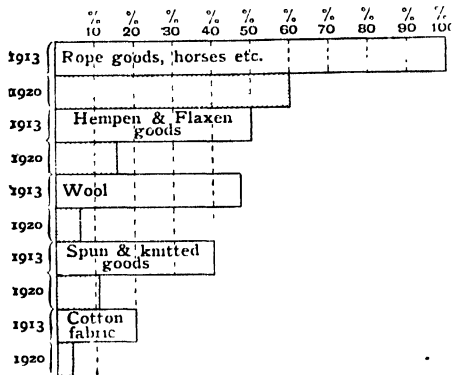
Mineral Wealth

The change in the distribution of mineral resources is of vital importance to the future of the kingdom. Hungary is poor in carboniferous coals, but contained extensive deposits of Tertiary lignites along the Carpathians and in Transylvania in the Zill valley. Within the new territory there exist only two coal-mines of any importance, at Salgo-Tarjan, and at Pécs. There are certain deposits of lignite to the north and north west of Budapest which may be developed shortly.

The supplies of salt, iron and other ores, and of crude oil, which old Hungary produced in sufficient quantity to allow of export, have been almost entirely lost. Of all the non-ore deposits (to the north-east) there remains now but one, at Witkowitz, which was neither one of the richest nor one of the largest mining areas. While the pre-war output of pig iron amounted to 2,000,000 tons per annum (of which 500,000 tons were exported), the iron and machine factories will, under the new conditions, be entirely dependent on imports for their supplies of iron-ore.

Manufactures

The chief industries of Hungary will remain, as they have always been, agricultural in character, e.g. flour-milling, brewing and distilling, tobacco-curing, and sugar-making. The largest beet refinery in Europe is

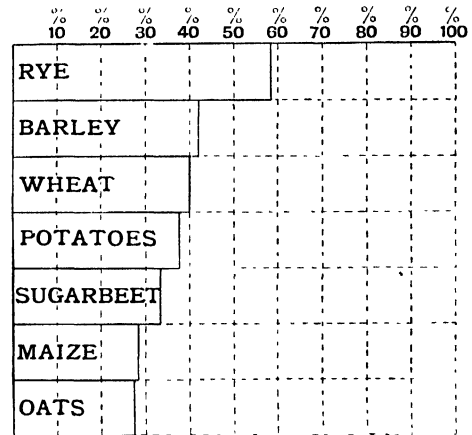


A Comparison in Home Production of Hungary in certain Goods in 1913 and 1920

at Hatvan. Other industries include the making of machinery, iron and steel works (at Budapest, Dösgyőr, and Sopron), wooden articles and furniture, oil-refineries (at Győr and Budapest). But the future of these industries will depend entirely upon the import of raw materials and fuel. The most serious industrial change is the loss of the textile, pulp, paper, and glass industries, which were carried on in areas now outside the frontier. Whereas old Hungary was able to supply more than 48 per cent of the demand for woollen goods, and 20 per cent of the demand for cotton goods, new Hungary is not able to cope with even 5 per cent of its own demand.

Commerce

The loss of 60 per cent of her territory, involving a loss of 43 per cent of her industries, is serious for Hungary, but even more vital is the loss of the home supplies of raw materials, especially of timber. A large



Estimated Effect of Peace Terms on Agricultural Productions in Hungary

100 — represents pre-war production — marks post war production

proportion of the remaining 57 per cent of the industries can only continue provided that the necessary supplies of raw material and fuel are maintained. At present many up-to-date factories are idle for lack of these two necessities. But the favourable agricultural situation should give a safe basis for the industrial reconstruction, which will begin with the reorganization of the transport system.

The Danube runs through all three physical divisions of the country, and forms the main natural highway of traffic. The river has been internationalized, and every effort is being made to re-establish the river trade, which has been as much disorganized for lack of fuel as the railway system. British and French enterprise and capital are taking the lead in developing the Danube as the cheapest shipping route between London or Paris and the Bosphorus. New bridges (e.g. at Smiln), warehouses (e.g. at Belgrade, Shabat, and Umbina), harbour-works (e.g. along the Save) are being constructed. The Danube is to be deepened to allow small sea-going vessels to reach Budapest, while the French are proposing a scheme to connect the Danube with Salomka by a canal of 370 miles to take vessels of 1000 tons.

All the typical industries are concentrated at Budapest, because it is the natural meeting place of agricultural and pastoral industries, forestry and mining, and is situated where the old Roman road reached the Danube as the river entered the great plain. For this reason it was made the capital of Hungary and the focus of the railway system.

Under the new conditions Hungary has lost all her old sea traffic, and thus overlaid foreign trade is even

more important. As the economic reconstruction continues, it is still to be expected that the exports will consist chiefly of wheat, flour, sugar, tobacco, leather goods, though all of them in reduced quantities. The imports as yet are much influenced by war conditions, and include foodstuffs, manufactured goods—from rolling stock to cotton and soap—and raw materials. Before the war 74 per cent of the overland trade was with Germany. Since 1918 the trade has been chiefly with Italy. Trade with Roumania and Switzerland and with the other states which formerly were included in the Dual Monarchy, is gradually being reopened.

Government

On 31st October, 1918, a revolution took place in Hungary to establish a republic independent of Austria. On 13th November King Charles abdicated, and on the 16th an independent "Hungarian People's Republic" was proclaimed, with Count Michael Karolyi as Provisional President. A Provisional National Assembly was substituted for the two Houses of Legislation; it pledged itself to provide universal suffrage and secret ballot, to guarantee freedom of the Press, and to distribute land to the peasants.

On 22nd March, 1919, the Karolyi regime ended, when the Count resigned on a question of boundaries. A Soviet Government followed, which proclaimed a dictatorship of the proletariat, and proposed an alliance with Soviet Russia. It was defeated, however, by an opposition Government with the help of a Roumanian army, and on 7th August, 1919, a National Government was set up. Elections were held, and a new Parliament was returned.

Local Government

The unit of local government is at present the

Commune, the affairs of which are under a representative body, composed of an equal number of members elected for six years, and of persons paying the highest taxes. The Committee consists of members appointed in towns for six years, in rural divisions for three years, and officials appointed for life. All males who are over 20 years of age, and who have paid the state tax for two years, may vote.

Counties and cities invested with similar rights as the Communes are independent municipalities, with representative bodies, and an executive sitting and voting with the Council.

Religion

There was perfect equality among all recognized religions under the old system, and under the new conditions this remains true. The Church is, however, to be separated from the state, and all denominational or ecclesiastical taxes are to be abolished. Of the chief religions, the Roman Catholics remain the most numerous.

Education

Public education in Hungary is to be nationalized and secularized. Education is compulsory from 6 to 12 years of age. One infant school must be maintained in every parish or commune, and special courses are required for apprentices. Boys and girls are educated separately. There are three grades of Primary Education. The Secondary Education is supplied by the gymnasia and realschulen, maintained from various sources, with courses extending over 8 years. There are also special training institutions for teachers, academics of law, &c. Of the five old universities of Zagreb, Budapest, Kolozsvár, Pozsony, and Debreczen, three remain within the new frontiers—Budapest, Kolozsvár, and Debreczen.

JUGO-SLAVIA

Position

Jugo-Slavia stretches over some six degrees of latitude, from about 41° N. to about 47° N., and over nine degrees of longitude, from about 14° E. to about 23° E. Its general extension is from north west to south east, parallel to the Adriatic, which forms a natural political boundary on the west.

Area and Extent

The new kingdom consists of a number of units which previously were differentiated politically and to some extent with regard to religion—but which, on the basis of a common race and national ideals, have combined to form the independent state of Jugo-Slavia. It is made up

of the previously independent kingdoms of Serbia and Montenegro,¹ the old Austrian provinces of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Carniola and Dalmatia, the old Hungarian province of Croatia-Slavonia, and small parts of Banat and Batanya, also the Quarnero Islands. The total area is estimated as 100,000 square miles, Serbia being at least twice as large as any other single unit.

Population and Religion

The primary basis of union amongst the inhabitants of Jugo-Slavia was their common race. Whether Croat, Serb, or Slovene, all belong to the Slav stock. Relatively little is known about the Slavs. They apparently migrated from regions beyond the Carpathians, and entered Central Europe by successive waves of invasion,

¹ By treaty, November, 1919, Zara, and Cherso, and the Tuscan, Lagota, and Pelagosi groups of islands became Italian. Fiume was recognized as a free and independent state. Whether Montenegro

should become a part of Jugo-Slavia has not, up to the present, been definitely decided, but it is simplest to include the country in this section.

and also by slow infiltration. In historical times they have become divided into two main branches, the North Slavs (*c.* 12 million), consisting of Czechs, Slovaks, and Ruthenes, forming the mass of the population of the Czecho-Slovak Republic; and the South Slavs (*c.* 10 million), consisting of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and now inhabiting the independent kingdom of Jugo-Slavia. The two branches are separated by a wedge of Germans and Magyars in Austrian and Hungarian territories. The differentiation into Serbs, Croats, or Slovenes, is largely a question of religion, though further complicated until 1918 by political differences. The Slovenes and Croats

long islands which lie parallel to the coast-line, representing the unsubmerged portions of the original land, and which are separated from one another by parallel channels, some of which tap the main inner channels at right angles. The strategic value of such a region is immense, while the geographic control is illustrated by the fact that only here has a Slav population become a typical fishing population.

The plains along the coast, though limited in extent, are very fertile, with typical Mediterranean climate and products. Though the coast is open, with many fine natural harbours (Sebenico, Spalato, Ragusa, Cattaro,



are Roman Catholic, but were politically separated under the old regime, as Carniola was Austrian, and Croatia Hungarian. The Serbs belong to the Greek Orthodox Church. As a result of the prolonged Turkish domination, there are also numbers of Moslems, especially in Bosnia.

Relief

Jugo-Slavia is a Balkan state with the characteristic anomalies of relief and structure. It consists of (1) a long narrow littoral (in this case facing the Adriatic), backed by (2) parallel ridges of folded limestone mountains, which merge in the interior into (3) an old plateau core in the south, but fall in the north to (4) a plain and low heights, being an extension of the alfold or great plain of Hungary. Each division has its distinctive characteristics.

The Adriatic littoral is an area of recent subsidence, consisting of a series of fiord-like inlets, peninsulas, and

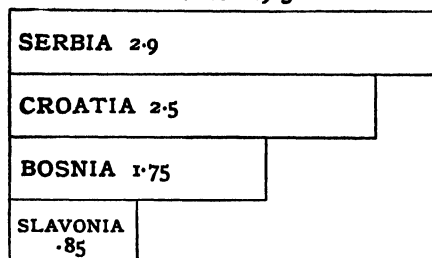
&c.), communication inland is difficult owing to the nature of the mountains separating the coast from the continental interior.

From approximately the three sugar-loaf peaks of the Triglav group in the north-west to the Montenegrin knot of mountains in the south-east, run parallel ranges of folded mountains, following closely the infinite indentations of the coast, and repeating the succession of island and channel of the Dalmatian littoral as a succession of basin and saddle inland. The mountains consist of limestone, forming a barren "karst" region, characterized by tiny mountain basins, long, deep, narrow grooves, and such typical phenomena associated with karst structure, as sink-holes or dolinas, grottoes and caves, e.g. at Planina and Adelsberg, intermittent lakes, e.g. as the Zirknitz, and discontinuous rivers. It is for this reason few rivers reach the coast, while the gorge-like character and elbow turns of the upper courses are as unfavourable for com-

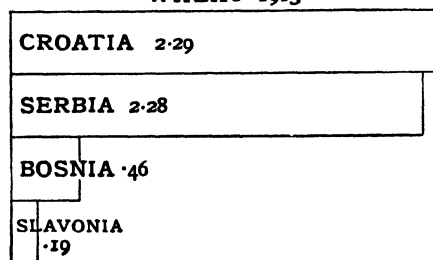
munication as the intermittent flow is as a source of water-supply. The limestone ranges near the coast are uniformly bare, but the mountains of Carniola, north of the Triglav or Terglow group, are crystalline in structure, forming the extreme south-eastern extension of the Alpine system, with well-wooded slopes.

The plateau region in the south-east forms part of the old core of the Balkan Peninsula, against which the younger folded mountains were crushed up. It forms an area where recent tectonic movements have taken place, resulting in faulting and fractures, and in some cases in indeterminate drainage. Thus, though the area as a

MAIZE 1913



WHEAT 1913



Productions of Wheat and Maize in the Continental Provinces of Jugo-Slavia, with figures in millions of cwt.

whole has a high average level, culminating in mountain nodes, e.g. Shar Dagh, 8850 feet, it is also threaded by innumerable long, deep, torrent-cut gorges, such as that on the Morava, along the floor of which there is often a rich strip of flat land. The rivers tend to flow due north and south, or east and west, with right-angled turns. The famous Morava valley gives through communication between the great plain to the north, and Constantinople (via the Maritza), to the east, and to Salonika and the Aegean in the south, via the Kossovo Polye, between the Ibar and Vardar valleys, where in wet weather water flows in either direction.

To the north-west the plateau merges into limestone heights, while to the north it falls to the marshes between the Drina and the Save. Beyond the Save lies the plain. The plain forms part of the Danubian basin, with fertile soil (except where the marshes occur), a continental climate, and through communication in every direction. The Danube and Theiss continue the north and south lines, and the Save and the Drave, separated by a low plateau, connect with the lower Danube, and give access west and east. The focus of the routes is Belgrade.

Climate and Products

Climatically Jugo-Slavia may be divided roughly into two regions, continental and Mediterranean, and the typical products vary according to the predominant control. The continental area lies east of the watershed, and is characterized by greater extremes of temperature and summer rains, e.g. at Serajevo the temperature ranges from 27° F. to 65° F., at Mostar 41° F. to 76° F.

Along the highlands on the continental flank are the large forests, chiefly of beech and oak, and especially important in Bosnia, Serbia, and the Alpine extension of Carniola. Sheep-breeding is also carried on in the upland pastures. In the more sheltered valleys (e.g. Lower Morava, &c.), and in the plain, e.g. Croatia, large quantities of maize and wheat are grown. In 1913, about 5 million hundredweights of wheat, and 7 million hundredweights of maize were produced, the mass of the grain coming from Serbia, Croatia, and Bosnia. Rye, barley, and oats are also grown, but not in such large quantities.

Vines and plum trees are extensively cultivated on the sunny slopes, but the vine is more strictly characteristic of the Mediterranean area. Tobacco-growing is also important. The limestone area, intermediate between continental and Mediterranean regions, is high and therefore colder, and also has a heavier rainfall; but owing to the karst characteristics it is barren, except for the lower forested slopes and isolated pastures only suitable for goats and some sheep.

Along the actual littoral, Mediterranean conditions prevail, and such typical Mediterranean plants as the vine and the olive are grown on the coastal lowlands and islands. Viticulture is especially important throughout Dalmatia, two-thirds of the Austrian vineyards before the war being in Dalmatia, with an annual wine output of 1,500,000 hectolitres. Olive-growing is also extensive. In the Croatian area figs and almonds are grown. In Herzegovina the interior is chiefly pasture land for sheep and cattle, and shared with the Dalmatians, but again including vine-growing centres, e.g. round Mostar. Cherry-growing is also important. The annual crop of wheat along the Mediterranean flank is insignificant, being insufficient for local needs.

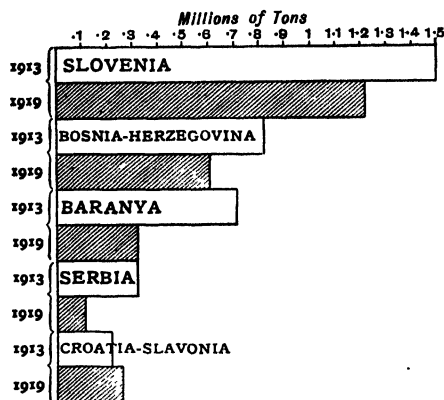
Mineral Wealth

The Slav people seem, from very early times, to have become closely attached to the soil, and are now associated with forest areas, permitting a combination of pastoral and agricultural industries. The typical Slav does not engage extensively in trade, nor, as a rule, does he exploit the mineral resources. Scattered throughout Jugo-Slavia are valuable deposits of iron ore, coal, manganese ore, copper, tin, lead, gold and silver, and fairly extensive oil-fields. But, with few exceptions, the mineral wealth is undeveloped. At Idria are quick-silver mines, producing annually, before the war, 130,600 tons of ore.

The diagram indicates the chief coal-mining provinces. The total coal output in 1919 was 30 per cent less than the output of 1913; but new mines have been opened in Bosnia, Herzegovina, e.g. near Mostar, in Slovenia, e.g.

at Honda Yama, and in Serbia, e.g. at Gorievinitza, and larger outputs are expected.

Before the war, mining was most developed in Bosnia, where, besides lignite, quantities of iron ore, sulphur pyrites, manganese ore, and chrome ore were produced.



Iron ore and copper are worked to some extent also in the north-east of Serbia, at Maidan Pek, lead in the north-west at Krupem.

Industries

The industries of Jugo-Slavia are little more developed than the mineral wealth. Just as agriculture, cattle-raising, and forestry are the main occupations, the industries are generally combined with, or directly based on, one of these occupations.

Nearly half the total area of Jugo-Slavia is forest. Great tracts of the forests of Croatia-Slavonia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Slovenia are ready for clearing, and the timber industry is likely to develop. There are already sawmills scattered throughout these provinces. Forestry in Serbia is still backward. There is also some manufacturing of tannic acid, at Zupanja, and cellulose at Drvar. There are paper and leather industries in Croatia and Carniola.

Milling is everywhere, however, an important branch of industry. Brewing and distilling are also carried on, e.g. the plum brandy of the Posavina district (in Bosnia) and in Serbia.

The textile industry is carried on to a certain extent in Carniola and Croatia, but more considerably in Serbia, e.g. at Nish, Belgrade, and Kogare, &c. Fishing is the important industry along the littoral, chiefly tunny and sardines—the latter are salted down in barrels and then canned. There are also a few dockyards at Curzola and Trau. Though the rivers flowing to the Adriatic are useless for navigation or irrigation, they have great possibilities as sources of waterpower. Already at the falls of the Kerka behind Selenico, and at the falls of the Cetina behind Almissa, power is being used for the manufacture of cement and calcium carbide.

Commerce

The chief exports of Jugo-Slavia are (1) cattle, meal, and other animal produce; (2) timber and products of

the timber industry; (3) plums, fresh and dried, especially from Serbia, wine, especially from Dalmatia, tobacco and some coal (Bosnia and Herzegovina), and wheat from Serbia and Croatia.

But the commerce of the area, like the mineral resources, is not fully developed. This is primarily due to political causes which reacted adversely. Owing to the peculiar, parasitic, political system of the Turk, agriculture has never been fully developed wherever Turkish power predominated, e.g. in Serbia and Bosnia. Even the great Serbian export trade in pigs has been periodically curtailed owing to the jealousy of Austro-Hungarian politicians, though nominally owing to the fear of "swine fever".

But the whole commercial development of the kingdom is hampered by lack of good communications. There are few railways, and even these have been opened largely for strategic reasons. The natural outlets of Jugo-Slavia to the Adriatic are Fiume, Spalato, Ragusa, Cattaro, and Giovanni, which commands the gap in the mountains connecting Serbia in the interior to the Drin Gulf, and sometimes known as the "Albanian Gate". The outlet to the Aegean is Salonika. By an agreement with Greece in 1914, Serbia acquired, on a 50-years' lease, ground at the Salonika railhead, with the right to trade. Fiume was developed by the Austrians chiefly in their own interests. It is the natural outlet to the coast for the north-west, as Agram is the natural centre inland. It is the terminus of three main lines, and is thus in direct communication with Venice, Vienna, and, via Agram, with Budapest. By the Treaty of Rapallo (November 1920), Fiume was recognized as a free and independent state. The main Orient route connects Serbia with the other Jugo-Slav states; the main line from Nish continues to Constantinople, while a branch from Nish via Ushkub runs to Salonika. Lighter railways connect Bosnia with the coast via Mostar. Navigation on the Danube and Save is now in the hands of a Jugo-Slav syndicate.

Government

After the Austro-Hungarian revolution, Slovenia, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Bosnia declared their independence, and a movement was begun to form a union of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes.

In December, 1918, the first ministry of the kingdom was formed and recognized. Parliament has consisted of Serbian deputies and delegates appointed from the new states. Up to the present no constitution has been drafted nor have elections been held, but in May, 1920, a Cabinet was appointed.

Though the different units together are to form the united kingdom of Jugo-Slavia, each unit is to have its own local legislature, and states, districts, and municipalities are to have their own administrative assemblies.

Education

Elementary education in Serbia is compulsory and free. There are also secondary schools and special schools, a university at Belgrade, founded in 1838, and a new university of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, founded (1920) at Lioubliana.

ALBANIA

Albania was proclaimed an independent country in 1917, when the Italian forces entered and attempted to set up a Provisional Government.

The *frontiers* are still undetermined, the southern line being disputed with Greece.

The *area* has been estimated as about 11,000 sq. miles, with a mixed population about 800,000 strong, consisting mainly of Jhegs, who live in the north, and Tosks, who live in the south.

About two-thirds of the population are *Moslems*. The remainder are Christians, for the most part Roman Catholics to the north, and members of the Greek Orthodox Church in the south.

Education

Education is extremely backward or non-existent.

The country is wild, rugged, and mountainous, except along the Adriatic littoral and the Korytea basin, where agriculture is carried on, tobacco and olive oil being the chief *products*. In the mountains there are *pastures*, where sheep are reared, and a certain amount of wool produced. The only centres of importance are the *ports*, San Giovanni and Durazzo, which control routes through the difficult hinterland to Serbia and Greece.

GREECE

Boundaries

Greece covers an area of roughly 30,000 square miles (about the size of Ireland), forming the southern extremity of the Balkan Peninsula. It lies between 20° E. and 28° E., and 36° N. and 41° N., stretching from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, with a long southern coast bounded by the Sea of Marmora and the Aegean, and a varying land frontier to the north, separating it from Albania, Serbia, and Bulgaria. Greece also includes the mass of the islands forming the archipelago between Europe and Asia Minor, the chief groups being the Sporades, Cyclades, and the Dodecanese. The suggested extension of Greece into Asia Minor—i.e. to include the Hinterland between Mitylene and Samos—has not, up to the present, been definitely settled.

Though the population of about 4½ million is predominantly Greek—especially in the islands—there are sufficient numbers of Serbs, Bulgarians, and Turks scattered throughout the northern territory, to justify various different frontiers on the racial basis—with the result, that the complexity of the racial divisions, further complicated by a difficult relief, are only equalled by the uncertainty of the political boundaries.

Greece forms the transition area between the interior continental block and the Aegean. It is itself distinctly Aegean in climate and vegetation, but retains the main differences between the eastern and western divisions characteristic of the Balkans proper. In the west, the north-western to south-eastern trend of the young folded mountains along the Adriatic is continued in the Pindus range and the mountains of the Morea. Between the Vistritza and the Moritza valleys, the old plateau core sinks to the sea, and the relief consists of the characteristic contrasts of plateaux and basins. The plateaux rise as isolated blocks with abrupt sides, while the basins, of tectonic origin, mark the lines of faulting and fracture. These were formerly lake-filled, but many now have been drained and are terraced and floored with alluvial deposits. The mountains, forming the mass of the country, approach everywhere close to the sea. The rivers are comparative short,

variable in volume, and chiefly flow through alternating gorge and depression or plain, entering the sea through malarial swamps. The series of isolated plains which fringe the coast have largely been built up by the sediment brought down by the swift rivers.

The coast itself is much indented, rugged, and rocky, yet with good harbours and admirably adapted for coast-wise trade between the mainland and the innumerable islands scattered between Europe and Asia Minor, and representing the submerged area.

Climate

The climate is Mediterranean along the coast, but merges into the continental with distance from the sea. There is no rain in the summer, necessitating irrigation in many districts, and the temperature is fairly high. The precipitation in winter extends north in proportion as the high-pressure belt in Central Europe allows the lower-pressure zone over the Mediterranean to be drawn farther northward. Then cyclonic depressions often occur, and, sweeping eastward, bring cold winds and rain, and snow to the mountains. In spring and autumn, thunder-storms are frequent.

Products

Greece may be divided into five regions with varying products. To the north-east is Thrace. Formerly it was the most prosperous part of Turkey; now, exclusive of Constantinople, it is Greek. Pivoting on the Rhodope, with a Moslem population, it is cut off from the Vardar basin by the difficult country west of the Mesta. To the north-east and east are low heights separating the plain from the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora. It is essentially agricultural, with a rich soil, well watered by the Maritza, and with a climate favourable to the mulberry, large gardens of which—interspersed with vineyards—are especially important round Adrianople and Ortakoi, Soufli and Dimotik—along the hills west of the Ergene-Maritza confluence. On the well-watered lowlands, small quantities of rice and cotton, opium and madder, are grown,

but silk is the great product east of the Rhodope as the tobacco is west of it.

Adrianople is the centre of the region, situated at the confluence of the Maritza and Tunja, where the united waters make the river navigable in spring and winter. It is also on the main route east and west. Enos, at the mouth of the Maritza, is the nearest harbour, but is not as important as Dede-Agach. The area west of the Rhodope and east of the Vistritza River, consisting chiefly of the lower Vardar and Struma basins, is commonly called Macedonia. Both the Struma and the Mesta, which drain the east of the region, are typically torrential, with deep gorges, and malarial estuaries and flood-plains. The gorge in the central section of the Struma is so torrential that there is no continuous road along its banks, while Lake Takhyno, &c., expand in such a way as to block entirely normal east and west traffic. But in spite of the comparative inaccessibility of the area, the soil is very fertile, and opium, oil-seeds, cotton and rice, and tobacco are grown. The tobacco of Seres and Drama is famous, while the Kavala district on the coast produces the finest cigarette tobacco in the world.

The Vardar basin to the west is also very fertile, and specializes in silk and tobacco. Other products are opium and cotton, but the latter suffers from the greater exposure to north and north-west winds in spring, when there is no snow to protect the plants. Based on the production of cotton, a group of textile centres have sprung up along the steep face of the Kara Tash, e.g. Karaferia and Vodena. Round Vodena there is also a typical cultivation of red pepper.

Salonika, situated to the east of the mouth, and away from the malarial estuary of the Vardar, is not only the port for this rich Hinterland, but also of the agricultural lands in the interior, and controls the shortest, if not the safest, route from Central Europe to the Aegean and the east. Commercially it is the centre of the European coast of the Aegean.

Surface

The Pindus mountains, continuing the mountains of the north, and ending in the Parnassus group on the Gulf of Corinth, divide Western Greece into two areas. On the western flank, as the centre of maximum depression is reached, the channels between the islands and the encroachments on the land increase in size, but the parallel lines can still be traced, not only in the interior mountains, but also in the islands of Corfu, Leucas, &c., and the inner lines of depression in the valleys of the Arta and Aspropotamus, &c.

To the east the formation of the country is different. Great parallel ranges, running at right angles to the Pindus and eastward to the sea, divide the land into a series of fertile plains, drained by rivers. The northernmost range, ending in Olympus, forms the boundary between Macedonia and Thessaly. Thessaly consists of the broad plains of the Salambria, divided by the Cynoscephalæ, and flanked by the Olympian group to the north, and the Othrys Mountains in the south. The river breaks through the coastal range by the famous Pass of Tempe in the north, but the most useful outlet for the plains is in the south, in the break marked by the

Pagasean Gulf, i.e. through Volo. Formerly the area was devoted to wine and oil, but the development of grain- and cotton-growing has been gaining in importance. To the south of the Othrys Mountains is the valley of the Sperchius, and the newly-drained agricultural region round Lake Copias. Largely dependent on local supplies of wool (from the highland pastures of the mountains), silk, and cotton, there are important textile industries at Lamia and Trikhala.

South of the main mountain mass, and in the Morea, the olive has given place largely to the vine—not for the production of wine, but for currants and sultanas—the collecting centres being especially Patras in the west, and Corinth in the east. Tobacco-growing is also important.

In the fifth division may be grouped the many islands. These are characteristically Mediterranean in climate and products, but the relative fertility is primarily a question of structure and soil. Bare, rocky, crystalline ranges, heights, and barren karst ranges alternate with fertile volcanic or alluvial plains. Where agriculture is possible, Mediterranean fruits are grown, grapes (Chalcis), figs, olive, oranges (Chios), while other products include tobacco (Kos, Kalymos, &c.), and corn (Leros, &c.). In the Dodecanese group, the sponge fishery is especially important, i.e. at Symi and Kalymos, supplying the depots at London, Frankfurt, and Bâle. Besides the cultivated areas there are upland pastures, which give place to dense scrub land. As in the mainland, the ancient forests have been cut down and supplanted by evergreen scrub.

Minerals

The economic minerals were of little importance in early days, for the most abundant are silver, lead, and marble. These were more or less monopolized by Attica in the Laurium mines and Pentelikon quarries. In modern times the emery of Naxos and Mylasa, sulphur and volcanic cement of Santorini, the chrome of Phersala, and magnesite of Eubœa have some importance. Though many of the minerals are near to the sea, they would be of more value if there were easy access to fuel, e.g. the iron ores of Attica, Eubœa, and Seriphos.

Commerce

The complicated relief of the interior, involving the great multiplication of small geographic divisions, favoured individualism in commerce and politics, as well as in

FRANCE

ITALY

GT. BRITAIN

Chief Imports

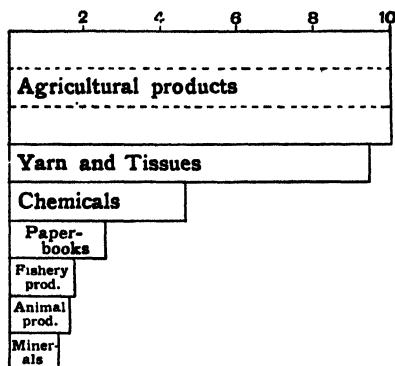
GT. BRITAIN

FRANCE

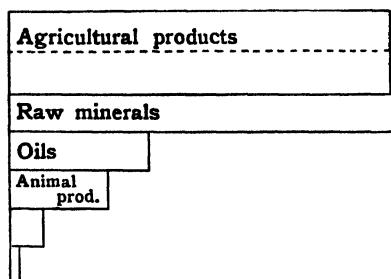
ITALY

Chief Exports

philosophy and art. It also implied that the inhabitants must be mountaineers and mariners, and that the pressure of population on such small areas of relatively infertile



Old Greece, Chief Imports, 1917



Old Greece, Chief Exports, 1917

mountain must soon have crushed out the surplus population from their tiny homes. Communication, difficult from valley to valley by land, on account of the mountain spurs on all sides except the sea, came to be carried on by sea, and the Greek became typically a trader, tending to emigrate and found colonies on other shores.

The chief exports from Greece are, in order of value, currants, olives, and tobacco, but also include other agricultural products, such as figs, oranges, nuts, wheat, barley, rye, and maize.

Government

From the fifteenth century until 1830, Greece was a province of the Turkish Empire. In 1830 it was declared

a kingdom under guarantee of Great Britain, France, and Russia, and Otto of Bavaria was made king, but expelled in 1862. In 1863 George I was elected, and assassinated in 1913. He was succeeded by Constantine, his son, who reigned until 1917. Alexandros succeeded his father, but died in 1920. At the moment of writing (December 1920), Constantine has returned. By the old constitution, adopted in 1864, the whole legislative power was vested in a single chamber, called the *Bulé*, consisting of 184 members, elected by manhood suffrage, on the proportional system, for four years.

In 1911 the constitution was modified, and a Council of State instituted in place of a second chamber, its functions being to examine "Projets de Loi", and the annulling of official decisions and acts which may be contrary to law. The Constitution is to be further revised and the prerogatives of the king more clearly defined.

The *Bulé* must meet for not less than three months annually, and no sitting is valid unless at least a third of the members are present, and no bill may pass into law without an absolute majority. Every measure must be discussed and voted once in principle, and twice article by article, on three separate days. Deputies are paid, and the number of Deputies, including those for new territories, is 316.

Religion

The majority of the population belong to the Greek Orthodox Church, which is the State religion, but by the terms of the Constitution of 1864, complete toleration is guaranteed to all other sects.

The Orthodox Church is governed by the Holy Synod, consisting of the Metropolitan of Athens and four archbishops and bishops.

Education

Attendance at the primary schools (State aided) is nominally compulsory, from 6 to 12 years of age, but the law is not well enforced. There are also secondary schools, a few agricultural and commercial schools, a trade and industrial academy, and two universities. The two universities are at Athens, the one known as the National University, the other the Capodestria. Many of the students are from other countries. Under the Ministry of Education is the "Service of Antiquities", which is managed by a council, and is responsible for the conservation of the ancient monuments of all periods.

BULGARIA

Position and Frontiers

Bulgaria stretches from about 41° N. to 44° N., and from about 23° E. to 28° E., and has an area of approximately 48,000 square miles. It is bounded by the Black Sea in the east, the Danube in the north, while in the south and west the frontier follows the heights of the little-known Rhodope Mountains, and, crossing the Lower

Struma so as to include its difficult upper course, follows the western watershed as far as Sofia, and then the north-western curve of the Balkans to the Danube. The boundaries thus follow roughly the main physical features, but, unfortunately, the relief is sufficiently intricate in detail, and the settlements of Serbs, Greeks, and Bulgars are sufficiently indiscriminate, for the western and southern frontiers to have been generally in open or secret dispute

between the three countries. Bulgaria has always shown a tendency to push the frontier westwards at the expense of Serbia, and has long coveted direct access to the Ægean and the rich plains along it, especially in the Mesta and Maritza regions. The territory gained in the south in 1913 has, by the Treaty of Neuilly, 1919, been forfeited, and falls to Greece.

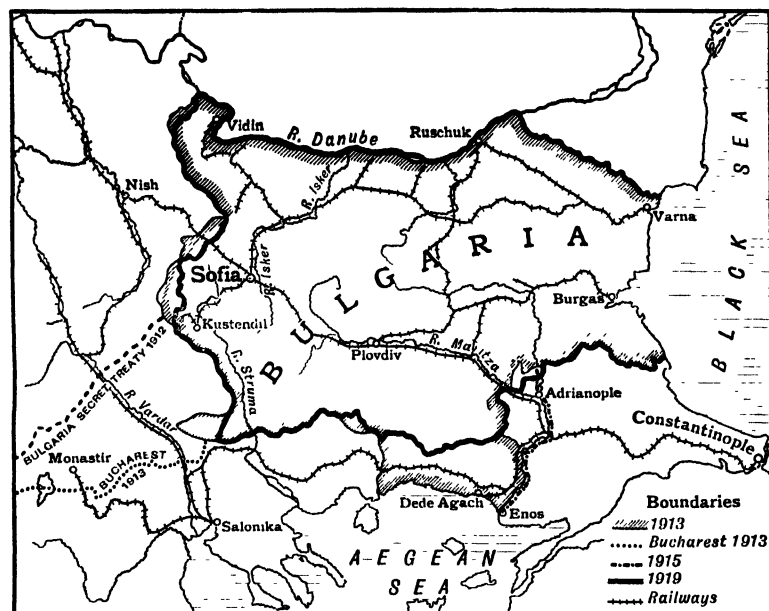
Population

The population of Bulgaria before the war was estimated as about four and a quarter million, the Bulgarians forming 75 per cent of the population, but there is also a

The Balkans, which continue the mountain arc of the Carpathians, are rounded hills, well forested, with large areas of pasture. They separate the plain region of Mediterranean drainage to the south, from the plateau region, with Danubian drainage, to the north. Westward they are crushed up against the old plateau core of the peninsula, with its mountain-basins of Samakov and Sofia in the Isker valley, and Radomir and Kustendil in the Struma valley. The Isker, Struma, and the Maritza, all rise in the characteristic mountain nodes of the peninsular core—Muss-Alla and Vitosh—while the Rhodope extend the highland region to the south-east, and separate the plain of Roumelia from the Ægean.

The climate of the mountain region is more equable than the plateau and less equable than the plain, the temperature seldom exceeding 86° F., or falling below 0° F.; but the vegetation in the northern basins is Sub-Alpine, while in the southern, especially in the Kustendil basin, it is distinctly richer.

The Roumelian plain, protected by the Balkans in the north, is warmer, and though separated from the Ægean by the Rhodope, has more or less Mediterranean vegetation, roses and tobacco being special crops. It is drained by the Maritza and its important tributary, the Tunja, the two streams uniting at Adrianople across the frontier, and swinging round the spurs of the mountains into the Ægean. The plain is continued eastward to the Black Sea, where the port of Bugas has been much



certain percentage of Turks, Gipsies, Roumanians, and Greeks. Sofia, the capital, is the only city with a population of over 100,000, while the population of the other principal towns is under 50,000 in every case.

Climate and Relief

Bulgaria includes three distinct areas—plateau, plain, and mountain basin. The plateau in the north (c. 200 miles × 60), lies parallel with the Danube, rising south to the Balkan Mountains, and falls eastward to the inhospitable water frontier of the Black Sea, where the sea coast is dangerous and stormy. The climate of this exposed plateau is essentially continental, being subject to extremes, both seasonal and diurnal, and the changes of temperature are very sudden; the greatest extremes and the most sudden changes are in winter, when - 24° F. may be registered. The natural vegetation is mainly of a steppe character, and the summer rains allow large quantities of grain to be grown, especially wheat for export, and maize for home consumption.

developed as the natural outlet of the region in Bulgar territory, as Varna is of the plateau to the north.

Agriculture

About five-sevenths of the population is engaged in agriculture, and over seven million acres were under cultivation in 1917. Land is held absolutely freehold by the owners, the majority of whom are small proprietors, holding from one to six acres. Agriculture had been greatly hampered by the insecurity under Turkish rule, the ignorance of the cultivators, want of capital, of communication; but co-operation and education have largely revolutionized the industry, and the Government has made successful efforts to concentrate all the trade of the country on their own seaports of Varna and Burgas. The cereal crops are the most important, large quantities of wheat, barley, rye, and maize being produced, especially on the Danubian plateau. In the Tunja valley, nearly 200 villages are devoted to the work of rose-growing, cultivating, before the war, more than 15,000 acres of

roses. Fruit grows in abundance, especially in the Kustendil district, while the production of tobacco is also important.

Large numbers of sheep (over 8 million before the war), goats, cattle (over 1 million), and some pigs were kept in the extensive pasture lands.

Mineral Resources

The mineral resources, which belong by law to the State, have not been developed to any great extent.

The coal-mines at Pernik, worked by the Government, with an output of about 61,000 tons a year, were for some time the only worked deposits. Coal of good quality has now been found in the Balkans near Trevna, and several concessions have been granted.

Quarrying is important, over 1,000,000 cubic metres being quarried annually. Iron is also found, while deposits of gold, silver, manganese, and copper, are also known to exist.

Oil shale was first discovered in 1909, and is being developed west of Vratza and Sofia.

Industries

The industries of Bulgaria are typically agricultural or pastoral. There are numerous distilleries and flour-mills in the grain areas, saw-mills on the Rhodope and Balkan torrents, and tanneries, e.g. at Plevna and Shumla, between the forest and steppe; but even yet the country is essentially non-industrial, one result of this being the entire absence of large towns. Tobacco is manufactured, especially at Philippopolis and Rustchuk. Most of the stills for the making of the famous attar of roses are concentrated at Karlovo and Kazanlik. Cotton is spun and woven at Varna, and weaving is carried on at Shiven, Samokov, and Karlova. Carpets have been woven in Bulgaria for nearly 150 years, and the Government have encouraged this industry in many ways. Large factories have been established at Panaguerishite Elenalte, and smaller factories at Ralimanli and Karlovo. Cotton yarns for the warp are imported from America, but the supply of wool is chiefly local, and in the future it is proposed to use the silk from the Maritza valley.

Commerce

In normal times the exports of Bulgaria are chiefly cereals—wheat and maize—live stock, silk cocoons, hides, skins, fruit, attar of roses, and tobacco. Owing to the war and the exhaustion of the country, no cereals have been exported of late; indeed, flour has been imported to supply the needs of the urban population.

The chief imports include textiles, metals, cattle, machinery, implements, &c. Before the war trade was more especially with Austria-Hungary, Germany, and the United Kingdom, and followed the three main routes—by the Black Sea from Varna and Burgas, the Danube, from Rustchuk, Vidin, &c., or the overland railroad north to Central Europe, or south to Constan-

tinople. Though the mountains are barriers, communication between the different units of Bulgaria is not very difficult. From Sofia, on the main east-and west rail route, there is direct communication via the Isker valley between the west and the northern plateau to the lower Danube; while the Shipka pass in the Central Balkans connects the Roumelian plain and the plateau. The railways are fairly well developed in Bulgaria, and several new lines have been laid since 1914. It is hoped that trade north of the Danube may be brought direct to the Ægean by lines to Porto Lagos and Kavala, but these lines have not, up to the present, been started.

Government

Bulgaria remained under Turkish rule until 1908, when her independence was declared and Prince Ferdinand assumed the title of "King of the Bulgarians". In 1912, Bulgaria, in alliance with Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro, declared war on Turkey, and by the Treaty of London, May, 1913, Turkey ceded much territory to the Allies. In June, 1913, war broke out again between the former allies, owing to disagreements as to the division of the ceded territories; but in August, 1913, peace was made and the Treaty of Bucharest agreed upon between Bulgaria on the one side, and Roumania, Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro on the other. During the war of 1914-18, Bulgaria joined the Central Powers, and by the Peace Treaty of 1919 forfeited territory to Greece and Serbia.

By the Constitution adopted 1879, and amended 1911, the executive power of the Government is vested in a council of eight ministers, nominated by the king; but the legislative authority belongs to the Sobranje or National Assembly. The members of the Sobranje are elected by universal manhood suffrage on the proportional system, and are paid. The duration of the assembly is for four years, but it can be dissolved by the king, when new elections must take place within two months. The laws passed require the king's assent. A grand Sobranje, elected for the special purpose in a similar way to that in which the ordinary Sobranje is elected, but with double the numbers, must be summoned when a question of territories, the appointment of a regent, changes in the constitution, &c., arises.

Religion

The mass of the population belongs to the Greek Orthodox Church, which, however, is governed within the kingdom by a Synod of Bishops. There are numbers of Mohammedans, more especially in the north and east, and also Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants.

Education

Education is free and nominally compulsory from eight to twelve years of age. The Government makes a yearly grant, and there are elementary and secondary schools, and one university at Sofia.

ROUMANIA

Area

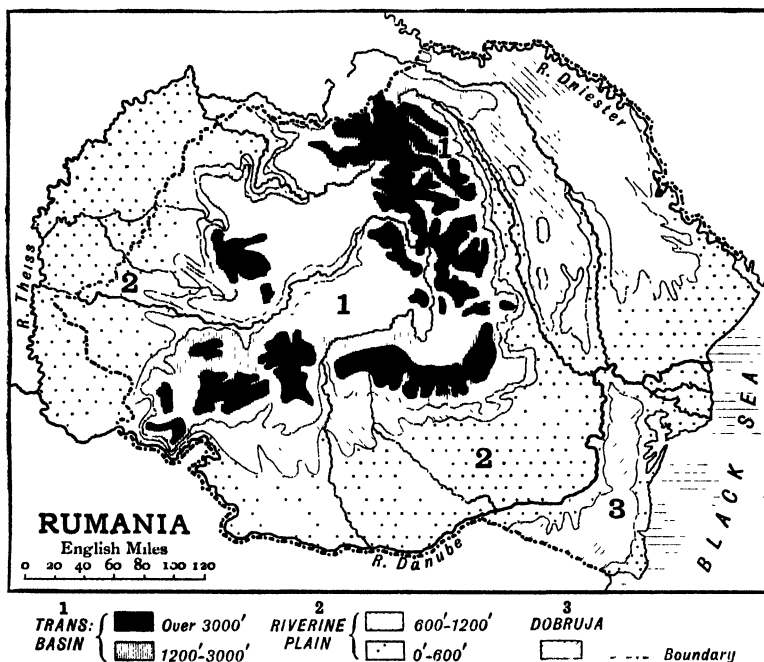
The Territory of Roumania—between 21° E. and 30° E., and about 44° N. and 49° N.—is now greater in extent than any other Balkan State. In 1914 the area was approximately 52,000 sq. miles, but by the Peace Treaty of 1919 the frontiers have been pushed west, to include the long-coveted Transylvanian region, north to include the Bukovina, and east to the Dniester to include Bessar-

Relief

Roumania may be divided into three distinct regions: (1) the mountain girt basin of Transylvania encircled by (2) the riverine plains of the tributaries of the Danube, and across the Danube in the south-east; (3) the plateau steppe of the Dobruja.

The essential core of the area is the Transylvanian basin, which forms an elevated region surrounded on all

sides by mountains rising to heights of from 2000 to 8000 feet. From the Pietros node (7560 feet) in the north to the Upper Olt (Aluta) valley in the south, stretch the Carpathians with forested slopes of oak, beech, and elm, giving place to coniferous trees at the higher altitudes, while in the intermont valleys are fertile stretches. Flanking the Carpathians in the west are a number of groups of volcanic origin. In the eastern ridges rise the long affluents of the Danube, the Maros, Szamos, and flowing westward through the basin to the Theiss form embayments into the highland and riverine plains in their courses. To the south the Carpathian ranges are continued by the Transylvanian Alps to the Iron Gates of the Danube. The Alps form a series of flat-topped ridges and dissected uplands, used especially as pasture grounds, rising to over 8000 feet in the



abia. By the acquisition of these regions, making the total area up to 120,000 sq. miles, the pre-war population of seven and a half million has been increased to between twelve and thirteen millions, making the Roumanians the most numerous race in Central Europe south of the great racial blocks of Germans, Poles, and Russians. Not only are they the most numerous people, but the racial unity within the country is as marked as the disunity in all the other Balkan States. Ninety per cent of the population before the war was essentially Roumanian, and belonged to the Greek Orthodox Church. There are Magyars in Moldavia, scattered groups of Serbian and Bulgarian origin along the Danube, groups of German origin in Transylvania, wandering gipsy bands everywhere; but only in the Dobruja is the foreign element strong. There we find larger settlements of Turks, Bulgars, Germans, and Russians than in any other part of the country.

peak of Negoi, and falling in forested slopes to the basin in the north, and more gradually through foot-hills to the Walachian plain in the south. In the west the Behar mass-if completes the natural ramparts of the basin, but the actual frontier, on the racial basis, is carried to include the rich agricultural lands of the Banat of Temesvar, &c. Though the mountains form the natural boundaries of the basin, they do not make the area in any way inaccessible. There are numerous passes, the most famous of which are the Red Tower Pass, where the Olt River has furrowed its way through the southern mountains, and the Predeal Pass, formed by the gorge of the Prahova and guarded by Kronstadt.

The riverine lands east and south of the mountains form, geographically, a tongue of the great Russian plain. Consisting politically of Walachia, the more hilly Moldavia, and now Bessarabia, the plain is flanked on the north by the mountains with their forests, pastures, and

mineral wealth, and on the south by the great highway and natural frontier of the Danube. The Danube itself is a stream half a mile or more in width, fairly deep, and constantly splitting into channels, and forming ox-bow lakes, and making a broad belt of marshy flood-plain varying in width from three to six miles. The river is not crossed by a single bridge in the 500 miles between Belgrade and Cernavoda. Linking the basin and the Danube are the great tributaries of the Pruth, Sereth, Olt, &c. To the north of the Dobruja is the flat, marshy delta of the Danube.

The Dobruja, lying between the Danube and the Black Sea, is open steppe, covering the remnants of a much-dissected plateau.

Resources

The resources of Roumania are especially agricultural, pastoral, and mineral. The plains of the former Roumanian kingdom formed one of the great grain-growing areas of the world, producing, before the war, 13½ million tons of grain from nearly 25 million acres of cultivated land. By the acquisition of the new territories, the arable land has been increased by 50 per cent, and the forest area by 150 per cent. The grain-growing area is especially in Walachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia, the crops of wheat and maize being the heaviest in Europe, and forming the chief item in the export trade of Roumania. Though the amount of arable land in Transylvania is relatively small, the growing of flax and fruit is important, while the Karlsburg district is famous for its vineyards. Excellent cattle and horses are reared both in the magnificent pastures of Transylvania and the natural grasslands of Bessarabia; pigs are more important among the forests of the southern slopes. [Fishing was also carried on along the rivers of the plain, and large quantities were exported.] The acquisition of Bessarabia should increase the annual value by 50 per cent.

Second to the agricultural are the forest resources. More than one-half of the total forest area is in Transylvania, and it has been estimated that, if the forests were systematically exploited, the annual output would amount to 4½ million tons, of which at least 1 million tons could be exported.

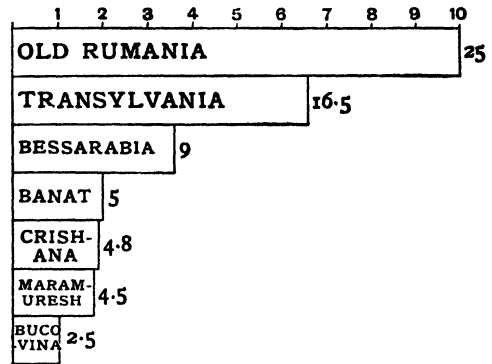
The mineral resources of Roumania consist mainly of oil, salt, and coal, but also include deposits of iron, gold, graphite, &c. The oil zone extends over the whole anticline of the Carpathian foot-hills; the wells are easily bored, 400 yards being an exceptional depth. The average annual value for the five years before the war was about £2,000,000. More than half was raised in the Prahova district along the Ploesti-Predeal railway; but large quantities were also produced round Dambovitza and Buzen.

Many of the salt-mines adjoin the oil-fields, and are scattered over the 200 square miles from the Bukovina to west of the Oltenie. This production is concentrated, however, at Ocna, in the Bakan district, with an annual output before the war of 28,000 tons; at Ocule Mari, in the Valcea district, with an annual output of 26,000 tons; and at the Slanic mines, with an annual output of 90,000 tons. Owing to the lack of organization, the export of salt is quite disproportionate to the actual production.

Coal is chiefly found in the Lower Carpathians, but

was little mined before the war, most of the coal used in the country being imported from England, Germany, and Turkey. Anthracite is found near Gori. Deposits of lignite occur at Moldavi and Mutene, but there are other deposits which have not yet been exploited, though concessions are being granted.

The iron and copper deposits of the Olt basin were worked by the Romans, but are not of much value in modern times owing to the low percentage of copper. Copper has been found in the Dobruja. Gold is found



Distribution of Arable Land in Roumania, in millions of acres

in the beds of the rivers rising in the Carpathians, but is not of much commercial importance. In the mountainous area there are quantities of granite, limestone, sand, gravel, china clay, and gypsum; but with the exception of the granite and the marble of the Dobruja, these resources have not been exploited.

Commerce

The commercial position of Roumania is exceptionally good. The sea coast includes the best channels of the Danube delta, and the old Genoese port of Kustenje, which is seldom ice-bound in winter, and is linked by the Cernovada bridge across the Danube, thus giving constant access to open water in winter for the river ports of the interior. By rail there is very easy access across the Pruth via both Jassy and Galatz, while the Iron Gates of Orsova and the Tomos and Red Tower (Roteturm) Passes give relatively easy access north-west; the wide belt of riverine swamps, which has such a strategic importance, forced the main line of rail northward on to the edge of the loess terrace, where the fertility of the loess and the central site make it of maximum utility. Eight railways approach the Danube from the Roumanian side, six from the Bulgarian. It forms the main through route of the region, and natural outlet to the Black Sea for the rich lands of the interior as well as for Roumania. Along the river but away from the actual banks are the river ports of Vedina, Giurgevo, &c., Braila and Galatz at the head of the delta region. But though both Galatz and Braila are large ports, neither is as important as the swamp-girt Sulina at the mouth of the river. Within the last twenty years great improvements have been made to the harbour, while the International Authority guarantees absolute equality of treatment to all vessels. In 1913,

more than half the shipments of grain from the Danube were dealt with at Sulina.

The war affected Roumania seriously. Owing to the chaotic state of the communications, and the damage to the Cernavoda Bridge, Kustenje (Constanza) is practically closed at present. Considerable congestion of traffic is reported at Biala and Galatz, while Sulina is almost a closed port owing to the prohibition of grain exports. As already stated, whereas before the war the cereal production was great, forming the most important item in the export trade, the production was enormously decreased by 1918. The wheat production was most seriously affected. The peasants live almost wholly on maize, and as the transport was limited and uncertain, it did not pay to grow a surplus of wheat. Under normal conditions the exports of Roumania will probably remain grain, timber products, and oil and oil products. The imports required are agricultural implements, industrial machinery, rolling stock, textile goods, clothing, and coal.

Government

Roumania declared its independence of Turkey in 1877.

The Constitution was adopted in 1866, but modified in 1879 and 1884. There are two houses. The Senate consists of 120 members, elected for eight years. The Chamber of deputies consists of 183 members, elected for four years. Members of either house must be Roumanians by birth or naturalization.

Religion

The members of the Greek Orthodox Church are in the majority, but there are also certain numbers of Roman Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and Mohammedans. The Orthodox Church is governed by two archbishops, and its clergy are recognized and paid by the State.

Education

Education is free and compulsory where there are schools, and the system is being much improved. There are a certain number of elementary and secondary schools, and two universities, one at Jassy and another at Buckarest.

POLAND

Position and Frontiers

The newly constituted kingdom of Poland lies approximately between lat. 49° N. and 55° N., and between long. 16° E. and 24° E. It spans the great North European Plain from the Baltic seaboard to the Carpathian Mountains, and is essentially a transition area, whether considered physically, climatically, historically, or from the ethnic point of view, between the smaller German plain in the west and the vaster Russian extension in the east. In the south, the frontier follows the crests of the Carpathians, so as to include most of the former Austrian province of Galicia; to the east, more than half the frontier is marked by the Upper Bug and Niemen (Meinel) rivers; north is the Baltic. In the west the frontier is more arbitrary. From the Carpathians the boundary follows the water-parting between the Oder and Warthe, crosses the Warthe (between Landsberg and Posen), and then curves north-east across the plain to the coast, a little west of Danzig.

Population

In spite of repeated attempts on the part of Germany to Germanize on the west and south, and the success of the "peaceful penetration" in the north and in Silesia, the Poles have resisted assimilation, and remain the preponderating mass of the population in the Vistula basin, and a race block between German west and Russian east.

Relief

Poland may be divided into five distinct areas. (1) The *mountain* area of the south consists of the forested spurs

of the Northern Carpathians, which culminate in the Tatra massif, but fall to lower heights east and west, and



- | | | | |
|---------------|-----------|------------------|--|
| 1. HIGHLANDS | Over 3000 | 4. N. PLATEAU | |
| | 1200-3000 | 5. COAST | |
| 2. S. PLATEAU | 600-1200 | ----- Boundaries | |
| 3. PLAIN | 0-600 | P = Płyskie Area | |

slope gradually north to the plateau. Though functioning as a natural frontier line, the mountains do not in any

way form an impassable barrier between Poland and Czechoslovakia. There is easy communication across the mountains by way of the passes, chiefly formed by the gorges cut by the rivers, which drain north to the Baltic or south to the Danube and Black Sea.

The Pleshiscite area of Teschen commands the northern entrance through the famous Moravian Gate in the west, where the Oder breaks through to the north. The Vistula rises almost due north of the Jablunka Pass in the Beskids, leading to the Waag valley in the south. The gorge of the Poprad links the Hernad and Sandec regions, while in the east are the better-known Lufhof and Vereezke Passes leading to the Theiss valley.

The mountain area falls through forested slopes and upland pastures to the (2) southern plateau, averaging about 900 feet, and cut by numerous river gorges, which make the country exceedingly rough and difficult, especially to the east. The Vistula, flowing in a relatively wide valley, bisects the plateau, which is important for the minerals in the south, industrial development in the north, as well as agriculture, and such natural foci as Cracow, Przemyśl, and Lemberg.

(3) The basin of the Middle Vistula, with its fertile soil and good communication by land and water, was the cradle of the Poles, and constitutes the third division. It forms a low undulating wooded plain, from 300-400 feet above the sea, rising northward to the lake-dotted Baltic plateau. Across the plain the rivers meander, and are subject to terrific floods, caused by ice blocking their lower courses, or by heavy rains on the Carpathians, or by both. The whole lowland has been, in geologically recent times, a vast glacial lake or series of lakes; and it is to this it owes both its complicated river system and the fertility of its soil, which is largely composed of the silt deposited in the old lakes. It forms the great grain-producing area of Poland, with an industrial development based more strictly on the agricultural produce.

The (4) Northern Uplands, separating the Central Plain from the coastal belt, rise to 700 feet in broad rounded hills, with wide tracts of sand, marshes, peat-bogs, ponds, and numerous lakes, drained by slow-flowing rivers between thinly forested slopes to the Baltic. It is a Plebiscite area.

(5) The Baltic seaboard is divided by the valleys of the Niemen, Pregel, and Lower Vistula. The coast is shallow, sandy, with great "bluffs", or lagoons, and constantly frozen in winter. Danzig, the natural outlet of the plain, is a free and independent port.

The Vistula links all five physical divisions, reaching the sea at Danzig, which, though a free and independent port, is the natural outlet northward for the whole of the Polish plain.

Climature

Climatically Poland forms a transition area between the more oceanic climate of Western Europe and the continental climate of Eastern Europe. Generally speaking, the range of temperature increases and the rainfall decreases eastward.

The Central Plain, however, is warmer and drier than the higher regions north and south. There is also a contrast between the north and south. Whereas to the north, near the Baltic, the oceanic climate penetrates

farthest to the east, in the south the continental climate penetrates as far as the edge of the Podolian plateau. The climate in the southern mountains is severe not only owing to the altitude, but also to the fact that the north-eastward slope exposes the country to the full force of the north and north-east winds, while the mountains block the wet winds from south-west. The mean annual temperature falls as low as 43° F.

Agriculture

It is estimated that 85 per cent of Poland is productive. Poland has been primarily an agricultural country, supplying its own needs, and exporting quantities of grain and dairy produce to Germany. Though the area has been devastated during the war, so that food-supplies are being imported, under normal conditions sufficient quantities of wheat, rye, oats, clover and other grasses, potatoes, and beet are produced to admit of a surplus for export. Agriculture is most highly developed in the Central Plain, especially in the Warthe valley, i.e. Poznań; but is also important on the southern plateau. Beet and wheat are grown on the broad uplands of the Podolian plateau, and tobacco is grown on the loess soil near Lemberg.

Before the war large numbers of horses, cattle, and sheep were reared, but the Germans requisitioned most of the available stock.

The forest resources, particularly valuable in the south, cannot be computed until the verdict in the Plebiscite areas is known.

Mineral Resources

The economic value of the plain is especially agricultural, but the economic value of the southern plateau is essentially mineral. The mineral resources include deposits of coal, iron ore, oil, zinc, lead, salt, &c. There is coal in the Dombrova district, which is in reality an extension of the Upper Silesian coal basin. But owing to the present state of the mines, Poland will depend mainly on the Upper Silesian field for coal-supplies. The issue of the plebiscite in Teschen is vital, as it is the only place where coal for coking purposes can be obtained.

Tin, lead, and copper deposits occur in the Kielce district; potash salts near Kalush. Oil is found parallel with the axis of the Carpathian arc almost all the way from Kolomea (now in the Ukraine) to Jasło in Poland. As Galicia produced about 5 per cent of the total petroleum output of the world before the war, it is possible large quantities may again be exported when the internal government is stabilized.

Zinc is found on the Silesian frontier near Cracow, the area supplying 40 per cent of the total pre-war output of Austria.

The richest salt-beds are at Wieliczka and Bochnia, the workings of the former are centuries old and now carried on in a subterranean town 1000 feet below the surface.

Industries

The Polish industries have been at a standstill since 1914. In normal times, however, the combination

mineral and agricultural wealth has resulted in a dense population, especially at the most accessible points between southern highland and central plain.

There are three main groups of industrial centres.

1. Along the south plateau edge, i.e. at Dombrova and Chencstochowa on the Polish extension of the Silesian coal-field, from Cracow eastwards to Wieliczka and Bochnia.

2. Along the northern edge of the plateau, from Kalisz to Lodz, Kielce and Lublin. Lodz, between Silesian sheep-farms and the Polish flax-field and importing cotton by the Vistula, has specialized in textiles, the manufacture of cotton goods being most important. In 1820 it had a population of 720, it is now over half a million.

3. Along the plain are the agricultural centres with numerous distilleries, sugar refineries (Plock), and tanneries (Radom). All the industries of Poland are represented at Warsaw, half-way between Cracow and Danzig. Its central position in Poland and its advanced position with regard to Russia, coupled with its immense advantages for rail and river traffic, have made it not only the natural political and commercial capital of Poland, but also the chief centre for the distribution of Western European goods over the whole of Russia. With easy access to the minerals of Piotrkow and Kielce, it has developed a very important hardware industry, especially in transport materials; but its most typical industry is in boots and shoes. It controls a sugar industry very nearly equal to that of both Lublin and Plock put together; it shares with Kalisz an important lace and embroidery trade, and, like Radom and many other centres in the chief potato-growing areas, it has enormous distilleries.

Commerce

The absence of good strategic frontiers east and west, i.e. at the points of greatest danger, has been repeatedly a disastrous disadvantage to Poland in her two-fold military capacity of (1) buffer between Slav and Teuton and (2) frontier guard of Europe against Asiatic invaders. But the trade relations of the area in peace are exceptionally good. During the nineteenth century, under the "Partition System", the commercial development has been hampered or deliberately checked by the political ambitions of the three Powers. The war has exhausted the country, but in the future there is no reason to doubt that Poland will become again, not only an important industrial area, but also the great collecting and distributing point, for the interchange of the manufactured goods of the West and the raw products of the East, the produce of the Mediterranean south and the Baltic north.

Exports and Imports

Before the war the chief exports were (a) manufactured goods, machinery, woollen and cotton goods, alcoholic beverages to Prussia; and (b) grain and farm produce to Germany.

The imports were mainly: (a) such manufactured goods as cutlery, tools, and agricultural machinery; and (b) raw materials, viz. raw wool, cotton, and jute.

Government

Poland was an independent State until the end of the eighteenth century, when the first of the famous "Partition Treaties" was made, by which, in the nineteenth century, Poland was divided between Prussia, Russia, and Austria. In 1914 the country was invaded and occupied by Austro-German forces. In 1916 the German and Austrian Emperors issued a joint manifesto proclaiming the independence of Poland. In the same year a Provisional Council of State was summoned, but did not exist long.

The final independence of Poland was not proclaimed until 1918, when General Pilsudski returned to Poland, assumed supreme power, and convoked the Constituent Assembly. The independence was officially recognized by the Treaty of Versailles in 1919.

The constitution of the Polish Republic has not yet been drafted, but the government is to be in the hands of a (1) President, elected for seven years, who is supreme commander of the army, with the right to convene, open, prorogue and close, or dissolve the Sejm or Parliament, which is elected by universal suffrage. There is also a "Council of the Guardians of the Law", composed of sixty guardians, thirty of whom are elected by the Sejm, and thirty appointed by the President. It works with the President, and only has the right of veto.

Local government has not yet been organized.

Religion

There is no established church in Poland; but though all religions are tolerated, the mass of the population is Roman Catholic. There are a certain number of Greek Catholics, Protestants, and members of the Greek Orthodox Church, and two or three million Jews.

Education

The educational system of Poland has not yet been reorganized. There are elementary and secondary schools and five universities, e.g. at Cracow, Warsaw, Lemberg, Posen, and Vilno. The unity of the Poles as a race is largely due to the educational reforms undertaken in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

DANZIG

Position

Danzig, at the mouth of the Vistula, was one of the most famous of the old Hanse Towns. As a port for the export of the grain and other produce of Poland and the neighbouring grain-growing districts of Russia, it has long been of very great importance, and by Article 102 of the Treaty of Versailles, the town and the surrounding territory was set up as a Free City under the League of Nations, which also appoints a High Commissioner.

Area and Population

The area of the Free City of Danzig is 579 square miles, and the territory is surrounded on all sides by Poland.

The population of the territory is estimated at a little over 200,000. The relations between the Free City of Danzig and the Republic of Poland are to be regulated by a treaty approved by the League of Nations.

Government

The constitution arranges for a legislative body of 90 members, to be chosen by universal suffrage, on the basis of proportional representation. Pending the election of the legislative body, the affairs of the city are managed by the High Commissioner, Sir Reginald Tower, with the aid of a State Council of three members whom he has appointed.

OLD RUSSIAN LANDS

Eastern Europe differs in many ways from Western, for it is simply one huge lowland, with an extremely Continental climate. Size and uniformity carried to the point of a paralysing monotony are the characteristic "controls" of the area.

Access to the outside world has always been relatively difficult, not only on account of the distance of the area from the Atlantic commercially, but also because the various pockets of the Atlantic that touch the area are climatically difficult, being ice-bound for some months every year. They are also troublesome strategically, for their entrances are narrow and commanded by foreign countries, so that they are easily seized or blocked in time of war. Fully 3,000,000 sq. miles of Russian territory has no natural access to the Atlantic except via the Bosphorus.

The *White* Sea has the best entrance, but is the farthest north, and the high latitude and the great exposure to polar winds contrive to keep it ice-bound for at least six months. The only compensation is that the low relief guarantees excellent navigation on the Dvina in the other six months, thus tapping even the grain and butter of Siberia.

The *Baltic* is much better situated so far as commercial and climatic access to the Atlantic is concerned, and some ports, especially Windau and Libau, are often free from ice during the whole winter. Indeed, this is why Windau has become the special *butter* port for Siberian butter, exporting fully 50 per cent of the whole output. But the most important harbours are not only not exposed, like Windau, to the full influence of the warmer south-west winds, but are not even on the Baltic itself, but tucked away in gulfs inside the Baltic, e.g. the gulfs of Riga and Finland, and are therefore still more easily frozen. In spite of this Petrograd was so important politically that it became the great outlet of the area; but, as the Neva is shallow and shoaly, a ship-canal was cut to the outport of Kronstadt. Riga is, of course, also a river harbour.

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The *Caspian* Sea has been increasing greatly in economic importance in recent years owing to the spread of railways in the Ural-Caspian basin and the large production of cotton in Ferghana; but, of course, it is entirely land-locked, and hampered by climate. Its two ports of Baku and Astrakhan are widely unlike in character, the former having entirely local importance in connection with the Caucasus oilfields, while the other commands the whole trade of the Volga with Central Russia.

The *Black* Sea, therefore, is much the most important outlet from Russia, and there can be no doubt that Russian development was greatly hampered by her not possessing control of the Bosphorus. All things considered, Odessa is the most important harbour on the sea, but it is *not* the chief wheat port, not even one of the chief three—Rostov, Kherson, and Nikolaiev. It bears somewhat the same relation to the oil port of Batum as Astrakhan does to Baku.

Relief conditions are very favourable to river transport, and the sledge in winter is almost as useful as the boat in summer. Of course, railways are equally favoured, but are very backward. The absence of great physical obstacles to expansion accounts alike for the ease with which Russia conquered Silesia, and the rapidity with which climatic conditions are distributed over the whole huge plains, giving almost a certain "unity" of climate from north to south and east to west.

Climate ought normally to be varied, because the country extends over 2000 miles of latitude, but it is so far from the Atlantic, and so flat, that it is everywhere very dry, with consequent extremes of temperature. Very little of the area is above freezing-point in winter, and spring and autumn are very short. Outdoor work is, therefore, almost impossible in winter, and there is a correspondingly severe rush of work in summer.

There are five great vegetation belts from north to south, the practically useless tundra, the valuable belts of coniferous and deciduous forest, the even more valu-

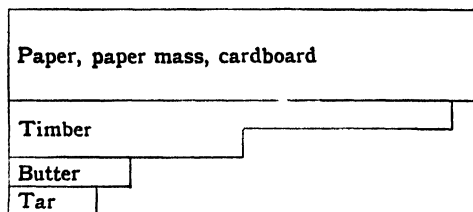
able belts of rich steppe and poor steppe. The rich steppe, besides being nearer to the deciduous forest, and having more rain than the poor steppe, has large areas of loess mixed with humus, making the black earth, on which enormous crops of wheat and maize can be grown. In the extreme south there is a tiny belt of "Mediterranean" climate—in the Crimea—where fruit is largely grown.

Present Conditions

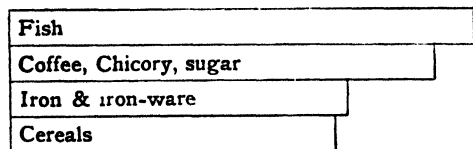
The political and economic conditions over the whole of this vast area, e.g. about half of Europe, are so hopelessly confused and unstable that it is impossible, and would be useless, to give a coherent statistical abstract of them. And it seems better just to try to indicate some important features and phenomena under different political labels.

FINLAND

Finland is a low plateau of very old rock, thickly sprinkled with lakes, which belongs to the tundra and coniferous forest belts of the area. The wealth of water, the nearness to the sea, the position on a definite cyclonic track of the south-western anti-trade winds, give it great advantages in climate, though temperatures are extremely low in winter. The mass of the area is forested, and in the clearings of the forest there are rich grasslands noted for dairy farming, for which the cleanliness of the people



Chief Exports, 1918



Chief Imports, 1918

makes them admirably suited. Water-power and the abundance of coniferous wood also are very favourable to pulp and paper industries. There is also a considerable quantity of good iron ore in the south; and in the south-west climatic and commercial access to the sea favours the textile industry.

The "paper" products comprise mechanical pulp and boards (150,000 tons), chemical pulp (250,000 tons), and paper (200,000 tons); and modern methods are promising great advances in the wood distillation industry. On the other hand, the export of butter is likely to decrease, owing to the increased consumption at home as the result of a higher standard of living.

The land is very thinly peopled, and only five per cent is under agriculture, oats being much the largest crop, followed by potatoes, while rye is scarcely half as important as oats, barley not half as important as rye, and wheat of no importance at all. Only oats are exported, and the only raw material (except wood) of any importance is iron.

There is a very serious excess of imports over exports, fully 50 per cent, but it is partly compensated by shipping services to foreigners. Most of the ships are sailing vessels, but this is almost an advantage in these days of dear coal, and the fleet totals 400,000 tons. Since the

NORWAY & SWEDEN 1.7

GERMANY 1

DENMARK .96

Imports

GERMANY .98

DENMARK .47

NORWAY & SWEDEN .26

Exports

beginning of this century, Russia's share in Finnish trade decreased, till, in 1907, Germany occupied the first place for imports, though far behind Russia and Britain for exports. Russia, of course, regained her supremacy during the war.

The independence of the country was declared in 1917, under a national parliament of one chamber, elected by all adults who have reached their twenty-fourth year. The total area is about 120,000 square miles (= British Isles), and the population is about 3,300,000, half a million of whom live in the towns, and almost all of whom are Lutherans. Educational ideals are very high, and will now have free play. The country contains almost no criminals, and only 3.4 per cent are paupers.

LITHUANIA

Lithuania also forms part of the coniferous forest belt, and is dotted with morainic lakes, but structurally it is not old plateau, but part of the young plain of north-central Europe. It includes the old Russian governments of Kovno, Vilna, Grodno, Minsk, &c. It is, in spite of the poorish glacial soil, essentially agricultural, and its climate is not unfavourable, especially in Kovno; but the agricultural development has been slow, the larger landowners being overwhelmed with debt, and often very incompetent, while the peasants have very primitive methods. The latter hold more than half the land, the State itself owning about 13 per cent; the average holding is about 45 acres. Part of the trouble is inherited from olden days, for the tariff policy of the Russian railways was adverse. All the usual cereals are cultivated, but the German occupation completely ruined many estates, and involved wholesale requisition of animals. Most of the land is under grass, and the high price of dairy products

flax greatly helped the peasants lately. The harvest this year (1920) gave over 1,000,000 tons of grain, of which 100,000 tons were available for export; and there was also a fair surplus of flax products (40,000 tons). The Germans also ruthlessly depleted the forests during their occupation, but they left a good deal of the felled timber in the country, and the northern half of the country escaped the worst damage. The most instructive forecast of the probable development may be based on the German official returns of the variety and quantity of things that they requisitioned *for export*, as shown in the diagram. The values are in the German mark of 1917. As these

Animal products: c. 145,000,000 marks
Cereals & potatoes
Timber
Fibres
Hay

figures do not include "confiscations", or "hampers for troops", or various other "demands", the wealth of the area must be considerable. The largest quantities were of potatoes and oats, and the animal products included 70,000,000 eggs. Exports at present are allowed only by licence, and the Government controls them so as to obtain credit for the import of necessities for agriculture and industry. The stocks of small animals, especially pigs, are already much improved, and Lithuania can export pigs, eggs, and geese; but horses and machinery are greatly lacking.

All large estates are being expropriated, which means both a weapon against Bolshevism and expropriation of Poles, who were the chief landowners.

ESTHONIA

Esthonia is Finnish by the descent of its people and by its speech, and has very little indeed in common with Germany and Germans; and part of its surface consists also of old plateau. It forms part of the coniferous forest belts, and elk still haunt its forests. But the people depend mainly on agriculture, and Reval was one of the great grain ports of Russia. The population in 1917 amounted to over 1,600,000, of whom 1,400,000 were pure Esthonian; and there are many Esthonians in Livonia.

Reval was founded by the Danes, but in later times has been—like the other harbours of the "Baltic Provinces"—the object of German machinations, and the land came entirely under the influence of German barons. The bases of economic life are two-fold—the importance of sea traffic and agriculture. Not 20 per cent is under forest, so that the area available for agriculture is unusually large for a "forest-belt", and there is a good deal of intensive agriculture. The people also show a typically "Russian" genius for co-operation, under which the production of butter and eggs has progressed very rapidly.

Reval, as an independent port, forms an excellent means of access to Northern Russia, and is sometimes free from ice all the winter through; and it has a special local basis

of traffic in the great belt of oil-shale which lies right across the north of the country, and the preliminary exploitation of which suggests a reserve of perhaps 40,000,000,000 tons. Of course, Riga will be a formidable rival, but now that both ports are independent of Russia, the rivalry will be *less* than it would otherwise have been, especially as Reval was never an important timber or flax port, though timber and flax were the only available exports at first after the end of the war. On the other hand, the country produces very large quantities of potatoes, which have been the basis of a great distilling industry—from the waste of which innumerable pigs were fattened. It is, however, the smallest of the new Republics.

LATVIA

Latvia, or Lettonia, comprises the old Kurland and Livonia, and suffered greatly during the war, especially along the Dvina valley from Dvinsk to Riga. Agriculturally, the Germans "bled it white", and they stole or destroyed nearly all the factory machinery, and destroyed the great rubber, wagon, and other workshops. As the local inhabitants were treated in the same spirit—partly in punishment of former hostility to the German barons of the territory—it is more or less true to say that the land contains no industries, no artisans, no buildings available for industries, only peasants; for the Bolsheviks completed with special reference to trade what the Germans had begun with special reference to industries. As the whole transport system was also reduced to chaos, and trains have only recently been running regularly between Riga and Libau, the prospect is not bright; and, of course, on all sides except to the sea there is a Customs Barrier.

Riga is not the Riga of pre-war times. Then it was a commercial and industrial centre of great importance, with a population of half a million—now reduced to less than 200,000—an export trade of nearly £20,000,000, and an import trade of over £4,000,000. To-day there are no raw materials nor capital or credit to purchase them, nor rolling-stock, &c. On the contrary, there are serious rivals for all such trade as is coming to the Baltic coast, and the deputies of the new assembly belong largely to the rural party, and favour agriculture as against industry and commerce. Its main hope is that it may become the meeting-place of the various representatives of a "Union of Baltic States" (Finland, Esthonia, Lettonia, Lithuania, and Poland).

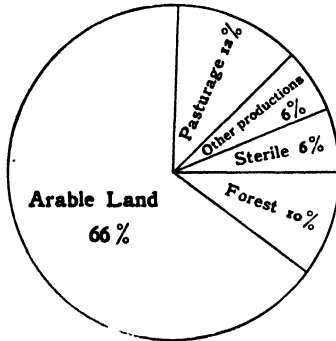
The soil is fertile, and there are large supplies of flax (and linseed) and timber, with which Latvia can begin her new life as an independent State.

UKRAINIA

Ukrainia corresponds roughly to the three old districts of "Little Russia", "the South-Western Territory", and most of "New Russia". That is to say, it occupies practically the whole of the south-western quadrant of pre-war Russia, from the Pripiet to the Black Sea, and from the source of the Dniester to the Don Cossack country. This comprises a total area larger than France,

indeed nearly one-tenth of the old European Russia, with a population of 30,000,000, i.e. over one-fifth of that of the old Russia. The mass of the population (75 per cent) consists of Little Russians; and the capital is Kiev.

This area includes, of course, a very large proportion of the fertile "black earth", and therefore the conditions greatly favour agriculture, the special crops being wheat and maize, sugar-beet, and tobacco. Wheat alone is produced to the amount of 4,000,000 tons, and the country includes the three ports of Odessa, Nikolaiev, and Rostov. The neighbourhood of the Donetz coal has led to the development of sugar-making and distilling on



a very large scale in Little Russia, especially in Kiev and Kharkov.

The Ukraine, however, also includes the most important iron-field in eastern Europe—in the western part of the Ekaterinoslav and the eastern part of the Kherson districts, i.e. within easy reach of fuel and sea transport. The great works were, of course, all nationalized, and very heavy loss has been incurred, but they have not been destroyed. Most of them managed to secure the raw materials necessary to carry on with, but need more coal. There seem to be about twenty metallurgical works now turning out cast iron and cast steel.

RUSSIA

Russia, stripped of all these outlying areas, remains still far the largest country in Europe, and retains essential parts of all its old geographic belts and geographic "controls". The great plain, with its lack of natural boundaries and barriers, made at once for democracy and for the need for a strong and centralized Government that favoured autocracy. And the huge distances—with the consequent "lack" of communication and of population—hindered the political and intellectual development even more than the autocratic government did. In economic development, too, the geographic conditions will force Russia for ages to remain primarily agricultural in spite of her huge mineral wealth, though minerals must play an important part in the recovery of the economic position in the first instance.

Even before the Bolshevik outburst, internal communications had quite broken down, and so the country had been converted into what were really a number of separate "governments". This, of course, greatly facilitated

the outburst, and the latter has increased the transport difficulties as well as produced complete industrial and agricultural chaos.

This basal difficulty of suspended transport makes it impossible to have an organized selling market, so that prices vary enormously from place to place; and at the same time Russia is isolated from all important world markets. It has lost the grain and sugar of the Ukraine, the coal of the Donetz, the oil of the Caucasus, the flax and timber of the Baltic Provinces, &c. It cannot produce all its necessary food, or its needed raw material; and its proportions of agricultural and industrial workers do not balance. Of course, the civil war and then the war with Poland were great drawbacks; but the fundamental difficulty is, and has been, the incompetence of the ignorant and unpractical bigots who are in control to carry out nationalization without stopping production. Most of the large industries have disappeared, e.g. of 7,000,000 spindles in 1913—inside what is still Russia—only 526,000 were running this year (1920).

With an area of nearly 1,000,000 sq. miles, and a population of at least 50,000,000, Russia has nothing now which she could export at once; and even if she had anything *more than 200 miles from the sea*, she could not export it! The official figures issued by the Soviet Government show that, comparing 1919 with 1913, the expenditure on railways had risen from 705,000,000 roubles to 7,300,000,000, and a profit of 470,000,000 roubles converted into a loss of 5,500,000,000; and even Petrograd is starving because food cannot reach it. And this country, which cannot now feed itself, used to produce 51 per cent of the rye, 33 per cent of the barley, 25 per cent of the oats, and 22 per cent of the wheat grown in the whole world. No doubt the people are starving; but only a person mentally defective can really believe that it is possible for an *external* blockade to *starve* a people who *could* and *did* produce this huge proportion of the world's bread stuffs—not to mention exporting eggs to the pre-war value of £8,000,000, and butter to that of £9,000,000.

The whole situation is epitomized in any one of the large interests—wheat, timber, flax, &c. For instance, the flax-growers are restricting cultivation simply to their own needs, so that nowhere is there any real surplus of flax—or hemp, or timber, or wheat; and such little quantities as there may be, cannot find transport. And, of course, the restricted output has led to terrific speculation and exorbitant prices. Further, as cotton production has entirely ceased for the time, the peasants have nothing else to use but flax; as there are no fertilizers, linseed is being used for manure; as petroleum costs R. 1200 per lb., linseed oil is being used more than ever; and so there will probably be a great lack of seed when sowing-time comes.

Centuries of climatic and political tyranny have reduced the Russian people almost to automata—utterly devoid of initiative and individuality, though with many virtues, including a perfect genius for co-operation and a perfectly admirable medium of local government in the *Mir*. But their many virtues make them the foredoomed victims of enterprising middlemen, especially the German Jews, who form nine-tenths of the supreme legislative and administrative body known as the Council of People's Commissioners.

SWEDEN

Area and Population

Sweden forms the eastern section and larger part of the Scandinavian Peninsula with an area of 173,000 sq. miles, and a total population of 5,800,000. There are only three cities with a population of over 100,000, while the majority are under 50,000. Stockholm, with a population of 408,000, is thrice as large as Goteborg, the next largest town, and nearly four times as large as Malmo.

Relief

From Lat. 60° N. to 69° N. the old plateau block of the west falls eastward in terraces to the Gulf of Bothnia, but south of Lat. 60° N. is the lake-studded and recently-formed peninsula of Svealand and Götland. The character and position of the main watershed (see Norway) account for the number and the volume of the Swedish rivers, while the slope of the plateau determines their general direction to the south-east. But as the plateau sinks in terraces, the course of the chief rivers is broken by at least three falls or sets of rapids, between which there is generally a stretch of quiet navigable river. There are sixty important rivers emptying into the Baltic between Tornea and Gefle. Numerous lakes occur in the upper courses, and are typically long and narrow on higher terraces, while the rivers flow normally in U-shaped glacier-cut valleys.

Though the characteristic "skerry guard" of the west coast is not entirely absent from the east, there are marked contrasts. The eastern islands are always low and often fertile enough to be well wooded. The Norwegian ones are always high and barren. The islands are larger to the south and form natural stepping-stones across the Baltic, between the great European plain of the east, and the marginal plain of the peninsula. The greatest contrast is in Scania, where the coast is a sand-dune region, necessitating artificial harbours. The low land area to the south may be compared with the Trondhjem-Christiania depression of Norway, but while the latter runs north and south, the Swedish low land is from east to west, with an eastern focus at Stockholm, and a western focus at Goteborg, with lake connection rather than river.

Climate

The climate of Sweden is not purely continental, though Baltic influences distinctly predominate. The Kiölen system is neither high enough nor broad enough to deprive northern Sweden entirely of Atlantic influences, but latitude is as important as relief. There is a steady latitudinal variation from north to south; the mean annual temperature at Haparanda is c. 32° F., at Umea c. 35° F., at Hernösand 33° F., and at Stockholm 42° F. The same conditions are reflected in the rainfall. The average annual fall is about 20 inches, the amount increasing towards the south and towards the west, the south-west having fully 35 inches (Göteborg).

The maximum comes in summer, but in the marine south-west, where it takes place in autumn, and where the minimum occurs in spring.

Agriculture

Sweden has always been an agricultural country, but whereas in the eighteenth century 90 per cent of the population was engaged in agriculture, the population is now about equally divided between agriculture on the one hand (54.2 per cent) and commerce and industry on the other (45.8 per cent). The agricultural area is in the fertile lowland of the south, c. 60 per cent of the total area of Scania being cultivated, as against 3 per cent in the extreme north, and 30 per cent in Central Svealand. Sugar-beet, fodder plants, potatoes, oats, and rye are produced in the largest quantities, the fodder plants being important for the cattle.

Forestry

Roughly 50 per cent of Sweden is under forest, as compared with 21 per cent in Norway. The moistness of the subsoil, and the absence of wind in the resting season, and the sufficiency of heat in the growing season, are favourable to tree growth. The best forest is found between 60° and 64° N., i.e. Upsala and Umea. The mass of the forest is coniferous, with pine and fir as the main stock and birch very common on the higher levels. Its exploitation is bound up with the question

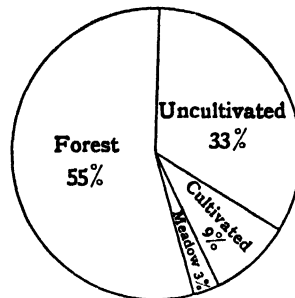


Diagram showing Distribution of Area under Cultivation, &c., in Sweden

of water-power, as nearly all the timber ports, e.g. Umea, Hernösand, Soderramn, and Gefle, are also engaged in manufacture of pulp and other by-products.

Production of Minerals in Sweden, 1918

	Tons
Iron ore	6,623,661
Coal	404,494
Sulphur pyrites	141,181
Zinc	48,507
Copper ore	21,408
Other ores	19,740

From earliest times mining has been important in Sweden, which was the biggest producer of iron in Europe until the use of coal was introduced for the manufacture of pig-iron. There are two main iron-fields,

the "Lapland" and the Central or Grangesberg; the richest mines of the former are concentrated in the Gellivara and Luossavara-Kiruna districts. Lulea is the special iron port of the north, but the Kiruna mines are situated very much nearer to the Norwegian coast (100 miles) with the result that the export is chiefly through Narvik. The Central iron-field is very much more accessible, and the mining in this area has become one of the biggest export industries of the country. Iron is found near Falun, Dannemora, Norköping, &c., while in the Dal River, south of Falun, also noted for its copper, are deposits of gold and silver. Zinc is found at Örebro.

Industries

An economic division of Sweden may be suggested into a land of mining and forestry north of a line from the mouth of the Dal to that of the Klar, and a land of farms and factories to the south of that line.

The mining of iron ore has reached its highest development in the north; pig-iron is produced mainly in Söderberg, Domnarv, Uddeholm, and Fagersta. Important saw-mills are scattered along the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. Skellefteå and Sundsvall specialize in pulp and cellulose, and Nesterik and Kalmar specialize in joinery. Though agriculture is carried on in the south, dairy farming is increasing in importance. There are porcelain factories at Rörstrand and Gustavsberg, glass factories at Kosta and Kjöpmå, and numerous factories engaged in the production of finished goods.

Commerce

The most valuable export trade is in metals, metal goods, machinery, timber, wood pulp, paper and paper

Minerals (mostly coal) 196	
Raw Textile material & yarn 180.3	
Metals raw & partly wrought (84.8)	Metal goods & Machinery (83.5) 168.3
Corn & flour 133.2	
Live animals (37)	Hair, hides etc. (67) 104
Textile manufactures 62	

Imports, 1915, in millions of kroner

Timber (wrought & unwrought)	Pulp, etc.	399
Metal goods	Raw & unwrought	292
Animals (live) Total 222	Hair Hides	
Minerals 105		
Raw Textile material 104		
Textile Manu. 37		

Exports, 1915, in millions of kroner

manufactures; while the chief imports are minerals (chiefly coal), machinery, foodstuffs, and textiles. Sweden is typically a Baltic Power with Baltic products, e.g. timber, dairy products, &c., and the largest trade is done with Germany. The trade with Great Britain and Norway stands next in point of value. The mass of the trade between Great Britain and Sweden consists in the

Minerals (mostly coal) 172	
Metal goods & machinery (100)	Metals (raw etc.) (54) 154
Textile manufactures (69)	Raw textile material (30) 108
Live animals etc. (65)	Hair, hides (22) 87

Chief Imports, 1917, in millions of kroner

Wood, pulp, paper etc.	299
Metal goods & machinery	281
Metal, raw & partly wrought	238
Timber, wrought & unwrought	236
Minerals	110
Live animals, hair, hides etc.	67

Chief Exports, 1917, in millions of kroner

exchange of coal and textiles for timber, and wood pulp and iron.

The Swedish mercantile marine numbers 2684 ships, with a gross tonnage of c. 1,000,000 tons. The largest shipping ports are Göteborg and Stockholm.

TRADE WITH GREAT BRITAIN (Most favoured nation treatment)

Sweden imports from Britain: coal, iron manufactures, machinery, new ships, tin, cotton manufactures, yarns, and woollens, 1914.

Imports much reduced during war - no new ships.

Exports to Britain: wood and timber, wood-pulp, packing paper, butter, iron, steel ingots, matches.

Government

The King, who must belong to the Lutheran Church, exercises executive power, acting under advice of a Council of State, the head of which is the Minister of State.

All members of this council are responsible for acts of government.

Legislative power is vested in King and Diet, all new laws requiring royal assent.

Right of taxation, however, is vested in the Diet, which consists of two Houses or Chambers.

1. The First Chamber consists of 150 members, elected for six years. Members must be over 35 years of

age, and have possessed income of £160 for three years at least previous to election. Election is by "Landstings", or provincial representations, 25 in number, and the municipal corporations of five other towns. Constituencies are arranged in six groups, in one of which election takes place in September every year.

2. The Second Chamber consists of 230 members, elected for three years by universal suffrage. Every Swede, over 24, without legal disability, votes. Country is divided into 56 constituencies, one member being elected to every 250th part of population; the number to be elected being ascertained prior to every third-year period. Representatives and substitutes are chosen in same election.

Members of both houses receive salaries, free of income tax, and travelling expenses.

Local Government.—Provincial administration is entrusted in Stockholm to a high governor, and in each of the 24 governments to a prefect, nominated by the king, with 117 bailiffs and 518 sub-officers as executive officers under prefects.

Each government has a county council (Landsting) which regulates internal affairs of the Government. It meets annually for a few days (in September) under a president appointed by the king from its own members.

The mode of election is on the proportional system.

Each town forms a municipality with an elected town council, which decides all questions of administration, police, &c. All who pay taxes are voters.

Five towns, Stockholm, Goteborg, Malmö, Norrköping, and Gefle are administered separately from the Landsting by municipal councils. This is warranted by the large population.

Each rural parish forms a commune, in which all who pay the local taxes are voters, forming the communal assembly, which decides questions of administration, police, &c. Ecclesiastical affairs and primary education are dealt with by parish assemblies presided over by the pastor.

Religion

The majority belong to the Lutheran Protestant Church, which is recognized as the state religion.

(1910) Lutherans	5,497,689
Roman Catholics	3,070
Jews	6,112
Others	817

Clergy are chiefly supported from the [redacted] and proceeds of Church lands.

Education

Public elementary education is free and compulsory (unless proofs are furnished of having been privately educated). Out of 50,545,795 kronor spent on elementary schools the state paid 13,476,454 kronor (1914).

There are the usual secondary, normal, technical, and special schools (i.e. agriculture, navigation, veterinary, &c.).

There are two universities, Upsala, 2347 students; and Lund 1277 students (1915). There are also (1) a state faculty of medicine at Stockholm; (2) two private universities at Stockholm and Goteborg.

Production and Industry

Sweden has always been an agricultural country, but since 1751 there has been a steady increase in development of commerce and industries.

Whereas in 1751 only 9.5 per cent of population was occupied in commerce, in 1910 the number had increased to 45.8 per cent.

Industry

Industries are fairly well spread over country.

Iron has been important from ancient times; and Sweden was the biggest producer of iron in Europe until the use of coal in manufacture of pig-iron revolutionized industry.

Lack of fossil fuel is the main cause of mining in Lapland being merely in raw products, though recently experiments have been made in electric production.

Mining in iron ore has reached highest perfection north of the polar circle, chiefly in Sandviken, Domnaviet, Uddeholm, and Fagersta.

Other Minerals.—Silver and lead are found in small quantities, gold, copper, manganese, zinc; coal in south.

NORWAY

Area and Population

Though Norway is larger (125,000 sq. miles) than the British Isles, its population is only 2,600,000. This discrepancy can be largely accounted for by the fact that fully two-thirds of the country is barren, and an additional 21 per cent is forested; the normal occupations are therefore farming and fishing. The densest population is found in three places—round the Skagerak, in the Laagen-Glommen basin, and round the Bukken fiord. The two former naturally have their focus in the city of

Christiania, which contains one-tenth of the whole population of the country; and their population represents all the activities of the country.

Relief

The characteristic feature of the whole area is the "skerries guard" which fringes the coast between Stavanger and the North Cape, providing the coast with an almost continuous series of navigable sounds, which are at once the scene of a busy and safe commerce, a most productive

fishery, and a first line of defence against foreign attack. The typical fiord is so narrow and steep that "you have to lie on your back to see the sky". But at the head of the fiord, where the glaciers "took the water", and at the mouths along the sides, there are wedges of low-lying land which have been for centuries the source of all home-grown food.

This coastal region of fiord and island is, in reality, the edge of an old fractured block, which was elevated and exposed to the Atlantic westward, but which sank gradually eastward to the sheltered and shallow Baltic. This old block in the immediate hinterland, and forming the backbone of the whole Scandinavian Peninsula, has an average height equal to that of Ben Nevis. It is, however, higher in the Dovre Field area, i.e. in the south than in the north. In the south the peak of Galdhøpiggen rises to 8400 feet, and Sneekatten is over 7500 feet. The northern section, lower, narrower, and closer to the Atlantic, rises to 7080 feet in Kebnekaise, but only to just over 6000 in Sulitilma. The rivers flowing westward are short and rapid, but useful as sources of power.

The mountain backbone forms generally the political frontier between Norway and Sweden from the north to a point east of Trondhjem, where the Trondhjem-Christiania depression makes a break. The depression is the "heart of the kingdom", being the largest area of low-land, and offering the line of least resistance inland. It runs from north to south, and extends seaward as the Kattegat. It consists of the Trondhjem fiord in the north, the Glommen valley, and the Christiania fiord in the south, with Trondhjem and Christiania as the two "gates" or entrances.

Climate

West of the great plateau the climate is marine, and its typical phenomenon is precipitation, rain and snow falling on at least two hundred days in the year. It is specially heavy in winter and towards the south-west, i.e. where the highest and steepest relief is combined with lower latitude and nearness to warm Atlantic influences. In the Stavanger and Hardanger areas there is an average fall of over 80 inches; but inland in the same latitudes it falls on only half as many days, and half of the total fall is in the form of snow. In the Lofoten Islands the total reaches 60 inches; but farther north there is a sudden decrease, though there is still a large percentage of cloud. Temperature also varies with exposure, the west being characterized by mild winters and cool summers, and the interior and east by warm summers and cold winters. The highest mean annual temperature, 45° F., and the highest mean winter temperature, 30° F., are found in the south-west; while the highest summer temperature, 62° F., is in the south-east.

Products and Industries

As 96 per cent of Norway is unproductive or under forest there is little opportunity for agriculture. The only important farming area is between Christiania and Flamar; and butter has become a typical export from Trondhjem and Christiansund. Potatoes and oats are produced in larger quantities than anything else.

The two chief natural sources of wealth are the forests and the fisheries.

The forest area is estimated at 26,500 sq. miles, of which 75 per cent is under pine. Though the forests often extend down to the water's edge on the seaward scarp, all the best wood is grown in the south-east, e.g. in the Osterdal part of the Glommen valley and the Gudbrandsdal part of the Laagen valley, where climatic conditions are more favourable, especially the decreased strength of the wind.

The principal timber-exporting towns are Christiania, Drammen, Frederikstad, Frederikshald, Porsgrund, and Arendal; but some is exported northwards, mainly via Trondhjem. But the timber is now less important than the wood-pulp, mechanical and chemical, and the paper

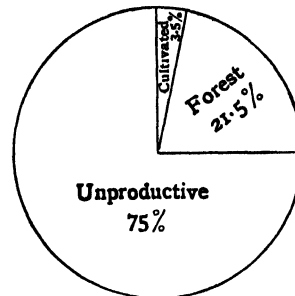


Diagram showing the Proportion of Cultivated, Forest, and Unproductive Area of Norway

for printing and packing. The mechanical pulp is centred on the best water-supplies, and exported mainly from Namsos; while the cellulose is centred where there is easiest access to sulphur pyrites, and exported mainly from Trondhjem.

Fish and fish products account for about a third of the total annual exports of Norway. The most valuable fishery is the cod, concentrated at two particular centres, i.e. off the Lofoten Islands (March to April), and off Finmark (end of May). The herring fishing is most important south of Bergen and in spring. There are also distant fisheries, e.g. the Arctic whaling of Tromsø and Hammerfest, and the Antarctic whaling from Aalesund and Tønsberg, while both Laurvik and Hangesund are interested in whaling off the African coast. Associated with the fisheries are the trades in barrels, salt, and ice, &c., viz. at Bergen.

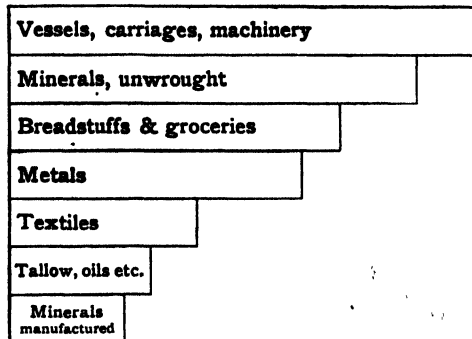
Mineral Resources

The mineral resources include silver, copper ore, pyrites, iron ore, and nickel ore. The pyrites is, however, the most important mineral product for both its sulphur and its copper content. It is produced in the region between Mendal and Koros, and exported from Trondhjem. Though there are many deposits of iron ore, the lack of coal for smelting is a disadvantage.

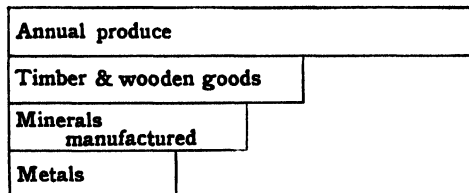
Commerce

The actual value of Norwegian trade in 1917 was more than double that of 1913. Most of the trade is with

Great Britain, America, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany, through the three home ports—Christiania, Bergen, and Trondhjem.



Chief Imports, 1917, in millions of kroner



Chief Exports, 1917, in millions of kroner

Norway Ports

	Imports.	Exports
Christiania ...	63 per cent.	63 per cent.
Bergen ...	27 "	27 "
Trondhjem ...	9 "	8.9 "

Percentages of export and import and trade respectively which passed through the three ports in 1917.

Mercantile Marine

1919. Total number of vessels, 3471.
Tonnage, 1,223,900 net tons.

Government

Norway is a constitutional and hereditary monarchy. The succession is in direct male line in order of primogeniture. In default of male heirs the king may propose

a successor, but the "Storting" or national assembly has the right to nominate another, if it does not agree to the choice. According to the Constitution the executive power is vested in the king, who exercises his authority through a Council of State, composed of the Minister of State and at least seven counsellors. These may be present in the Storting, but may not vote. The king has command of army and navy, and makes all appointments. The legislative power is vested in the Storting, the representative of the sovereign people.

This assembly meets every year, *suo jure*, not by a writ of the king or executive, at a fixed time, and may not sit longer than two months without the king's permission. When assembled, the Storting divides into two houses:—

(1) The Lagting, is composed of a quarter of the members of the Storting. These and ordinary members of the Supreme Court of Justice form a high court of justice for impeachments.

(2) The Odelsting is composed of the other members of the Storting, with the exclusive right of inspecting public accounts and revision of the government. All new laws are considered separately by the two houses, but must pass from the Odelsting to the Lagting. If the two houses do not agree, they assemble in common and the final decision goes to the majority.

Every Norwegian citizen of 25 years is qualified to vote provided he or she does not receive poor relief.

Local Government

The country is divided into twenty administrative districts each governed by a "Fylkesmann", with executive power. There are also 637 communes governed by a body of representatives from which a council is elected.

Religion

All religious sects are tolerated except the Jesuits. The National Church, state-endowed, is Lutheran, and the clergy are nominated by the king.

Education

Education is compulsory between the ages of 6½ and 14 years in the towns, and of 7 and 14 years in the country.

There are public elementary schools, for which state grants are made; and also numerous secondary schools, public, communal, or private, which are often co-educational. There are in addition special schools and reformatories. There is a university at Christiania.

DENMARK AND ICELAND

Position, Boundaries, &c.

Denmark occupies the northern and larger part of the most eastern of the north-pointing peninsulas of Europe, and includes also the group of islands which separate the Cattegat from the Baltic. It is one of the smaller kingdoms of Europe, having an area, including the Faeroe islands and North Schleswig, of about 16,000 sq. miles. The so-called peninsula of Jutland forms the larger portion of the kingdom. The northern part of Jutland, it must be remembered, is really insular, being separated from the mainland by Limfjord, which opens into the North Sea to the west and into the Cattegat to the east. Jutland has the Skagerrack to the north-west and north of it.

Iceland is a large island in the North Atlantic, about a fourth larger than Ireland. It lies about 130 miles east of Greenland.

The population of Denmark and Iceland may be taken as a little more than 3,000,000, of which fully 100,000 belong to Iceland.

Surface

Denmark forms really a part of the great European plain, and nowhere does the surface rise beyond a little more than 500 feet above sea-level. That height is reached by the Hammelbjerg, near Aarhus, in eastern Jutland. The country, however, is nowhere low in the same sense as Holland is. It is everywhere pleasantly diversified. The western and northern parts of Jutland are occupied by moorlands, covered for the most part with heather. The islands and the south-eastern parts of Jutland are fertile and rich in beech-woods, cornfields, and meadows. The coasts are generally low and sandy, and there are numerous small lakes scattered over the surface. Of these the largest are the Arreso and the Esromso in Zealand. The Gudenaa, about 80 miles long, is the longest river in Denmark.

The surface of Iceland is exactly the opposite to that of Denmark. It may be described as a volcanic plateau, pierced everywhere by fjords and valleys. The low grounds, the only inhabited part of the island, occupy but a small portion of the surface. About 15 per cent of the surface is covered with snowfields and glaciers, and the island is one of the most volcanic in the world. Altogether more than 100 volcanoes are known to exist in Iceland. Of these Hekla, a little over 5000 feet high, is perhaps the best known. Oraefajokull, the highest mountain in the island, is a little more than 6400 feet high.

Climate

The climate of Denmark does not differ much from the climate of parts of Britain in the same latitude. The summers are a little warmer, and the winters a little colder, and the rainfall, on the whole, is less than it is

in most parts of Britain. The rainfall is highest, as would be expected, on the west of Jutland, and lowest in the islands, where also the average temperature is higher than it is in the west. The rainfall usually occurs from July to November, that is, in the autumn, and the wettest month is September, while the driest is April. In the north-west of Jutland a bitter north-west wind, which is very injurious to vegetation, prevails in May and June. The wind is called the skai. On the west coast a salt mist, rising from the North Sea, has a hurtful effect on vegetation. Greenland is 15 miles from the coast.

The climate of Iceland, considering its latitude, may be described as mild. The average temperature is a little more than 37° F. The rainfall is heavy, and thunderstorms occur chiefly in the winter.

Productions and Industry

The forests of Denmark are almost entirely made up of beech trees. Here the beech seems to thrive better than it does elsewhere. The oak and the ash are now rare, and firs only grow under careful cultivation. Of the entire area of Denmark about 80 per cent is productive. Of this about one-sixth is forest land. Roughly, we may put it that of the remaining two-thirds of the surface less than half is arable, and the rest consist of grass lands. The chief grain crop is oats, to the growth of which nearly 1,000,000 acres are given. Next in importance are barley, rye, and mixed grain, to each of which fully more than half a million acres are given. Potatoes are grown on about half a million acres, and yielded in 1919 about one and a half million tons. Agriculture is the main source of wealth, and about two-fifths of the entire population are engaged in agriculture. For over half a century now dairy farming has taken a prominent place as a Danish industry. It is conducted largely on co-operative lines, and employs the most up-to-date scientific methods and machinery. By rigorous inspection and by grants the Danish Government has greatly stimulated the progress of the industry. Beet also it is to be remembered is largely grown in Denmark. Horses, cattle, sheep, and swine are reared, and eggs are largely exported.

In minerals Denmark is one of the poorest countries in Europe. It is rich, however, in clays, and in Bornholm there are quarries of freestone.

The Danish fisheries along the coast are of considerable importance, but the Danes take only an unimportant part in the exploitation of the rich fisheries in the North Sea.

The factories of Denmark are for the most part engaged in supplying local wants. They give employment to nearly 400,000 persons, of whom considerable more than half are skilled labourers. The most notable manufacture is that of porcelain, established by F. H. Müller over a century and a half ago, for the making of china out of Bornholm clay.

Agricultural Statistics, 1919.

Crop.	Areas.		Production.
		Acres.	Tons.
Wheat	124,446	161,000
Rye	518,965	318,700
Barley	568,766	533,900
Oats	960,813	590,700
Mixed grains	581,642	379,000
Potatoes	225,597	1,444,800

Live Stock, 1919

Cattle...	...	2,188,142
Swine...	...	115,999
Horses...	...	55,457
Sheep...	...	509,416

Communication

The means of communication in Denmark are good. The roads are well maintained, and are fairly extensive, and the railway system also is fairly adequate. Two lines enter Denmark from the south, and so join it with the railway systems of the rest of Europe. The total length of the railways is 2600 miles, nearly half of which belong to the State. There are over 1200 post-offices, and the telegraph and telephone services are well developed. The length of the telephonic wires is over 460,000 English miles.

Numerous steam ferries join island to island, and also join Jutland to the islands; while communication is kept up with Sweden by means of ferries across the Sound.

Commerce

Within the last half-century the value of Danish commerce has greatly increased, and the value of the imports and exports in 1919 was estimated at £190,000,000 sterling. By far the most important articles of export are articles of food, such as butter and eggs. The value of the butter exported from Denmark is about 40 per cent of the total value of Danish exports. Next to butter, bacon and eggs are the most valuable products exported. Cattle, sheep, and swine are also exported. Of imports, the most important is coal. Next to coal comes cereals and other food-stuffs, textiles, metal and hardware manufactures, and wood and wooden articles. The exports, as has been already said, are chiefly food substances.

Government

In Denmark the executive power is vested in the king and his ministers, and the legislative power in the Rigsdag or diet acting in conjunction with the monarch as sovereign. The Rigsdag consists of a Folketing or House of Commons, and of a Landsting or Senate. The Folketing of Commons consists of 140 members, chosen by universal suffrage for a term of four years. The franchise is enjoyed by all citizens, male and female, of good reputation, and all voters are eligible for election to the House. The Landsting consists of 72 members, chosen by electors to the Folketing, of thirty-five years of age and over, residing in electoral district. The members of both Houses are paid for their services at the rate of 15 kroner a day, with second-class free passes on the railway. The Rigsdag must meet every year on the first Tuesday of October.

Religion

Denmark, like the other north-western countries of Europe, is a Protestant country. Lutheranism is the established form of religion, and has been so since the Reformation. The national church affairs are under the control of seven bishops; but there is complete religious toleration, and dissenters suffer from no civil disability.

Protestants ...	2,800,000
Roman Catholics ...	10,000
Greek Church ...	5,000
Jews ..	9,000

Education

Education in Denmark is widespread and compulsory, children being bound to attend school between the ages of seven and fourteen. The schools to the number of between three and four thousand are kept up by communal rates. Of the higher-grade schools, part are government schools and part private schools. The 13 government grammar-schools, 29 private grammar-schools, and 121 middle-class private schools have an attendance of about 60,000 pupils. For higher instruction there is a veterinary and agricultural college at Copenhagen with 400 pupils. There are in addition 189 technical schools with nearly 20,000 pupils, 21 training-colleges for teachers with over 1600 pupils, and over 70 commercial schools with between 8000 and 9000 pupils. Besides schools for dentistry and pharmacy with over 100 pupils each, and a Polytechnic Institution with nearly 1000 pupils, there is a university at Copenhagen with 100 professors and teachers and nearly 3000 students.

